

THE LIVING AGE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

Probably the proof readers passed over this page in the last number, without reading it, supposing that we would attend to it; and we were somewhat ashamed upon reading it in the published work.

The contents of 724 are less varied than usual—but they have seldom been better. Bossuet is a noble article; Photographs for our Bibles is fresh and beautiful; Ashburn Rectory is unusually long for a single article of the kind; but it completes the story at once—and is worth the price of a number.

Baron Macaulay is forced, by the evidence of dates, to give up one of his charges against William Penn. But he vows he will

hold fast to the others, which are probably equally unfounded. The passive resistance which the character of the dead Quaker philanthropist and statesman opposes to the brilliant Essayist, will probably destroy the Baron as an authority in History.

Publishers who desire to have their issues included in the list below, will please forward them early to Boston. We shall be glad to have in each week's number a complete catalogue of books published in the United States.

The Enlarged Series meets with great favor—and already the sale has largely increased. So we hope that the coming good time is near at hand.

NEW BOOKS.

DOUBTS CONCERNING THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.—Addressed to the Christian Public. By Charles Hudson. James Munroe & Co., Boston. This is after the manner of Archbishop Whately's Doubts concerning the existence of Napoleon Bonaparte.

ONE WEEK AT AMER, an American City of the Nineteenth Century. James Munroe & Co., Boston. Not having yet read this poem, we cannot say whether Boston is the city written about. Probably its satire upon Church and State, and the Professions, and Merchants, may be more generally applicable.

KIANA: A Tradition of Hawaii. By James J. Jarves. James Munroe & Co., Boston.

HANDBOOK OF RAILROAD CONSTRUCTIONS; for the use of American Engineers. Containing the necessary Rules, Tables, and Formulae

for the Location, Construction, Equipment, and Management of Railroads, as built in the United States. With 158 Illustrations. By George L. Vose, Civil Engineer. James Munroe & Co., Boston.

ANNUAL OF SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY: OF Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1858. Exhibiting the most important discoveries and improvements in Mechanics, Useful Arts, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Meteorology, Geography, Antiquities &c. Together with a list of recent Scientific Publications; a classified list of Patents; Obituaries of Eminent Scientific Men; Notes on the Progress of Science, during the Year 1857, &c. Edited by David A. Wells, A. M. Gould & Lincoln, Boston.

From The Edinburgh Review.

Mémoires et Journal sur la Vie et les Ouvrages de Bossuet. Publiés pour la première fois d'après les Manuscrits autographes de l'Abbé Le Dieu, et accompagnés d'une Introduction et de Notes par M. l'Abbé Guettée. 4 vols. Paris 1856-57.

THE appearance of these Memoirs is singularly encouraging to all authors who are waiters upon fortune and aspirants to posthumous fame. The Abbé Le Dieu evidently thought well of them: he read them to this person and to that. One praised the style, another the choice of facts, another the lucid order; and the Jesuit Père de la Rue, who used them in the funeral oration which he pronounced over Bossuet, even declared them to be eloquent; and now at length, after a century and a half, the manuscripts have found a publisher. The Abbé Guettée a liberal Catholic and a firm Gallican, the author of an industrious history of the Church of France, has gone through the duty of editing these documents, —an undertaking which he has conscientiously discharged, subjoining many useful notes, and prefixing a judicious introduction.

The Abbé Le Dieu, who may now be known to posterity as the author of these Memorials, was for twenty years the private secretary of Bossuet, the confidant of his thoughts and labors.

The life of Bossuet contained in the Memoirs appears so have been composed partly from notes taken from Bossuet's own lips and partly from personal observation; the Journal is a diary kept by the Abbé himself. Cardinal de Beauset had both Memoirs and Journal before him, and so filled three volumes with the somewhat pompous history which bears his name. M. Floquet too, in the three volumes which he published on Bossuet's early life, has added little to the facts here related.

The Abbé's Journal, however, only extends over the last four years of the life of the prelate; indeed the last volume and a half contains events subsequent to Bossuet's death,—the dissatisfaction which the next M. de Meaux gave, the *petit fripon* as Bossuet called him, who did not know even how to say mass—the great dispute about the deanery—details about the publication of Bossuet's works—how the furniture of the next bishop was better than that of Bossuet—church separations and the affairs of the

synod. The Abbé had little notion of artistic grouping or selection: he turns his reflecting-glass round in every direction, and notes down whatever it takes in without distinction. Nevertheless there is a stamp of sincerity about the narrative; and we read with much pleasure the details he has given us of the great patriarch of the Gallican Church. We wish this faithful servitor had considered Bossuet the man worthy of as much attention as Bossuet the churchman, and had given us less of the routine of his ecclesiastical and diocesan duties and more of his ordinary conversation and deportment. But the Abbé Le Dieu was no Boswell or Eckerman, and we must remain content to see only of Bossuet what the Abbé Le Dieu saw in him, and to hear only what the Abbé Le Dieu thought worth hearing. The grandeur and sublimity of his master were evidently subdued by familiarity to the domestic chaplain, and now and then touches of *naïveté* escape him which recall the old adage that no man is a hero to his attendant.

Yet the very birth and cradle of Bossuet seem to have been placed under the protection of that religion of which he was destined to become so illustrious a defender. Jacques Benigne Bossuet was born at Dijon, on the night of the 27th of September, 1627. He was the seventh son of an honorable *bourgeois* family, who had occupied seats in the parliament of Dijon. The name Benigne was taken from the patron saint of his native city, after whom the principal church is called. There is still extant a journal kept in Latin, in the handwriting of his aged grandfather. The birth of this child is noted with the following quotation: "*Circumduxit eum et custodivit quasi pupillam oculi.*" After having as a boy shown an astonishing aptitude for learning, the true character of his genius was disclosed by the perusal of a copy of the Bible found in his father's library. The harmonious pomp of Virgil, and the sounding sublimity of Homer, ceased to engross his youthful and ardent imagination, from the time that the rapt inspirations of the Hebrew Prophets, and the inexhaustible treasures of Divine Love and Wisdom were spread before his fervid imagination: that hallowed fire kindled his faculties with unquenchable enthusiasm, which failed not amid the temptations of the

world, the chills of age, the racks of a most painful illness, and the agonies of death. When we read that he received the tonsure at eight years of age, and that he was a canon of the cathedral of Metz at thirteen, we call to mind the biblical figure of the infant Samuel. At fifteen, the scene of his studies was removed from the college of the Jesuits at Dijon to that of Navarre in Paris. It was fated that the young canon, on his first entrance into the capital, should be the spectator of a scene which must forever have remained fixed in an imagination so eager to mark the sublime and the awful in the vicissitudes of human destiny. He found the walls of the city laid open to admit a slow and solemn procession,—the streets lined with chains to restrain the curiosity of the populace, while Richelieu was conveyed to his death-bed in the Palais Cardinal. Yet a few days more and the youthful Bossuet saw his inanimate form on a bier of state, decked in the parade of death, and heard the masses chanted for the soul of the great statesman, who while he held her phlegmatic and aimless monarch in subjection, raised France to the rank of the first power in Europe.

Immediately on his arrival in Paris he was brought into contact with the most polished society of the capital. Such a society must have exercised a most potent influence on a mind like that of Bossuet, who united the strength of will and clear vision of a man to the boundless impetuosity of youth. His family was not unconnected with persons in high station. The astounding precocity of the young ecclesiastic was vaunted at the Hôtel de Rambouillet. The great ladies and brilliant wits who assembled there were desirous to see and hear the prodigy. He appeared one evening—a text was given him, and the subject of the sermon prescribed. After a short pause for reflection, Bossuet preached a sermon which was rapturously applauded. The preacher was then only sixteen, and the *bel esprit* Voiture declared, “qu’il n’avait jamais ouï prêcher ni si tôt ni si tard.” This *mot* served to make Bossuet’s name known to all the notabilities of Paris. M. de Cospeau, Bishop of Lisieux, a prelate of great piety and learning, hearing of this sermon, was himself eager to be the witness of a similar improvisation. The experiment was repeated before himself and two other bishops. The prelates were struck with admiration at

the learning and eloquence of the youthful student. M. de Cospeau warned him, with friendly counsel against being led away by a vain love of premature display; and, still more pleased with Bossuet’s modest bearing, exclaimed that he was born to be one of the great lights of the Church.

The modesty of Bossuet, indeed, was too great and his aspirations too noble to allow him to be corrupted by secular admiration, and he continued to apply himself to the study of sacred and profane eloquence with an industry as remarkable as his genius. St. Augustine approached the font of baptism after the fervid passions of youth had been exhausted in licence; and in the untimely fate of Adeodatus he bewailed at once the evidence and the punishment of his early aberrations. But doubt and dissipation never led astray the early steps of Bossuet. His enemy, Madame de Montespan, declared in after life, that the most searching inquiries had elicited no fact which could cast a shadow of suspicion on his youth or manhood: he lived from the first a spotless life, as though he respected the sanctity of his genius.

“*Illi purpureus pudor, et sine labe juvenus Grata fuit.*”

Undiverted by the allurements of youth, his energies were concentrated in preparing for his holy calling. He disdained not the aid of profane studies. The great exemplars of Greece and Rome were ever in his hands. From the “*Pro Ligario*,” and the “*De Coronâ*,”—from the indignant brevity of Tacitus and the serried strength of Thucydides,—he drew that vigor of style which, when enriched by the sublime imagery of the prophets and the tender pathos of the Evangelists and early Fathers, placed him amongst the first of Christian orators. To an immense aptitude for eloquence he united a prodigious memory; and in his most advanced age he was able to recite long and favorite pieces of the writers and the poets of Greece and Rome. He passed his different degrees and acquired himself of his Theses in a manner which attracted the rapturous admiration of his audience and the applause of his superiors. The great Condé, present on one occasion was so excited by the young theologian’s ability, that he was almost tempted to hazard his laurels won in other fields by entering the lists as a volunteer against the young disputant.

For every fresh consecration to the service

of the Church Bossuet prepared himself with deep humility and a solemn sense of the important duties he was about to undertake. What greater proof can be shown of the earnestness with which he received the degree of Doctor, than that just before his death he repeated from memory the peroration of his Latin discourse on that occasion, in which he devoted his body and soul to the defence of truth with the fervent spirit of an early Christian martyr? It remained for him to receive the priesthood; and to do it worthily he placed himself under the spiritual direction of St. Vincent de Paul at Saint Lazare. St. Vincent de Paul recognised his aspiring genius, and subjected him to the guidance of the most simple and pious ecclesiastic of the seminary,—a lesson in the deference due from intellect to character and virtue. Refusing all offers of advancement in Paris, and flying from the seductions of the brilliant society of the Hôtels de Nevers and Rambouillet, Bossuet betook himself to Metz, and there for the next six years he still devoted himself to an immense course of theological study, and gained that intimate acquaintance with the spirit, the doctrine, and the language of the Fathers, with the history of the Church, its councils and decretals, which distinguished him above all his contemporaries.

The state of France during this period must have tended to confirm a mind loving stability and hating doubt in that spirit of resolute dogmatism which marked his religious and political life. Scarcely were the Spanish standards captured at Sens carried in triumph to Notre Dame, when a storm, which had long been brooding, burst in the interior of France. The elements of disorder, which the strong spirit of the Cardinal de Richelieu had kept in subjection, broke forth on all sides. The recent wars had necessitated enormous taxes; discontent was rife in town and country; the parliament, so long the ally of the monarchy against the aristocracy, was ambitious of independent action; the mutinous spirit of the *noblesse*, no longer curbed by a ruthless policy, threatened again to seize the brand of civil warfare. The halls of the Palais resounded with the declamations of Molé and Talon against state abuses; the young counsellors uttered magnificent harangues, says the "Parliament Journal," which had in them something of

old Rome. Anne of Austria was exasperated that the *canaille*, as she termed the aristocracy of the bar, should attempt to limit that royal power which had subjugated the aristocracy of the sword. The arrest of Broussel, the *protecteur du peuple*, was the signal of open revolt. Paris became an entrenched camp. When Condé besieged the capital, Bossuet, to provide against contingencies, slept with four sacks of corn under his bed. Another day of barricades recalled the days of the League; and Paul de Gondy, who united the demagogic arts of a Gracchus to the profligacy and genius of a Salust, became for a while the dictator of the capital. The Royalty, which it had taken five centuries to perfect, seemed on the point of perishing. Anne was at one time obliged to fly with the young Louis to St. Germain, and take refuge in the deserted château on beds of straw; at another time she was a prisoner in the Palais Royal, and obliged to show the boy-king asleep to quell the suspicions of an insurgent population.

Religious parties exhibited the same collision of opinion and authority. Although the fall of Rochelle had averted the civil sword from the Huguenots, although the strong places recognised by the Edict of Nantes were dismantled, although the culverin no longer peered over the castle wall of the Huguenot cavalier—through the pulpit and the press they still continued the war on the ancient faith; their ministers still continued to thunder in their temples against the harlotries of Babylon, the tyranny of Pharaoh, and to lament the misfortunes of the house of Israel. The sectarian spirit was, however, sufficiently relieved by these fiery declamations; and the glorious edict of Henri IV., had produced such good effects that no attempt was made by the Huguenot party to take advantage of the troubles of the Fronde. But, on the other side, the victorious party were less moderate. *Cahier* after *cahier* was sent up by the assemblies of the Catholic clergy, complaining of the liberty of the Protestants and their unresting zeal of proselytism. The Catholic population followed the lead of the clergy; and the scars of civil broil were green in the minds of men in whose houses still hung the cross-bows and arquebuses that had done good service in the wars of the League. The Government was of necessity predisposed to treat the Hugue-

nots with greater severity than the Catholics. The Catholics, attached to tradition both in Church and State, might be relied on to support that administrative unity which was the traditional policy of the French Monarchy; whilst the ecclesiastical polity and the social ties of the Huguenots attached them to the Protestant and republican communities of Switzerland, England, and Holland.

It is not surprising that to a fervent Catholic like Bossuet the doctrines of the new faith seemed fraught with perdition to mankind. He saw immemorial authority treated with scorn; the old landmarks torn up; the guiding voice of the Church neglected, and the lost sheep straying wilfully in the wilderness of sin and death. To use the words of the Apocalypse, the mouth of the bottomless pit was opened, the smoke of it blotted out the sun and heavens, and in blind bewilderment countless souls were engulfed to irredeemable perdition. The past century had been filled with deeds of horror. Wherever the new doctrine had been preached, the earth had reddened with carnage or blackened with homicidal fire. From the first it was clear that rebellion would follow heresy, and that the right of private judgment would not be restrained to things spiritual. With the aid of the Gospel Luther withstood popes, councils, and decretals; with the same ally Munzer raised the German peasant to revolt against kings and princes. Peace was secure in no part of Europe except Spain, and that was the peace of the charnel-house. The follies of the Anabaptist, and the theocratic extravagance of John of Leyden, were inspired alike by the same spirit of reform and love of novelty which animated Zwinglius and Calvin; and a grey, disrowned head had lately fallen on the scaffold of Whitehall, whose fate Bossuet could logically deduce from the schismatic intemperance of Henry VIII.

Within the bosom of the Church of Rome a furious conflict had been carried on with mutual exasperation for more than thirty years; and when the doctors should have fought in one spirit against the enemy without, they were themselves raging against each other with the utmost rancour within. The institution which Ignatius Loyola had conceived in the gloomy depth of the cavern of Manreza had now overrun the whole

earth. The Jesuits were the priests militant of the Papacy, and did battle against heresy and infidelity with craft and compliance—weapons more insidious and more effective than the lance and shield of the Templars and Hospitallers of old. The moral force in the hands of the General was such as no man had ever wielded before. It was impossible, however, but that in an age when religious faith was earnest and universal, the rapid rise of the Jesuits should meet with violent antagonism. The Catholic clergy viewed this upstart society with suspicion, and looked with jealousy on their rising churches, colleges, schools, and immense wealth; and the aged priest of the parish was deserted for the glazing tongue and supple morality of the Jesuit confessor. On points of mere morality it had not been easy to engage them in a general conflict. When therefore the Jesuit Molina sent forth the Concord of Free Will and Grace, and revived the heresy of Pelagius, their foes at once seized this unskilfully advanced outwork of Jesuitism as the point of attack.

The battle-field on which the disciples of Jansenius joined issue with the disciples of Loyola, is one which has probably existed ever since man awoke to a consciousness of his destiny. In the intellectual, as in the material world, forms change, substances and ideas remain the same. The spirit of St. Augustine was alone equal to cope with the new heresy. By a six times repeated study of the ponderous folios of the Bishop of Hippo, Cornelius Jansen had endeavored to wake the genius of the great master, and composed that terrible volume the "Augustinus," in the desolate depths of whose metaphysical subtleties were supposed to be hidden the five mysterious propositions which had killed Jacqueline Pascal, and drawn conflicting discussions from Infallibility itself. St. Cyran, the fellow-student of Jansen at Somme, St. Cyran preached to the world that doctrine which his fellow-pupil elaborated in his study. The spiritual regeneration of the spiritual man, and consequently a less need of priestly mediation, and a most austere morality, were the main distinctions of the creed with which the Jansenists carried on successful war. Genius and eloquence, wealth and beauty, swelled their ranks. The earnestness, faith, and unconquerable courage of ardent converts supported them in the

deadly conflict against crafty foes supported by the fulminating edicts of Rome, by decrees of exile and imprisonment; but though the Jesuits triumphed for a while, and the asylum of Pascal, Arnauld, and Racine was uprooted, and the plough driven over its foundations by the ferocious Letellier; though the sacred remains of the glorious anchorites were scattered to the air; let none think, because the cause of quarrel now seems obsolete, that their lives were wasted, their talents and energies absorbed, in the defence of a vain theological riddle: wherever truth is loved and hypocrisy abhorred, these names will ever be held in honor.

The influence of Jansenism on Bossuet was great. The Jansenists abjured Protestantism, and yet were Romanizing Protestants. Bossuet repudiated Jansenism, and yet participated largely in its doctrines: he was as vehement against the flagitious immorality of Sanchez, Suarez, and Escobar, as the most fervent disciple of Port Royal, and declared he would sooner have written the "Provinciales" than any other book of the age. Like Jansenius, he owned St. Augustine as the father of his predilection, and in many a hard-fought battle the weighty authority of the Bishop of Hippo decided the controversy. It was impossible, too, for a nature like Bossuet's to withhold his sympathy from the great character of Arnauld, the dauntless athlete of the Jansenists, whose life was a combat, and who looked alone to eternity for repose. What, too, must have been the wonder of the young ecclesiastic when the pale and noble form of Pascal appeared in the lists,—who knew no day without pain, who lived as if the sound of the last trumpet rang in his ears and an ever-open gulf yawned by his side, whose soul was shattered and lamp of life extinguished by the fierce conflict within him of the True and the Good for mastery and utterance. Launched in the midst of this civil and sectarian turmoil, when the human mind seemed a shifting quicksand lashed by the fury and storm of opinions in collision, Bossuet determined to plant on the rock of Authority a beacon to warn the sea-tost mariner from the perilous coast.

When he left the schools of Paris he had already acquired the reputation of a consummate theologian. But extraordinary men like Bossuet begin their education where

ordinary men finish it. At Metz he reformed his education anew. Seventeen years of incessant study were relieved by the charm of family intercourse, by occasional visits to Paris to deliver courses of sermons, and by an unremitting attendance on his duties in the cathedral. At morning and at eventide his fine clear voice was heard leading the chorus of Divine praise, and rising above the swell of organ symphony. Few men, it must be allowed, ever possessed such advantages as Bossuet for the uninterrupted pursuit of knowledge. He never doubted an instant in the line he was to pursue. Poverty and disease, that fell pair, never distracted his attention; his profession relieved him from all domestic cares; he had full liberty to bend his whole soul and energies to the accomplishment of those tasks which he felt he was marked by the hand of Providence to fulfil. The mere recital of Bossuet's numerous labors while at Metz would terrify the student of light literature of our age; but Bossuet lived in a time when St. Augustine and the "Augustinus" were to be seen in the boudoir, and the chat of the *salons* touched on the efficacy of Grace or the "Traité de la Méthode." Later in life, people marvelled at the facility with which he threw off, one after the other, treatises full of encyclopædic learning from the Fathers, but they little knew how large a portion of his youth had been spent at Metz in drawing inspiration from the fiery spirit of Tertullian,—"*ce dur Africain*," as he termed him, the Tacitus of a persecuted church; from the allegoric genius of Origen, the pathetic eloquence of Basil, the earnest vehemence of Gregory of Nazianzen, and the Asiatic abundance of Chrysostom. But his companion by day and night, abroad and at home, his master, his counsellor, and his model, was St. Augustine. His copy of the "*De Civitate Dei*," the Psalms of St. Augustine, and his treatises against the Pelagians, were worn with constant use, the margins scribbled over with countless notes; and he was accustomed to boast, that every portion of the writings of St. Augustine—"ce maître si maître, le docteur des docteurs, l'aigle des Pères"—might be traced in some one or other of his own compositions.

At length he ventured to appear in the pulpits of Paris: the public expectation was great; wherever he was to preach, the doors

were beset by an impatient audience. The queen-mother desired to hear him, and was moved to tears; the discourse made so deep an impression, that she desired it to be repeated after two years' interval. One sermon was the talk of the town, and was known as "Le Surrexit Paulus de M. l'Abbé Bossuet."

It was clear that a revolution was made in pulpit oratory, and that Bossuet was the Corneille of the pulpit. The learned pedantry of Cheminai and Desmares, even the labored rhetoric of Mascaron and Flechier, were at once displaced by his fresh and impetuous vigor. The most eminent doctors of Port Royal followed him from church to church, astounded at his clear exposition of doctrine, and the force and grandeur of his style. Condé, Turenne, the Cardinal de Bouillon, and the secretary Le Tellier, became his eager admirers and friends; and, finally, the King himself appointed him to preach the Advent of 1661 at the Louvre. During the space of ten years, the churches and chapels of Paris, and the court, resounded with Bossuet's inexhaustible eloquence. His reputation was so well established, that, in 1665, M. de Perefice, Archbishop of Paris, appointed him to preach the opening discourse at the meeting of the Synod of Paris. The queen-mother came constantly to hear him, but her premature death arrested her plans for his advancement. He was the director of the repentant Duchess of Longueville. When noble ladies took the veil, Bossuet was asked to celebrate their last solemn farewell; and dying courtiers claimed his consolation amid the agonies of a death-bed repentance. His fervent zeal prepared Turenne for conversion; and the great Condé was so charmed when he defended the privileges of the theological faculty that he embraced him before the court. Arnauld, at the close of a conference at which Bossuet was present, declared that he had learnt more from Bossuet in two or three hours than in a long course of study. But, amid all the temptations of increasing celebrity, he loved the seclusion of his quiet abode in the house of an old fellow-student of the College of Navarre, where he passed his hours of leisure in the society of friends of similar literary and serious tastes with himself; and every year after his course of sermons was preached in Paris, he returned regularly to his duties in the cathedral of

Metz. His congregation saw the man whose eloquence was the wonder of the capital, resume with unassuming regularity his duties in the choir; his nights were passed again in solitary studies, and his days in giving instruction to converts and in ministrations to the poor and sick.

The Abbe Le Dien gives us some interesting details of the manner of composition of his sermons. He dashed rapidly down on paper texts, citations, and arguments suitable to the subject and occasion; in the morning of the day on which he was to preach he meditated deeply on this rough document, developing his discourse in his mind—writing he found distracted his attention,—and in this way he passed mentally through his sermon two or three times, reading the paper before him, and altering and improving as though the whole were written. Bossuet never ascended the pulpit without having in private prostrated himself at the foot of his crucifix to implore the Divine assistance: he frequently devoured with rapt attention some pages of the Gospel. On one occasion when he had to preach on the Decalogue, he threw himself on his knees and read with a voice quivering with emotion, from the book of Exodus, how the people of Israel trembled when they saw and heard the lightnings and thunders of Sinai, the redoubled sound of the trumpet, and the awful voice from the cloud upon the Mount. In the pulpit, his majestic mien and bearing imposed a silent awe, which those who have seen his bust in the Louvre can well realise. His hair, prematurely grey, clustered down to his shoulders; his eyes cast a glance of power from beneath his well-arched eyebrows, like Sordello, "Riguardando a guisa di leon quando si posa;" his nose was aquiline and well-formed; his face was oval; his cheeks straight and shaven; his mouth gracefully cut, and on the upper lip a slight moustache gave somewhat of a martial air not unbecoming to one pre-eminently regarded as the militant leader of the church whose sacred symbol, the cross, glittered on his breast. His action at first was dignified and reserved; he confined himself to the notes before him; gradually he warmed with his subject, the contagion of his enthusiasm seized his hearers; he watched their rising emotion; the rooted glances of thousand eyes excited him with a sort of divine frenzy; his notes became a burden

and a hindrance; with impetuous ardor he abandoned himself to the inspiration of the moment; with the eyes of the soul he watched the swelling hearts of his hearers: their concentrated emotion became his own; he felt within himself the collected might of the orators and martyrs whose essence, by long and repeated communion, he had absorbed into himself; from flight to flight he ascended, until with unflagging energy he towered straight upwards and dragged the rapt contemplation of his audience along with him in its ethereal flight. At such times, says the Abbé Le Dieu, it seemed as though the heavens were opened and celestial joys were about to descend upon these trembling souls, like tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost. At other times, heads bowed down with humiliation, or pale upturned faces and streaming eyes, lips parted with broken ejaculations of despair, silently testified that the spirit of repentance had breathed on many a hardened heart. "M. Bossuet," said Madame de Sévigné, "se bat à outrance avec son auditoire: tous ses sermons sont des combats à mort."

The sermons which now pass under the name of Bossuet are but ill calculated to give us an idea of the eloquence which moved the genius, the heroism, and the fashion of the Court of Louis XIV. Piles of illegible drafts, overcharged with Greek and Latin texts, have, by the diligence or guesswork of successive editors, been arranged in some sort of order. But Bossuet himself had no care to appear in print; he considered the life of a priest should not be in words but in actions. The Abbé Vaillant, in one of his theological works, made a special study of the sermons of Bossuet, and succeeded with much labor in determining their dates and disentangling them one from the other; and with his aid Bossuet, like Raphael or Corregio, is to be studied in his first, second, and third manner.

Bourdaloue has been said to be the finest work of Bossuet. Undoubtedly the sermons of that great preacher, as well as those of Massillon, will ever be ranked amongst the first triumphs of pulpit oratory, but in the *oraison funèbre* Bossuet stands confessedly without a rival. Panegyric has doubtless to dread more than any other form of composition the criticism of posterity. Time—"le grand justicier du passé," to use an expres-

sion of Montaigne's—is terribly impartial, and crumbles ruthlessly to dust the bases of all statues raised on perishable foundations. Yet in our attempts to judge eulogistic orators we should place ourselves in the position of the orator and behold his audience, his subject, and his age from his own point of view. This is especially the case as respects Bossuet. His political and religious reverence for monarchy, the influence of the personality of Louis XIV.—that "*effrayante majesté*" as even the *frondeur* St. Simon calls it,—his aversion to change, his unalterable faith in all the temporal and spiritual institutions then existing, his enthusiastic sense of the greatness and nothingness of human glory, the tremendous antithesis of his character—all serve to make, in these reforming and sceptical days, the "*Oraisons funèbres*" difficult of appreciation, until the mind is content to admire the orator within the limits of his dogmas, like a lion bounding within the radius of his chain. To appreciate these discourses of Bossuet we must quit this generation of plain clothes and sober estimation of kings and princes, and call down from their frames those magnificent personages who glow upon the canvass of Rigaud and Vandermeulen, and fill with them the chapel of Versailles or the Louvre. We must place ourselves before that multitude of *seigneurs* in umbrageous perukes, of princesses and fine ladies *aux coiffures étagées*,—before that sea of gorgeous apparel of crimson, green, and purple, glittering in gold and lace, scintillating with ribbons, and stars, and diamonds,—and stand face to face with the cynosure of all eyes, the incarnate embodiment of the most ancient monarchy in Europe; before whom kings trembled, leagued, and knelt; while at home his power was adorned like that of an idol, his authority revered like that of a master or a father, and his favor courted like that of a mistress. But to Bossuet Louis XIV. was more than all this. The royal crown was surrounded with a reflex of divine splendor. He was the favored child of the Most High—the representative not only of the glories of Clovis and Charles Martel, but of Abraham and of David. From the tents of the patriarchs and from the palaces of Mount Zion was transmitted a halo of theocratic splendor, which rested on the head of the King of France.

To such an imagination a more moving subject could hardly be offered than the death of Henrietta, the wife of Charles I. While in her cradle her father fell under the dagger of Ravallac; in her youth her wit and grace were the theme of universal admiration, and inspired St. François de Sales with the happiest auguries; at sixteen she was married to the young prince of the House of Stuart, who now for the first time was the inheritor of three crowns. But alas for human foresight! the daughter, wife, and mother of kings knew almost every form of human misery,—the fury of revolt, the insults of the mob, the agitations of flight, the perils of tempestuous seas dared in vain, the enterprise of hope, the courage of despair, the agony of impotent resolve in the face of overpowering destiny, a husband's bloody end, the mournings of a royal widow insulted by the mad frenzy of the Fronde, her country a place of exile. This daughter of France had a true title to be called "la reine malheureuse," and to say that her misery was as boundless as her fortune.

"Be wise, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth," was the text of Bossuet, which thrilled his auditors with a sort of religious terror, almost equal to that of the "Dieu seul est grand, mes frères," of Massillon. Taking advantage of the emotion excited by the text, the orator, in a most lofty exordium, at once unveils the awful reality of God the Lord of all empires, the chastiser of princes, reigning above the heavens, making and unmaking kingdoms, principalities, and powers, and declaring by terrible judgments that the mightiest pyramids of power afford no shelter from the breath of his anger. The same religious awe pervades the whole piece. It is the majestic stream of inspiration which gives motion to the rapid and powerful narrative, the sublime reflections, the magnificent imagery, the portraits worthy of Tacitus or Sallust, that are borne calmly on its surface. The fatal consequences of schism, the extravagance of fanaticism, the horrors of rebellion which devastated a country more agitated "than the ocean that surrounds it," necessarily pass before the review of Bossuet as he grapples with the elements of fury which consumed the distracted kingdom of Charles. After describing the perils of the Monarchy, beset on all sides by the saints of Millennium,

by Independents, Anabaptists, and Levellers, he draws that nameless and admirable portrait of the mighty genius who ruled the whirlwind and directed the storm. Huguenot and hero, politician and saint, doctor and soldier, prophet and captain, indefatigable in war and peace, with a prudence and activity which outsped, arrested, and awaited fortune, impenetrable in council, thrusting a nation into slavery with the standard of liberty,—Cromwell is conceived by Bossuet as one of those destined by inscrutable Providence to change the fate of empires. On the other side a queen struggling unconquerably against destiny and revolt, seeking unweariedly for new forces, crossing nine times the sea, serene and gay amid battle and shipwreck, animating the king's councils, wrestling foot by foot with defeat, alone amid the ruins of the state, unbending as a column which, long the sole support of a majestic temple in decay, receives at length the sinking mass of the vast edifice which unmoved constancy. To the triumph over the world succeeds the higher victory of faith; and the calm dignity of the conclusion of the oration resembles the peaceful end of the queen, who sought in the convent of Chaillot a refuge from the pitiless storm of life. Even now, that we know these imposing pictures of characters and events to be as untrue and unreal as if they belonged to the creations of the tragic drama, they excite a sympathy in the pages of Bossuet, which the judgment of History refuses to their follies and their crimes.

It was destined that a young princess, whose tears flowed plentifully over the coffin of the Queen of England, should herself be the subject of the next *oraison funèbre*. The youthful vivacity and graceful affability of the youngest daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta,—Madame Henriette Anne d'Angleterre, the wife of Philippe Duc d'Orleans, the only brother of Louis XIV.,—was the ornament and delight of the court of Versailles. To much natural sensibility she added a correct taste; and the encouragements she bestowed on genius were doubled by her charming condescension. She loved to talk with Racine or Corneille about the plot of "Bérénice" or "Nicomède;" and once, while walking in the galleries of Versailles, followed by a crowd of courtiers, she beckoned with a smile to Boileau, whispered in his ear one of the prettiest lines of the

"Lutrin," and then tripped after the king and the royal family. "On croyait," said Bossuet, "avoir atteint la perfection quand on avait plu à *"Madame."* She felt at once the ascendancy of Bossuet's genius, and placed herself under his spiritual guidance. The secrets of political intrigue were also entrusted to her keeping; and it was on her return from the arrangement of the famous treaty of Dover with her brother Charles II., that she was seized with a mysterious illness, after drinking a glass of succory water, administered by the hateful minions of her own husband. Her agonies were appalling. She knew the touch of death, and cried impatiently for the end of her sufferings. She longed for Bossuet: she said she should be inconsolable if she died without hearing him, and demanded repeatedly if he were coming. On his arrival she felt the bitterness of death was over. The strong spirit of Bossuet himself was overcome for a moment to see the pale flag of death and anguish planted upon cheeks lately radiant with health and beauty. He knelt by her bedside; he shook off the shackles of earthly emotion. At the sound of his eloquent voice the features of Henrietta beamed with celestial hope: she besought him not to leave her stricken soul alone in the awful combat, but to deliver her unscathed into the arms of eternity. For four hours Bossuet continued, amid her weeping relatives and attendants, to utter words of faith and consolation, until at length, pressing with dying hand the crucifix to her lips, she welcomed the fatal moment with the same sweetness which had distinguished her life. One hour before death she spoke in English to her attendants—it was to tell them to give to Bossuet after death an emerald ring. Louis himself placed it on his finger, desired him always to wear it, and to preach her funeral sermon at St. Denis. Speaking under the influence of this tragic scene, no wonder if Bossuet, although he wanted the great topics of national commotions and a dethroned monarch, produced a discourse not inferior to the former one. The pathos of the second rivals the sublimity of the first. We seem still to hear as we read the passage, that terrible cry which rang through the halls of Versailles—"Madame se meurt! Madame est morte!" and to see the audience sobbing with veiled faces as the words were pronounced, while

the orator himself was unable to proceed from the violent outburst of sorrow.

From time to time as the bier was spread for some royal or noble form, the voice of Bossuet called France again to meditate on the awful themes of time, death, and eternity. His last effort was the well-known discourse over the great Condé, in which he breathes the ardent spirit of the dead hero, and unites the fire of an epic poet with the zeal of a prophet. Every schoolboy knows by heart the magnificent peroration which called on nations, princes, nobles, and warriors to come to the foot of the catafalque which strove to raise to heaven a magnificent testimony of the nothingness of man. Bossuet's own white locks then warned him that his failing voice and declining energy would ere long be quenched in the same cold silence and decay which possessed for ever the great prince who loved to hold converse with him beneath the forest shades and around the unsleeping fountains of Chantilly.

It has been the custom to call Bossuet the Demosthenes of the pulpit. As Bossuet says of Alexander, that he partakes of the triumph of every conqueror, so we may say of Demosthenes, that he shares the glory of every orator. If by so calling him, no more is meant than that he is the greatest orator of the Romish Church, so much may be conceded; but we can discover little affinity between the boldest strokes of Athenian patriotism and the gorgeous exaltation of the "*Oraisons funèbres.*" The Attic precision of the one is in direct contrast with the Asiatic richness of the other, whose style is so colored that the finest abstractions of Christian philosophy grew visible at his touch. The best of the "*Oraisons funèbres*" are not Demosthenic, but Pindaric. It is the inspiration of the lyric poet, united with the deep voice of the historian, that swells out in the noblest passages; and the poetry of France can hardly produce a page comparable to the diction of her greatest writer in prose.

With all this, there is no display of art: Bossuet's language, though grand, seems the natural speech of his fervid imagination, and it was peculiarly his own, though many phrases of his coinage have since become current among French writers. He has not the silvery cadence and polished phrase of Massillon; nor has he the argumentative strategy of Bourdaloue, which was so illustra-

tive of the "*imperatoria virtus*" of Quintilian, that Condé cried out once when the Jesuit mounted the pulpit, "Silence, Messieurs, voici l'ennemi!" Yet there is only one production of the French pulpit which can be compared with his best efforts; and that is the really evangelic sermon of Fenelon on the Epiphany, where the vast love of the swan of Cambray is clothed in language so pure and holy, that it would have become the lips of the angels who sang on earth peace and goodwill to men.

The ability of Bossuet was without a rival. He was made a member of the Académie Française, and also Bishop of Condom. This bishopric, however, he ceded in order to undertake the education of the Dauphin, the duties of which employment kept him for many years at the court of Versailles. The King appears from the first to have understood that Bossuet was the prelate especially adapted to support that administrative unity in Church and State to which his imperious nature tended, and that no more fitting preceptor could be found of the duties of a king as he himself conceived them. The Dauphin's earliest infancy had been placed under the care of the celebrated Mlle. de Rambouillet. This lady married M. de Montausier, a nobleman of high character and position; and he was appointed governor to the young prince, with Bossuet as preceptor. The scheme of education was magnificent. The learned Huet, Madame Dacier, and others prepared the well-known classics *ad usum Delphini*; the erudite Tillemont composed the "Life of St. Louis," the brilliant Flechier his "Life of Theodosius," for the especial use of the royal pupil. Bossuet conducted their labors; comprehending in his vast mind the whole range of ancient and modern literature and philosophy. He plunged anew into antiquity with all the ardor of youth. It is said he knew by heart nearly all the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." He never spoke of Homer without the epithet divine. His passion for him was so great, that he recited his verses in his sleep. On one occasion, when he astonished an episcopal colleague by thundering out a long passage, he said, "What marvel! when after having been a teacher of grammar and rhetoric for so many years." "Where?" said the Bishop. "At Versailles and St. Germain's." He wrote criticisms on style in the manner of the

classic poets and historians. He composed a fable in the iambs of Phædrus, which passed current as genuine.

A letter in classic Latinity was written by Bossuet to Innocent XI., in which he submitted for his approval the course of education proposed. Grammar, logic, rhetoric, history, politics, religion—all passed under the review of Bossuet, taught in a way worthy of himself. Piles of manuscript yet exist in his handwriting and in that of his pupil, which attest the industry of the prelate in these duties. He studied French history from the original documents, dictated to the Dauphin in French his observations on each epoch, and the pupil translated them into Latin: in this way they got as far as the reign of Charles IX.

The principal treatises which Bossuet composed for the education of the Dauphin are collected in his works, comprising philosophy, politics, and history; and it is in these that his peculiar theories of the relation of God and man, sovereign and subject, are most apparent.

The philosophical treatises written for the Dauphin were "*La Connaissance de Dieu et de soi-même*," and "*Le Traité du libre Arbitre*." It would require far more space than the limits of this article will allow to give a due estimate of Bossuet's importance as a philosopher. In his treatises, in his sermons, in his controversies with Protestant, Molinist, and Idealist, he has handled every question of metaphysics; and his opponents had to cope not only with a consummate theologian, but with a profound philosopher, who had constructed for himself a system by the aid of reason alone, with no help from Theology or Revelation. His great mind, secure in its rooted and immovable faith, saw the danger of setting philosophy at defiance in the name of Religion. To Religion and Philosophy he allotted their distinct domains. To expound the one was the office of the Church; to advance the other was the province of the philosopher. To the one he assigned as guides, authority and tradition; to the other, sense and free investigation were the very conditions of its existence. He professed himself as favorable to the progress of pure philosophy as he was opposed to all innovation in the dogmas of the ancient faith; and by the aid of his comprehensive genius, with the grasp of his vigorous reason,

but above all by the perspicacity and clearness of his vision, the orthodoxy of the bishop never clashed with or embarrassed the system of the philosopher, and the conquests made by the unassisted efforts of the understanding were, when gained, sanctified to the uses of theology. Bossuet, it is true, invents nothing, he only expounds; but with admirable clearness and order he combines with a well-connected system the lessons he has learnt from his great masters. Indeed, there are few among all the great intellects who have dedicated their power to philosophy, who can lay claim to invention. The great truths of metaphysics are like family jewels, which descend as heirlooms from generation to generation, and are perpetually reset to suit the fashion of the times. It is the manner of presenting them, and not the substance which changes. The language of Bossuet is admirably adapted to philosophical subjects,—simple and strong, with a power of plain illustration which presents the most abstract ideas in the most concrete forms to the imagination. His principal masters are Descartes, St. Augustine, and Thomas Aquinas. At the college of Navarre he was nursed in the doctrine of the Angel of the Schools. To this mitigated Peripateticism he continued to adhere on many sovereign points of philosophy and theology, conciliating with it as far as possible the Platonism of St. Augustine and the new spiritual philosophy of Descartes, which he found making such progress among thinking minds. Descartes, it may be said, furnishes him with the main nerves of his philosophy. In “*La Connaissance de Dieu et de soi-même*,” he is eminently Cartesian both in his treatment and matter. He rises, like Descartes, from the fact of the possession of eternal and immutable truths by the finite and imperfect intelligence to the collocation of these truths in the mind of an Eternal Being, and leans on the authority of Plato, “*ce divin philosophe*,” and of St. Augustine. Like Descartes, too, he rises from the idea of the infinite and perfect to the existence of a cause of the idea adequate to the idea, and therefore infinite and perfect in itself. Indeed these notions, eternal and immutable,—the *ἄδωτος* *ἄδωτος* of Plato, which would subsist if every intelligence were destroyed, which have an objective existence independent of the sentient subject,—can reside in no subject except

one, in which all truth is eternally subsisting and entirely comprehended. No senses could avail to convey to the imperfect and finite human intelligence the notion of an infinite and perfect being of God, if the truth were not present at all times to all spirits, inspiring them with light, life, and apprehension; and if the narrow and dark prison-house of sensual perception were not irradiated on all sides by the effulgence of celestial glory. But at the same time Bossuet carefully stops short of, and combats, the extravagance of Malebranche, which destroys the *alterity*—to use the word which he takes from Plotinus—of the human intelligence, and the divine truths on which it is nourished, which engulphs the human mind in its nothingness in the Divinity. These eternal truths are but entrusted to man for his guidance; they illuminate his thought, but still proceed from Heaven. Their rays descend into the soul, which, made in the image of God, is endowed with the capacity of reflecting them, and of comprehending as much of its Divine Original as it has been given it to comprehend. The Cartesian treatise of Bossuet is a complete physiological and psychological investigation of the nature of man, and his relation to God. In order to render himself fully conversant with the nature of the body, he dedicated some considerable time to the study of anatomy in the schools of medicine. The structure of the human frame, its functions and operations, are distinctly described and defined, as well as its points of contact with the soul; and although he professes not to reveal the secret by which the ever-existing miracle of the obedience of the body to the soul is determined, yet he points out clearly how merely corporeal movements and impressions are to be distinguished from intellectual sensations.

In the “*Traité du libre Arbitre*” the conclusions of Bossuet are not so satisfactory. He adopts, after examining the other systems, and particularly the *délectative victorieuse*, the *primitive* or *prédéterminative physique* of Thomas Aquinas: he thought this was the just mean between the Molinist who discredited grace, and the Calvinist who discredited free will. Between the two he found himself like St. Augustine between the Pelagians and the Manichæans. Every fresh generation has gone to the grave, and left behind some testimony of the incom-

petence of the human mind to span the incalculable abyss. That man is, or believes himself to be free, and yet depends on the will of God, is the mystery; and it is far better to leave it so than to darken the matter more by a more mysterious explanation, and then call in the name of God to silence argument.

In the treatise entitled "*La Politique sacrée tirée de la Saint Ecriture*" Bossuet fully developed his political theory, and aspired to be the apologist of despotism. The first part of this treatise only was composed for the Dauphin; and even up to the last hour of his life he was occupied in its completion. We have here the matured result of Bossuet's political speculations. Never, certainly, were such gigantic talents employed to give a divine sanction to the doctrine of passive obedience; and the treatise will ever remain a perpetual monument, that it may be possible for the highest genius to accept as the foundations of political and social power theories which the common sense of a school-boy would rightly reject with disdain. Bossuet is perhaps the most complete type of the pure Conservative which ever existed. He was born old; a zealot of the dogma he never doubted, change was to him hateful. For the future he had no hopes and no aspirations. He knew none of those yearnings for the amelioration of man's earthly lot which are often the anguish and the glory of the poets of progress—the Fenelons of politics. He dreamt of no Utopia or Salentum, for he wished for none,—or rather, a land of slaves and eremites, with a king the undisputed lord of all, was his Utopia. Immutability was his great test of all things. He was one of those imperious minds who, being strong themselves, sympathize with the strong; love the rapidity of force; think persuasion and compromise tedious; who like M. de Maistre and Mr. Carlyle, adore power wherever established, and see no justice in a defeated cause. "*On ne doit pas examiner comment est établie la puissance; c'est assez qu'on la trouve établie et régnant. Au caractère royal est inherent une sainteté qui ne peut être effacée par aucun crime même chez les princes infidèles.*" We see Bossuet hesitated not to follow his premisses to their extreme legitimate conclusions. *Deum time, honorificate regem*, is his whole doctrine.

Louis XIV. could never have heard from Bossuet's lips any thing not in perfect harmony with his own conceit of his royal dignity and necessity, Bossuet was the ideal subject, as Louis himself was the ideal king. Bossuet thus defines royalty:—"La prince est un personnage public—*tout l'état est en lui; la volonté de tout le peuple est renfermée dans la sienne,*" The words "*L'état, c'est moi,*" were but the application of this axiom. To a monarch thus placed on the giddy apex of unlimited dominion, immovably raised on divine authority, unassailable by human cares or apprehensions, Bossuet enjoins the fear of God. This is his constitutional check: on this the people must rely for wise and good government, for moderation from a master amid the temptations of boundless and irresponsible power. Such is the polity which Bossuet founds upon the Scriptures,—the same arsenal which shortly before had supplied the Independents with arguments for a Republic and the decapitation of kings.

But while Bossuet held these extravagant notions of regal power, his was pre-eminently a healthy spirit; he would never have been one of those distorted and morbid minds who roar for coercion in the midst of liberty of thought and speech. In his sketch of the policy of Greece and Rome, he shows how fully his really noble mind could appreciate the glorious dignity which history confers on every citizen of a free state. Natures like Bossuet's tend to unity and a strong government, and in their respect for antiquity and love of precedent, they employ this tendency in maintaining the supremacy of whatever happens to be established. Indeed, Bossuet does not omit to lay down that whatever government is established is best. The monarchy of France, which had grown from such small beginnings, and had so marvellously succeeded, after ages of conflict and subtle policy, in bringing all ancient Gaul (to use an expression of Richelieu), under its undisputed authority, seemed to him especially favored by Divine power.

In this spirit Bossuet composed for the Dauphin the great Discourse on Universal History, through which his influence has been greatest on posterity. He was the first to attempt to deduce a fixed law from the history of the world,—to judge by a single principle and at a single glance the work of

civilization and of mankind. From St. Augustine or from Paulus Orosius he may have gathered the hint which put him on the track of this great conception, but the vigor and originality of its execution are his own. Vico may have seized the idea in a more philosophical sense, Herder may have developed it, Hegel may have rendered it capable of indefinite development, but not the less is Bossuet the Copernicus of history, who alone first clearly saw that history revolves about an eternal axis, and that the apparent aberrations of the destiny of the world, the rise and fall of empires, may, like the complex motions of the planets, be resolved with the precision of truth when referred to the right centre. Writers following in the wake of Voltaire have accused Bossuet of giving too much space to the Hebrew people, and of making Jerusalem as it were the metropolis of the world; but Bossuet was no Voltairian, and the limits assigned to the Hebrew people are scientifically consistent with his views of the purpose of the destiny of man. His object, as the philosopher of the Catholic Church, was to exhibit, amid the shock and confusion of races and collisions,—amid a world, the seeming prey of havoc and chance—amid the unutterable uproar of throne hurled on throne, and empire upon empire,—the calm features of religion alone superior to change, the serene companion and helper of man since the commencement of the world.

To show the active influence of each nation upon the establishment of Christianity, some ages are necessarily compressed to a span, and some countries entirely neglected. It is with nations as with the battalions of armies in combat,—some bear the brunt of battle and win the attention of the historian, but many add in the rear an unseen support to the onward march. The stores acquired by modern erudition and ethnography were wanting in the days of Bossuet to enable him to determine the true position of many of the ancient nations. Hence some races of the East and of mediæval Europe are missing in his pages. But he displays the wisdom of Egypt, the might of Assyria, the valor of Persia, the intellect of Greece, and the ambition of Rome, all unwittingly conspiring to bring mankind in submission to the foot of the Cross. There is doubtless much room for criticism, even from Bossuet's own point

of view, in the dimensions and proportions of the work. In the first part, the torrent of events rolls onward with such precipitation that the attention is bewildered with the rapidity with which the cloudy forms of states and empires are hurried along by the whirlwind of destiny. The power of condensation is indeed admirable, but the plan is as level as a geographical chart. There is no grouping, no heights and valleys to catch the eye, and no space left in the sacred nature of the recital for emotion, which is the life of history, or for the moral or philosophic reflection, which stamps its truths on the mind. The proofs of religion were never set forth with a firmer hand or more glowing style than in the second part; but it is in the third that we learn most to admire the depth and penetration of Bossuet's genius. It is in vain that he attempts to insinuate the advantage of a "*sujétion légitime*," his grand imagination is inflamed, in spite of himself, at the aspect of the patriotic freedom of Greece and Rome; the Catholic doctor breathes the spirit of Pericles and of Cato, shows himself the equal of Machiavelli in politic insight, and the worthy precursor of Montesquieu.

The result of this vast scheme of education was not happy. The Dauphin was naturally of an inert temperament; and it was said that Bossuet overpowered an uninspiring mind with the immensity of his energy and the vast weight of knowledge prematurely thrust upon it: at any rate, he was wholly wanting in that affectionate sympathy which enabled the tender Fenelon to become the beloved master and confidant of his pupil the Duc de Bourgogne, and to convert a boy of violent and intractable temperament into an amiable and accomplished prince, destined, alas! to be but the Marcellus of France.

During the education of the Dauphin, Bossuet had more delicate and less agreeable duties to perform towards the King. The gentle La Vallière and the superb Montespan, when the royal caprice was over, were alike persuaded into retirement by the exhortations of Bossuet. The former, the penitent Magdalen,—"*la petite violette, qui se cachait sous l'herbe*," to use the words of Madame de Sévigné, "*et qui était honteuse d'être mère, d'être duchesse*,"—longed to bury in the peace of the cloister the keen sufferings of a wounded heart; but the retirement of Madame Montespan was an

affair of greater difficulty. The King himself had waverings, which induced her to think her empire was not ended. When the final vows of La Vallière were taken, the Queen presented the mortuary veil and Bossuet pronounced the discourse; and as he uttered the final adieux for the penitent victim, the audience sobbed aloud with pity for the late favorite, whom they heard consigned, under the name of the Sœur Louise de la Miséricorde, to the fearful rigor and living death of the Carmelites,—to serge and sackcloth, to midnight vigils, maceration, and servile duties, while the royal adulterer was parading a new *liaison* with a prouder paramour.

The life of Bossuet at the court was worthy of a great ecclesiastic. His equipage and establishment were modest; his society was composed of a select body of priests, men of letters, and judges. He was often to be seen, followed by an imposing *cortège*, discussing points of doctrine, philosophy, or history, pacing the alleys of Versailles, reminding observers of the plane trees of the Attic Academus. One ally was called the *Allée des Philosophes*. The idle saunterers of the gardens would often notice him within the *Bosquet d'Æsope*, discoursing on ecclesiastical history, with the Abbé Fleury taking notes by his side.

When the education of the Dauphin was concluded, Bossuet was made Bishop of Meaux. Shortly after was convened the celebrated Assembly of 1682. Bossuet was called at once to be president; an office in which he rendered good service to his country, by mediating between the ungenerous arrogance of the King and the pretensions of the Holy See, and by reducing to a formulary the liberties of the Gallican Church.

The relation of France to Rome had long been unfilial, if not unfriendly. In 1663 the French troops passed the Alps, and were in readiness to march on Rome to avenge an affront offered to the Duc de Crequi, the French ambassador, when Cardinal Chigi, a brother of the Pope, was sent to Versailles to solicit pardon. It was the first time in the history of Europe that the Papal Court had known such humiliation since the brutal assault at Anagni. The Parliament and the Sorbonne seized the opportunity of fulminating on behalf of the Church of France. The King continued to make war on the ecclesiastical

authority, until an attempt to extend the right of receiving the temporalities of a vacant see, and appointing to its benefices,—a right known by the name of the *régale*,—brought the contest of Royalty and Papacy to an issue.

Innocent XI. was not an unworthy adversary of Louis XIV. He was of the House of Odescalchi of Como, and entered Rome as a young soldier, with a sword by his side and pistols in his belt. His merit and zeal became so notorious, after he entered the Church, that the people of Rome clamoured for his elevation under the porticoes of St. Peter's, at the same time that the cardinals selected him in conclave. He had retained the vigor of the soldier under the priestly robe; his character was mild, firm, and conscientious; his private life unimpeachable; and, as Pope, impartiality and constant efforts to rectify abuses marked all his proceedings. To this pope appealed the two Jansenist bishops of Aleth and of Pamiers, who had opposed the extension of the *régale* over these sees, and had suffered such oppression at the hands of the King's officers, that the Bishop of Pamiers had been reduced to live on alms. Sentences of proscription, exile, and death were scattered among the clergy supporting the bishops. Innocent XI. responded to the appeal; twice, thrice, without result, did he address the King in terms of authority and menace, until, at last, he sent a brief to the chapter of Pamiers which violated all the maxims of the national church. The Parliament was not slow to enter in the quarrel, with all the violence of old times. The addresses of the clergy were redolent of the most abject adulation and servility; the Archbishop of Paris was, as Bossuet said himself, ready, in true valet style, to follow every shift of the King's humor. Condé said, if the King took a fancy to turn Protestant, the clergy would be the first to follow. A popular song added that they would sign the Koran itself within a year if required. We are informed by the Abbé Le Dieu, that it was Colbert who saw the advantage to be gained from the present embroilment, and who determined the King to call an Assembly, for the purpose of defining clearly the relation of the Pope to Royalty and the Gallican Church.

The sermon which Bossuet preached at the meeting of the Assembly, is one of the finest

monuments of his genius, and contains all the grounds of the doctrines afterwards comprised in the Declaration of the French prelates. Bossuet's conduct on this occasion was extremely skilful. He viewed with apprehension the convocation of an Assembly in the then excited state of opinion; he feared the spirit of subservience of great dignitaries of the Church; he feared the personal pique felt by many of the bishops towards the Court of Rome; and he equally feared the blind advocates of papal supremacy; nevertheless, under his guidance, the Gallican Church equally avoided schism and ultramontaniam. The four articles of the Declaration were drawn up by him; the first three establish the independence of the temporal power, the superiority of Councils over the Pope, and the inviolability of the usages of the national church; the last declares that even in matters of faith, the decision of the Pope was always reformable by that of the Church. These are the principles on which rest the liberties of the Gallican Church,—liberties to which the clergy once clung with steadfast affection, and for establishing which the name of Bossuet was once held in honor. But the chicanery of Bellarmin and Rocca-berti, and the still more recent violence of Bonald and De Maistre, have not been in vain exerted against doctrines asserted by an assembly of Catholic divines, headed by one of the greatest prelates the Church of Rome ever possessed. And it has been reserved to us in our own time to see the immortal principles of Bossuet repudiated by the majority of the French clergy, of whom Cardinal Beausset now is a fair representative, and the distinctive propositions of the Gallican Church become almost as obsolete in France as the distinctive propositions of Jansenism.

Bossuet had now reached his fifty-fifth year: his reputation was acknowledged in every part of Europe as one of the chiefest of the time; he had done sufficient to gain immortality, high position, respect, and troops of friends: all that men usually care for he possessed in abundance; but he felt, like Arnaud, that he had eternity to rest in, and that the night was coming in which no man could work. His latter days have in them something heroic. The last twenty-two years of his life were one combat. He had thought to have placed the throne and the altar on imperishable foundations, and to have taught

the human mind to flow around them, to rest in their shadow and reflect their glory; but alas, from every quarter under heaven came sweeping clouds of evil spirits laden with doctrines more pernicious than pestilence or famine. The lonely prelate stood ever on the defence, grappling on every side with his deadly assailants. If midnight vigils, meditations, long fastings, and fervent prayer can avail, he alone will deliver the human soul—left, like Andromeda, forlorn and helpless amid the monsters of the deep. In the church and out of the church, *le charme trompeur de la nouveauté*, a new source of anguish, meets him wherever he looks. Lutherans, Calvinists, and Arminians were recognized and respectable antagonists; but what were these compared with the new race of *esprits libertins*—deists, pantheists, sceptics—disciplined in the philosophy of Descartes and Malebranche, Spinoza, and Leibnitz, who now came rushing to the attack? Almost the only peace which Bossuet knew was in his frequent journeys to La Trappe: the lonely walks amid the horrid shades and round the sombre lake of that austere solitude, in the company of De Rancé; the lugubrious rites; the ever open and newly dug grave; the habitual admonition—*Frère, il faut mourir*—gave the weary prelate a foretaste of the quiet of the tomb. Only an iron constitution could have enabled him to accomplish such incessant labors. After he became Bishop of Meaux, he ever lay with a lamp by his bedside; his first sleep was usually four hours, after which, even in the severest winter, he arose, put on two dressing gowns, and placing a bear-skin wrapper over his legs, recited matins and lauds amid the stillness of the night; he then went to study his dockets of papers; his portfolios, his pen, paper and inkstand were in readiness on his desk; his easy-chair placed in front, his books of reference on other chairs on each side. He studied until overcome with fatigue, after which he went again to bed. His domestic affairs were usually in considerable disorder; he paid little or no attention to them: his gardener regretted that his apple-trees were not the apple-trees of St. Ambrose or St. Jerome, as his master might then be induced to take notice of them. He left the management of his property to an intendant, and died in debt. He knew his deficiency, and excused

it thus in a letter to the Maréchal Bellefond :—"Je perdrais plus de la moitié de mon esprit si j'étais étroit dans mon domestique." Nevertheless, he surprised his servants and friends sometimes by spontaneous acts of kindness which showed that his love of books and controversy had not altogether supplanted his love of men.

Protestantism still continued the main object of Bossuet's assaults. The great doctors on either side carried on with the pen that contest which the Guises and Colignys had been unable to settle with the sword. Of the voluminous results of Bossuet's labors in this cause, the two most celebrated treatises are the "*Exposition de la Foi Catholique*," a *resumé* of the Romish doctrine to which Turenne attributed his conversion, which received the approval of the Church, and thousands of copies of which were printed at the King's expense for distribution; and the "*Variations des Eglises Protestantes*," which subdued for a while the sceptical soul of Gibbon. Both these works bear the impress of his fervid impulse and vigorous understanding; but very different is the method which Bossuet adopts in these two treatises. The former is a simple exposition of the truths in which all Roman Catholics agree,—giving a plain statement of all such tenets as Catholics must believe,—leaving out all matters on which different opinions might exist, and cutting away all rites and practises introduced to conciliate the superstitious imaginations of the southern nations. But the manner of his argument changes completely when he plants his attack on the Protestant Churches, on the discrepancies of the Confessions of Faith, not on those points in which they agree. Had he drawn up an "*Exposition de la Foi Protestante*," leaving out their disputes on controverted topics, he would have found they all concurred in rejecting the gross usurpations of the Romish Church, and received with himself the fundamental tenets of Christianity.

Paul Ferri, Bastide, Jurieu, Burnet, and the learned Basnage were the principal antagonists of Bossuet in his long controversy against the Protestants. Of these Jurieu carried on the war with the greatest pertinacity; and although from his absence of taste and asperity of language, Bossuet has all the advantage as far as manner goes, yet the replies of Jurieu undermined the very

foundations of Bossuet's magnificent edifice. He denies that variation is a sign of the absence of truth; and against the divine right of kings he brought forward—ominous sound—the sovereignty of the people. Later in life, Bossuet was engaged in correspondence with a mind of giant mould, which carried into every department of physical, intellectual, and political science the same searching insight and boundless originality—the great Leibnitz. A project had been set on foot for the reconciliation of the Lutheran Church with that of Rome. Bossuet was prepared to make great concessions; to allow communion under both forms, the use of the vulgar tongue; to submit even to the Lutheran bishops retaining their wives, and the abolition of the superstitious use of the worship of images. But the negotiation though kept on foot for many years, was at last broken off: it was impossible to overcome the obstacle presented by the acts of the Council of Trent.

It had been well for Bossuet had he been content that Protestantism should be assailed alone by the aid of reason. A dark suspicion has attached to his name that he was a member of the council in which was decided the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. However this may be, he cannot be absolved from a heavy responsibility in the cruel persecutions which raged against the Protestants, when the influence of the great patriarch of the Gallican Church was at its height. To an imperious master he had preached the dogma of divine right and of nonresistance; and now, by maintaining the right of using violence on behalf of religion, he hardened an arrogant monarch in that barbarous policy which made France the theatre of the last religious persecution in Europe. It is true Bossuet himself was courteous in argument, and mild in treatment of the Protestants of his diocese; but all this is as nothing when weighed against the support which his character, genius, and position gave to the inflated pride and intolerance of Louis in those fatal counsels which began to prevail when Colbet ceased to have influence in the Cabinet, and the cold and wary Maintenon, the ferocious Louvois, the bigot Letellier, and the Jesuit La Chaise, met with no opposition. Where was the sonorous voice, the sounding phrase, and the pomp of declamation when, as St. Simon tells us, good

Catholics groaned from the bottom of their hearts that a Christian monarch should, against the Huguenots, rival the atrocities of Pagan tyrants against the early Christians,—when the King's missionaries, in red coat and short carbine, were spurring from province to province to carry on the good work of conversion, and while the villages were left deserted at the whisper of the approach of these booted apostles of murder and violence,—when the refinements of torture of the worst ages of barbarism were repeated at the command of the King's council, and the exhortations of a zealous priesthood were directed against all who persisted in not accepting His Majesty's religion? Their houses were plundered, their bodies racked, their feet roasted; they were strung up by the toes; they were shut up in deep damp cells with rotten carrion; their wives and daughters shrieked helplessly amid brutality and license; the apostacy of the child was paid for by the heritage of the father, and it was found the good work of conversion proceeded with astonishing rapidity. Thousands were tortured, abjured, and excommunicated in a single day. The hearts of a million and a half of Frenchmen sickened with despair. They took to flight; and the kingdom was drained of its very best citizens. The terrors of the sword and carbine, the galleys and the gibbet, were insufficient to stop the *déserteurs*, who preferred trusting themselves in their frail boats to the wintry fury of the Atlantic, and to the untrodden passes of the Alps, than to the tender mercies of Louis.

“Préçhons ce miracle de nos jours, épanchons nos cœurs sur la piété de Louis, poussons jusqu'au ciel nos acclamations, et disons à ce nouveau Constantin à ce nouveau Théodose à ce nouveau Marcien à ce nouveau Charlemagne, Vous avez affermi la foi, vous avez exterminé les hérétiques; c'est le digne ouvrage de votre règne, c'en est le propre caractère. Par vous l'hérésie n'est plus. Dieu seul a pu faire cette merveille.”

Such is the extravagant rhapsody of Bossuet about a measure which equalled in cruelty that of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. The furies of civil butchery, rapine, and license were let loose; terror went be-

fore them, desolation behind; and the most eloquent voice of the Gallican Church swelled with rapturous emotion, while the blood of the just and the sufferings of a flying and persecuted people were crying vengeance throughout the length and breadth of France.

Against the Protestants, Bossuet could combat without compunction as against declared foes, but in Mysticism he found his most perilous and painful controversy,—a controversy in which he had first to pass the sword through the dearest affection of his heart, and in which, though he at last triumphed, his victory cost him dear: it cost him the gathered sympathies of long years of intercourse, the love of one who had adored him as a disciple, and whom he could now reverence as an equal. In the celebrated dispute with the Quietists there can be no doubt that Bossuet was right in the main; although we should have approved him more, had he carried less rancour into the discussion. The imperious and susceptible pride of the dogmatist, and the stifling effect of controversy on all human affection, are proverbial; but, besides this, we suspect that Bossuet must have looked with some jealousy on Fenelon's growing interest at court; that he mistrusted the influence of that tender nature, the magnetic attraction of a heart which was a shrine of love, benevolence, and charity,—the fascinating and philanthropic nature of one who united the graces and virtues of a nobleman, a Christian, and a saint. The Duc de Bourgogne, the heir to the crown, lived and breathed for Fenelon his preceptor, who had poured into the pupil's soul his own virtue, his own sanctity, and his own vast hopes for the future of man. Bossuet feared the progress of Fenelon's liberal opinions, the accomplishment of those vast projects he nourished for social amelioration, so entirely at variance with “*La Politique tirée de la Sainte Ecriture*.” The King himself heard of Fenelon's reforming schemes, and desired an explanatory interview, from which he retired, saying, that the prelate was “*le plus bel esprit et le plus chimérique de mon royaume*.” But a snare for Fenelon was spread in his own boundless love and enthusiastic imagination. The relations of St. François de Sales and Madame de Chantal are an instance of that mystic sympathy of aspiration towards the Infinite,

* “Sa Majesté veut qu'on fasse sentir les dernières rigueurs à ceux qui ne voudront pas se faire de sa religion.” *Letter of Louvois Hist. de l'Edit de Nantes*, vol. v. p. 869.)

in which it is hard to discover how much of human there was in that love which knew no earthly alloy. Madame Guyon was another Madame de Chantal, whose angelic features, inspired air and piety gave her the air of an evangelic sybil; her hearers were fascinated with her doctrines of Pure Love, which, as recognizable in the "Cantique des Cantiques," and in "Les Torrents," are the same as were condemned by the Inquisition in Molinos. To these enthusiastic minds it seemed as if Heaven could be realized on earth, and the soul, by ecstatic volition, could lift itself at once to celestial glory and eternal peace.

To those possessed of this pious energy, all practice and discipline were indifferent: hence the name of *Quiétisme*. The soul possessed God, was at rest with him, and so incapable of sin. Madame de Maintenon saw, and was enraptured with the new Theresa. She introduced her to the little circle of which Fenelon was the spiritual chief. Fenelon granted her an interview: to use the words of the caustic St. Simon, "leur sublime s'amalgama." A new and strange language began to be spoken by the *petit troupeau*, as the Duke calls them. The public generally were bewildered, and repeated the *mot* of Madame de Sevigne—"Epaississez-moi la religion qui s'évapore en se subtilisant." The King, whom Madame de Maintenon attempted to indoctrinate, declared he was not sufficiently advanced to taste such *réveries*. Madame de Maintenon herself was disposed to think these new rhapsodies were not suited for the vulgar, and should be kept for the enjoyment only of the initiated. Bossuet at last denounced Madame Guyon and her doctrines to the King; the prophetess was immured in Vincennes, and Bossuet demanded from Fenelon, as Archbishop, a condemnation of Madame Guyon's opinions. Fenelon refused. The two prelates published their treatises. Bossuet's admirably written work was the "Instruction sur les Etats d'Oraison." That of Fenelon was called "Les Maximes des Saints," in which he justified, by quotations from the Fathers and Saints, so much of Madame Guyon's mysticism as he held. Bossuet declared the book heretical, and thenceforward carried on an implacable war against Fenelon.

On abstract principles there is little doubt

that Bossuet and Fenelon were agreed; it was only in the *application* of them that they differed. Bossuet's condemnation fell upon the attempt to make use of the most spiritually gifted enthusiasts of the Church as ordinary guides for the conscience, and to combine their ecstatic ejaculations, in their most exalted fits of divine frenzy, with the sayings of obscure and ignorant fanatics, into a system of *religiosity* which would evidently be a most dangerous snare for the general mass of mankind. What was permissible for a Theresa, a François de Sales, or a Fenelon, was not so for all the world. The main difference between Bossuet and Fenelon was that Fenelon looked at principles alone, while Bossuet saw at once the principles and their most remote consequences. His excellent book, the "Instruction sur les Etats d'Oraison," is full of admirable philosophy, and vindicates, in the clearest manner, the rights of human reason against the absurd aggressions of the mystics. Bossuet, with that good sense and practical spirit which so pre-eminently distinguished him, had observed human nature carefully; he had studied himself; and in the confessional he had possessed full opportunity of studying, probing, and testing the limits of the conscience generally. Bossuet, the great controversialist, the antagonist of Calvin, Grotius, Malebranche, Simon, and Jurieu, the correspondent of Leibnitz, the head of the Gallican Church, the soul of its councils, found ample time to solve the difficulties of the most simple penitent, as may be seen in his correspondence with Madame Cornuau and other religious persons. He knew enough of human nature to see the danger of favoring in any way the progress of a mysticism which annihilated self, treated with contempt the humble assistance of reason (that secret inspiration of truth, as Bossuet terms it), and in despair, and despite of human intelligence, dreamed of nothing less than direct communion with God through a spiritual medium refined of all earthly and sensual alloy, in a state of disembodied prayer, in which words were only a corporeal bar between thought and Omnipotence.

By the pure and elevated piety of Fenelon these consequences were overlooked, and he attached himself with immense ardor to the doctrine of Pure Love. Mysticism of this nature is the more dangerous, as it seizes the

finest natures on their most disinterested and poetic side. The Archbishop of Cambrai appealed from the Council of the Gallican Church to Rome. The dispute lasted several years. All Europe was anxious to know how would terminate the great *procès* between the eagle of Meaux and the swan of Cambrai. The Pope and the cardinal inclined in favor of Fenelon. The Cardinal de Bouillon used every effort in his behalf, but Bossuet had Louis XIV. on his side, and both were determined that Fenelon should be convicted of heresy. Bossuet spoke in a contemptuous way of the *peu de lumière* possessed by the head of his church. A fulminating *mémoire* was drawn up by the prelate in the name of the King to quicken the Pope's judgment. The King, it was said, would know what to do if the matter were delayed longer. A plainer threat of schism and a national council could hardly be conveyed. At length the Vatican yielded. But the Pope, in pronouncing sentence, declared that if Fenelon had sinned from excess of love for God, Bossuet had sinned in the defect of love for his neighbor, Fenelon received judgment with unresisting meekness; he read his own condemnation from the pulpit, and never uttered a complaint. He spent years of exile in his diocese, deserted by all who longed for favor at the court. The King feared him. The memorable remonstrance of Fenelon, and his known opinions, were unpardonable offences. Madame de Maintenon hated him, for she had injured and deserted his cause. A brief gleam of sunshine came just before his beloved pupil was snatched away; but Fenelon bowed his head to the stroke; he sought refuge in his sublime patience and his boundless charity. He died like a saint and a poet. His memory survives his works, for his name is engraven on the heart of France, and the savor of his virtues is still sweet in the memories of his countrymen.

The two prelates were never reconciled. The very humility of Fenelon angered Bossuet more, and he seems to have carried his rancor to the grave. In this journal we find him stating that Fenelon had acted the perfect hypocrite all his life. He was too imperious to brook difference of opinion, even in his friend and pupil; "ce cher disciple," as he said, "*que j'ai porté dans mes entrailles.*"* It is strange, indeed, that two

such sublime types of two such opposite characters should be shown to France at the same time. Bossuet was born with all the vigor and fixity of age,—Fenelon retained till death all the generous glow and boundless elasticity of youth. Bossuet preached the doctrine of fear,—Fenelon that of love. Bossuet's mind was petrified by ever looking back,—that of Fenelon was directed ever forward, in spite of the taunts and despair of sceptics and unbelievers. The one loved immutability, the other progress. In the heart of the one ruled mistrust, in that of the other confidence. Bossuet was a Conservative, Fenelon a Liberal. The genius of the former was Hebrew and Roman, that of the latter Grecian and Evangelical. The one had the stern majesty of a prophet by Michael Angelo, the other the ecstatic beauty of a martyr by Guido Reni. Bossuet's last days were sad,—he suffered severe pain from an illness which had been growing upon him for years. But though the body broke, the spirit was unconquerable. He looked around, it is true, with gloomy forebodings. He viewed with terror the sceptical spirit of Montaigne revived in Pierre Bayle; and saw the future pregnant with evil. He said sadly, "*Je prévois que les esprits forts pourront être décreditées, non pour aucune horreur de leurs sentiments, mais parcequ'on tiendra tout dans l'indifférence hors les plaisirs et les affaires.*" He foresaw, in fact, *l'indifférence en matière de religion*. Still he plied his pen unweariedly: convinced that he was placed by Providence in the breach against the assaults of pernicious doctrine, he remained there till the last. Protestant, Socinian, Jansenist, and Jesuit controversies still absorbed his main efforts. In his very last hours he was still working at his "*Politique*," at his "*Elevations sur les Mystères*," and "*Méditations sur l'Evangile*," in which religion speaks with a voice of awe and mystery, and philosophy is borne aloft by the spirit of theology to the highest regions of

mes vous et moi l'objet de la dérision des impies; nous faisons gémir les gens de bien. Que tous les autres hommes soient hommes c'est ce qui ne doit pas surprendre, mais que des ministres de Jésus Christ,—ces anges des églises,—donnent au monde profane et incrédule de tels spectacles, c'est ce qui demande des larmes de sang. Trop heureux si au lieu de ces guerres de doctrines nous avions toujours fait nos catéchismes dans nos diocèses, pour apprendre nos pauvres villageois à connaître et à aimer notre Dieu."

* Letter of Fenelon to Bossuet:—"Nous som-

transcendental metaphysics; while the eyes of the soul reveal to us as much of the excess of light as it is possible perhaps for human imagination to conceive.

From the journal of the Abbé Le Dieu we gather much interesting information concerning the latter days of the aged prelate. True to his announcement in the peroration of his discourse on Condé, he consecrated himself to the duties of his diocese; he laid aside the dignity and diction of the great Churchman, and preached to humble town-folk and villagers, in terms of paternal affection and simplicity, the same doctrines which he had labored to enforce on the splendid congregations of Versailles and the Louvre. We find him catechizing children, visiting the sick, teaching and aiding the poor to bear the ills of life with patience, administering confirmation, assisting at conferences of the clergy, directing the hospitals, and reforming the monasteries. Nevertheless, his fatal disease, the stone, was growing fast upon him: he endeavored to hide it as long as he could, but the excruciating pains he suffered made it too soon apparent. The journey from Paris to Meaux and Versailles became more than he could bear; he sought in vain for relief in carriages with easy springs, and even in litters. The king's physicians were called in, but they could do little, and the mention of an operation at his advanced age threw him into a feverish state of consternation. He found little consolation from the court he had edified, or from the nephews and nieces who flourished on his bounty. One fixed idea swayed his later years,—which was that his nephew should be appointed his successor in the bishopric. The nephew was certainly not a fit character to fill the office,—he was intriguing, worldly, selfish, and indelicate; but a worse man was appointed: a refusal highly mortifying to a dignitary of Bossuet's merit. But Bossuet in his own person had not met with too much favor at court: many a prelate of high lineage stepped before him there. All chance of becoming a cardinal directly through Rome was lost for him by his part in the declaration of 1682. The nomination of his nephew, however, was his favorite project: he presented a *mémoire* to the King on the subject with his own hand, and the King replied nothing, but that the matter required great reflection. He courted the favor of

Madame de Maintenon on every occasion he could invent for writing to her. If a short answer of eight lines came, the dying prelate treasures it fondly, shows it to everybody, and receives it back, "avec un grand empressement," "Grand régal ce soir au logis où on attendait M. l'Abbé Bossuet," writes the Abbé Le Dieu, on one such occasion. Madame de Maintenon, however, at last lost all patience. Bossuet came in September, 1703, to Versailles, to look, as usual, after his nephew's interest. Madame de Maintenon had the following message conveyed to him, as sufficient a proof of the cold-heartedness of that prudent lady as could well be given.

"M. Dodart trouvant M. l'Abbé Fleury lui a dit que M. de Meaux devait s'en aller à Paris, et même à Meaux; que Me. de Maintenon lui a dit qu'elle était étonnée de ce qu'il n'était pas encore parti de Versailles, s'il voulait donc mourir à la Cour! M. Dodart ajouta que M. de Meaux n'a besoin ni de chirurgien ni de médecin; qu'il n'y aucune opération à faire à son mal; qu'il lui suffit de voir un médecin une fois en huit jours pour ordonner son régime; qu'il n'en a pas besoin d'ailleurs."

He went accordingly to Paris, where it is painful to read that when he was in such a state of agony that his cries and groans made all tremble about him—when he was carried from his bed to his chair like an inanimate man—when he was dragged about the room for exercise by two footmen—when all he could take for nourishment was a few drops of wine, or the wing of a chicken—when his cheeks were sunken and his body wasted to a skeleton,—one servile topic still occupied his thoughts: "as soon as ever he was able to get out, he goes to promenade in the Tuileries, and endeavors," says the Abbé Le Dieu, "to go up and down the slopes, in order to see if his strength was equal to the staircase of Versailles and one more solicitation."

But though his body was racked with sufferings, and he had not renounced the objects of clerical ambition, he still continued his old avocations as long as he could. Grotius, Tillemont, and Fleury were his lightest reading. He made emendations on his own works as the Abbé Le Dieu read them, and like Swift, broke out in admiration of his early prowess. But the end was near. He cried out continually, "*Fiat voluntas tua!*"

adveniat regnum tuum!" also, "*Domine, vim patior; sed non confundar, scio enim cui credidi;*" and on another occasion at the mention of his glory, "*Cessez vos discours et demandez pardon à Dieu de mes péchés.*" He died on the 12th of April 1704, at the age of seventy-seven. Voltaire was then ten years old.

During his illness, his nephews the Abbé and another had been providing for the worst. The Abbé laid hands on the plate, and got possession of that. The other endeavored to have his revenge with the manuscripts, but the Abbé had forestalled him there likewise. The Abbé's constitution was weak, and he indulged in good cheer on fast days, which much scandalized the good Le Dieu; and Madame Bossuet, the niece, gave a large supper in Lent, the din of which destroyed the dying bishop's repose. The Abbé sends his servant off to the opera before Bossuet's face; Madame Bossuet goes likewise with her daughters, leaving Bossuet alone in the house—all knowing that Bossuet had written against theatrical amusements, and thought them unchristian spectacles. Madame Bossuet after a masquerade gets up at midday to hear mass, and then goes to bed again. "*Quelle vie,*" cries the Abbé Le Dieu, "*in the house of our prelate!*" Such was the life of the nearest relatives of a bishop whose decease was expected daily, at an epoch which its apologists laud for the perfect fulfilment of social duties.

So Bossuet breathed his last, but not at the court. The King and Madame de Maintenon were not offended! No dead prelate defiled the precincts of Versailles. The courtiers were much moved. There was a great deal to be given away. The old lion was dead, who shall have his skin? The death happened at a quarter-past four in the morning. The Abbé Bossuet was informed. No time was to be lost. He dressed himself, went straight off to Marly, and was presented to the King. The King was grieved; and gave him, not the bishopric but the rich abbey which Bossuet held; and he went back to his dead uncle "*plein de joie et témoignant une grande satisfaction.*" Bossuet's charge of *premier aumônier* and that of *conseiller d'état* were given away likewise on the spot. The destination of the bishopric kept people in suspense some time. The

court was represented at the obsequies by the groom of the Dauphin, who was not even *gentilhomme*. The higher order of the clergy were scarce, but the inferior were abundant. The people of Meaux, however, made amends: they came out in an immense crowd to meet the procession as it approached; and the simple folk were heard to repeat to each other, "*C'est grand dommage qu'un si grand homme soit mort; il a bien parlé et bien travaillé toute sa vie pour la défense de la foi,*"—a eulogy which the late prelate would doubtless have preferred to the pompous orations pronounced over him at Rome, Paris, and elsewhere. The worst feature of the whole was, that when the will of Bossuet was read, there was no mention of the poor, nor of his old servants—not even of the Abbé Le Dieu, who had served him for twenty years, nor of his church, except to desire that his body might be placed there. The Abbé his nephew, who was named *légaltaire universel*, in order to hide the deficiency of the will, offered an ornament to the chapter, which was accepted with much satisfaction; and no further remark made about the will.

But enough of these details, which present a cynical contrast to the illustrious man for whose sake they are remembered.

Posterity demands of a great genius, be he orator or theologian, king, conqueror, or statesman, what use he has made of his talents for the benefit of mankind. Intellectual triumphs, like martial victories, may undoubtedly be more dazzling than useful. When we bring Bossuet to this test our judgment must be severe. Tried as a literary artist, who produced the finest models of the sublime and pathetic in French literature; who enriched his native tongue with many noble forms of expression; who invented, in fact, a grand language; his influence has been great, and all the homage that great intellects could render to his merit has been given him alike by friend and foe; but the homage of the intellect is poor indeed, when compared with the homage of the heart; that nameless yearning which is felt towards the real guides and benefactors of man amid the perplexities of his earthly career, which overleaps time and space, and grows broader and deeper as it falls from generation to generation. Bossuet himself, with his superb

contempt of mere literary display, would, if his great shade were to appear among us, refuse to be judged as a mere artist; he would demand to stand or fall by his worth as a theologian, a moralist, a prelate, a politician, and a citizen.

As a bishop we search in vain for evidence that he attempted to use his high position and authority to moderate the vain love of ostentation, the ruinous love of war and glory which rendered his master the disturber of the peace of Europe and the devastator of France, by impoverishing her cities and her plains, and starving her people. We search in vain for the manly and Christian warnings of the remonstrance of Fenelon,* or the severe lesson given to kings and nobles by Massillon in "Le petit Carême."

It cannot be said he stood erect, in the face of abused power, a mediator between the angry voice of the people and the purple tyranny of kings. It cannot be said,—

"Illum non populi lasces nec purpura regum Flexit."

On the contrary, he possessed a large share of the courtier spirit. He was accused of it by others, and in part confessed it himself. On one occasion, Madame de Maintenon called him the dupe of the Court; and on another he said to the superiors of a convent, on quitting them, "Daughters, pray for me." "What shall we pray for?" "*Que je n'aie pas tant de complaisance pour le monde.*" Yes, Bossuet had more complaisance for the foibles and follies of the great, their ruinous extravagances and intolerant pride, than for the importunate voice of noble aspirations, and the despairing cry of the lowly and just whose rights were trampled on and privileges annihilated. As a politi-

* "Le peuple même (il faut tout dire) qui vous a tant aimé, qui a eu tant de confiance en vous, commence à perdre l'amitié, la confiance, et même le respect. Vos conquêtes et vos victoires ne le rejoignent plus; il est plein d'aigreur et de désespoir. La sédition s'allume peu à peu de toutes parts. Ils croient que vous n'avez aucune pitié de leurs maux, que vous n'aimez que votre autorité et votre gloire." (*Letter of Fenelon to Louis XIV.*)

cian and a citizen his influence was pernicious, and was deeply felt in the succeeding age; and the haughty disdain which he professed for political speculation, the marvellous subservience of so great a spirit to the principles of unlimited obedience, the authority of his great example, deterred his countrymen from forming habits of political thought, served to rivet on his country the fetters of autocracy, and left it when the chains were loosened, like an unarmed slave, with limbs powerless from long inaction, exposed to the assaults of theory and licence.

We have no English Bossuet, and we have reason to be thankful that our national life was never so concentrated in the palace as to give a pre-eminence to the court pulpit sufficient to sustain such lofty flights of rhetorical magniloquence. But England produced in that same age a genius of grander and more truly religious soul, greater in his aspirations, and more noble in his life,—a man who never crooked the hinges of the knee to power; who raised his eloquent voice again and again in behalf of unviolated liberty of thought and conscience; who endeavored to forward the reign of God's justice upon earth; who, blind, old, deserted, clung with unquenchable ardor to the cause that was despised by the court, scorned by the great, and despaired of by the people; a name that will be as dear as his works to the most distant posterity, who was great and good, whether considered as Christian, poet, politician, or patriot. If France has her Bossuet, England has her Milton. The genius of the one and of the other bears the same stamp of massive grandeur; the eloquence of one and of the other rose to sublimity and pierced the veil of mortality. But the French orator was the champion of authority and of the Church of Rome; the English poet was the child of freedom and of sacred truth; and if the works of Bossuet stand as proud memorials of the Court and Creed he adorned, the writings of Milton breathe an immortal spirit which changes of opinion will never consign to the records of the past, and which the revolutions of the world will never efface.

From The National Magazine.
ASHBURN RECTORY.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.

I.

"SUCH news, such glorious news, Anna! Lord de Plessy has presented papa to the living of Ashburn."

Anna Brooke had had a long walk through a wet August twilight from her teaching, which had tired her more than usual, and she did not hear exactly what it was her young sister said; so she deliberately put down her umbrella, and shook the rain from her shawl and dress before speaking.

"What is it, Nora; what has happened?"

"Papa has had the living of Ashburn given to him by Lord de Plessy."

"And where is Ashburn? and who is Lord de Plessy?"

"Doesn't it sound like a fairy tale? But come in and hear all about it."

"No; let us go up-stairs first. Who is in there?" indicating the parlor-door.

"Only papa and uncle Ambrose and Cyril."

"Nobody else?"

"No."

The two sisters went softly up to their bedroom. Anna closed the window, drew down the blind, and lighted a candle on the dressing-table, with the same deliberate gentleness with which in the hall she had put down her umbrella before taking any heed of her sister's joyful announcement. You might see from her most trivial actions that she was the very soul of method. The way in which she stood before the glass, sleeking her dark bands of hair, arranging her collar, and straightening her trim waist mechanically, with a far-away pre-occupied look on her careful young face, would have convinced you that it was a necessity to her that all things should be done in order. Nora grew impatient, and bade her make haste.

"They are all waiting for you down-stairs. We thought you so late in coming home to-day, because we wanted you to hear the good news. Do be quick. There is uncle Ambrose calling of you."

"Mrs. Driver kept me talking about the children's music. Go and say I will be down in five minutes."

Nora ran off; and Anna's five minutes were passed by her standing in the middle of the floor, with her arms down-dropped, and her eyes gazing into the dark blank of the glass. She could not be thinking of the great family event certainly, for her face was very sad.

"He might have *made* time to come," she

said to herself, and then walked softly down-stairs and entered the parlor. Her father rose to meet her.

"Nora has told you, Anna?"

"Yes, papa; and I am *so* glad, so very very glad." And she kissed him. "Now you must tell me all about it." She drew a chair close by the steaming window, and sat down, turning her eyes for an instant towards the gray outside atmosphere with a quick searching glance, and then composed herself to listen to the details which the others were waiting to give.

The story may be briefly told. Mr. Brooke was a London curate of forty-nine years of age, with a family of three children, and a very small stipend. He had taken upon him the responsibilities of life very early by marrying before he was ordained, and had been curate of the same over-crowded and extensive parish ever since; hoping against hope that some preferment would fall to his lot by luck, for patron he had none. Though his home had been hallowed by much love from first to last, that could not keep aloof many and severe privations; and this had been more peculiarly felt when, on the birth of Cyril, his wife fell into bad health, and after lingering through ten years of feeble suffering, died from sheer exhaustion. Since then four years had elapsed,—years of unremitting exertion and stringent economy. Anna was now twenty; and a daily governess; Nora was sixteen; and Cyril, at fourteen, was gathering from his uncle Ambrose, an old Indian officer, the foundation of the military education which was to give him a start in life.

During the past spring, there had prevailed, especially in the district where Mr. Brooke labored, a cruel epidemic. He had always been attentive, but now he was indefatigable; early and late, in season and out of season, braving faithfully imminent danger in the execution of his duty, he was always with his people. When, by the return of a healthy time, the strain was somewhat relaxed, his own strength gave way. There seemed for some weeks little chance of his recovery; and Anna had begun to say to herself fearfully, "What shall we do, what *shall* we do, if he be taken from us?" when, as if his powerful will to live for his children had prevailed over bodily weakness, he took a sudden turn, and amended rapidly. His doctor recommended rest for a short interval, or at any rate an exchange for some lighter provincial work; but this was not easy to obtain, and after two failures, he gave up seeking for it, and returned to his own heavy labors.

Anna was disappointed. She thought they

might have afforded the sum to send her father and Nora to the sea-side for a month if Mrs. Driver would pay her the half-year's salary that was six weeks over-due; and one morning she summoned courage to ask for it. Mrs. Driver asked if it would not be all the same to her next week, and Anna said, "Yes, it would;" but in such a cold tone, being hurt, that an explanation was demanded of her extraordinary behaviour. She gave this explanation in her own plain matter-of-fact way, without observing that a thin, gray-haired, elderly man, whom she often saw there at luncheon, was taking in every word she said. The money was paid to her; but her father refused to profit by it, and she had offended Mrs. Driver to no purpose.

It was just ten days after this that Nora met her sister at the door in the rain with the announcement, "Such news, such glorious news! Lord de Plessy has presented papa to the living of Ashburn."

For the solution of this apparent mystery, it will suffice to say, that Mr. Brooke's name had many times occurred in the public accounts of the epidemic as that of a most hard-working and energetic man. His reputation was thus familiar to many; and the person who had heard Anna's reasonable request was by that made acquainted with his poverty as well. He was a lawyer, and he was moreover the lawyer of the noble family of De Plessy, who all did their duty by deputy, even to the bestowal of the Church preferments in their gift. Mr. Lindsay suggested to his patron that the living of Ashburn, which was worth three hundred and fifty pounds a-year, could not be better appropriated than as the reward of a London curate of five-and-twenty years' standing who was breaking down under his work.

"Very well, write the letter," said my lord. "You know what to do, Lindsay."

And the letter was written; and O the tears of joy that were wept over it at the first reading! It was life to them, hope to them, every thing to them. Lord de Plessy seemed some fabulously noble benefactor; and when, in after-days, he followed up his gracious kindness by a personal call upon the family at Ashburn Rectory, in the plenitude of their gratitude they could almost have fallen down and kissed his feet. One must have been very poor to exult so keenly in the prospect of a bountiful to-morrow."

"It is a beautiful letter, papa. But where is Ashburn? is it the Ashburn in Kent?" Anna asked, when having read the letter that her father gave her, she returned it to him. "If it is, it is a very pretty place: it is where Jane comes from."

"Yes, it is the Kent Ashburn, Jane's Ashburn, Anna. This letter must be answered at once; but we waited to tell you. I will go and do it now, while tea is got ready. And, Nora, light the fire; it is a very damp chilly night. Ambrose, you may help me, perhaps."

The two brothers went away through the folding-doors that divided the two small parlors from each other, leaving the three young ones alone. Nora went down on her knees to blow the flickering fire into a blaze, and Anna stood straining her eyes into the darkness, and seeing nothing but the dim forms of the trees in the small court waving solemnly in the rainy night. At last she closed the shutters, and drew the crimson curtains close; then turned and stood upon the hearth-rug watching the smoke struggle up the chimney.

"Ashburn Rectory! What a change it will be!" said she half aloud, but to herself.

"Won't it?" cried Cyril, shutting up his book with a clap that startled her. "We have not had time to think half about it yet. I shan't believe it till we get there. Isn't papa glad? Where is Jane? why don't she bring tea? She's lost her wits since Nora told her."

Anna rang the bell; and when the old servant came in with the tray, she busied herself in making tea, and then cutting the bread-and-butter, all with her usual mechanical precision and neatness. Yet hers was not exactly a countenance that impressed you as that of a person of cold or weak feelings. She was reserved, silent, and singularly undemonstrative; but the position she held in the family testified to a strong under-current of goodness and affection influencing her daily conduct. Much of her quietness and method arose from natural temperament; but the being early thrown upon her own resources had developed them into character. Her shape was rather tall and slender; her face clear and pleasing, without any absolute beauty; her eyes looked cool, limped, emotionless, and comprehended in one glance what another person might have looked at for an hour without seeing; her mouth was delicate and refined in expression, her brow expansive, and her complexion fair and pale. Simplicity of mind, simplicity of manner, and a gentle, if rather proud, independence, were her marked traits—if any thing could be marked in such a character. She was clever and intelligent, but not many people found it out; she was generous and self-sacrificing without a shadow of display. "A solemn automaton," said some; "a good and gracious woman," said others. In her own family, where it will be acknowledged she

must have been the best known, the general opinion was, that it would be impossible to live without Anna.

Nora, sixteen-year-old Nora,—Eleanora she had been christened, but affection always abbreviates a long name,—was a great contrast to her sister. She was a very fine creature, possessing all that brilliance, color, and impulse which Anna lacked. Passionate, wilful, petted but very loving—there was light and shade in her character, meteor-light and thunder-cloud. Gratify her, and her countenance shone from within like some beautiful illuminated porcelain lamp; excite her anger, and down dropped her curved brows like an eclipse over her eyes,—very lovely eyes they were, of that bluish iron-gray which varies with almost every thought; and Nora knew very well that they were beautiful. By the curve of her lip and nostril you could tell that she was impetuous as well as proud; and by the ring of her step and the straight poise of her light figure, that she was imperious. Old Jane, her nurse, used to tell her she was born to be a queen.

Cyril was merely a high-spirited warm-hearted boy, selfish and inconsiderate, as boys usually are, but not more so. He loved his uncle Ambrose, who taught him and told him histories of Indian warfare; he thought no man living to be compared with his father for learning and excellence; he looked up to Anna as if she were his mother, and he teased Nora and old Jane. For the rest, he was passably handsome, audacious, frank, and brave. He was a lad of fine promise altogether.

The room in which these three waited the return of their elders was the, by courtesy called, drawing-room of one of those tiny cottages which are so thickly sown in every suburb of London. In other hands it might have been only a small, dull, stiffly-furnished, comfortless closet; but, presided over by Anna, a very pleasing effect had been elicited from the simplest materials. It must have been observed over and over again, by those who *do* observe, that while one acquaintance can put a touch of her own refinement and taste into woman's peculiar province, home, and educe from cheap materials a certain elegance, brightness, and an indefinable charm of comfort, another, with double the cost, provides only a necessary amount of chairs, tables, and upholstery, as uninteresting and inharmonious as the contents of a furniture-broker's shop.

When Nora had caused the fire to burn up brightly, and the lamp was lit, every corner of the little drawing-room reflected back the flashing light either from a picture-frame, or the curve of a white figure on a bracket, or the shining gold on a book-back; and yet

there was repose about it too,—a repose which seemed to emanate from the calm pale face by the tea-table. Nora had seated herself on the hearth-rug as if it were December, with her white chin pushed forward, and her hands clasped round her knees; a favorite attitude of hers that reminded Anna of a certain old-fashioned picture of outcast Hagar removed a stone's-throw from her child that she may not see him die; only in Hagar's face there was a passion of restrained grief, and in Nora's there was nothing but a girl's dreaminess. Cyril was already in his place, waiting for his tea with a hungry boy's impatience of delay; wondering when that letter would be done, then beating a tattoo on the table with his fingers, and next asking Anna if he might call them in the next room.

"Go and ask Jane to give you a pot of preserves—plums," said Anna. And away he sprang.

While he was gone his father and uncle came in.

"You must read the letter before we seal it, Anna," said her father, putting the document into her hand.

Nora rose up lazily and looked over her shoulder.

"Will it do?" asked uncle Ambrose.

Anna read it to the end, folded it carefully, and gave it back.

"Yes; it could not be better; it conveys all our gratitude without a trace of servility. Now, will you come to tea?"

"Jane says there is no end of plums at Ashburn, Anna," said Cyril; "and that the rectory is like a bird's-nest."

Anna cut the paper neatly from the pot, and Cyril instantly plunged a spoon into its sweet contents.

"It is a fête-day," remarked uncle Ambrose.

What trifles indicate fête-days in the houses of poor folks! When Jane brought in the toast, she apologized for not having made some currant-cakes for tea; and her master, in perfect seriousness, bade her "never mind, since the children had some preserves."

"You will have to tell Mrs. Driver, Anna, of our change of home," said her father. "We shall have to go to Ashburn next month."

"She will not care, papa. You know she only engaged me from week to week; and she said to-day that they intended going to the sea-side very soon, and that she should not need me when they returned."

"Then things will fit in capitally—Cyril, if you eat any more plums you will be ill. You will have enough to do, Anna, in our fitting. Do you not think we had better

keep Jane's niece permanently? She asked me to-day about giving her a character."

"Yes, papa; but Nora and I will make all those arrangements; don't let them harass you."

"Papa, when you go to read yourself in, may I go with you?" demanded Master Cyril with the air of a boy used to indulgence.

"Yes, my son, perhaps you may, if it is fine. I must borrow Mr. Reeves's chaise-cart to go down in, and Josy and Thomas."

"The whole equipage—man, horse, and chaise-cart—is to be disposed of in one lot, papa; you had better buy them at once."

"Very well, we will consider of it; they would be in good old-fashioned keeping with the bird's-nest house that we are to live in."

"Papa, does it seem *real*? I don't quite believe it yet; I don't think I shall believe till we get there,—shall you, uncle Ambrose?"

"You will believe it fast enough, Master Cyril, when you are making havoc amongst the ripe fruit."

"Another cup of tea, Anna. Cyril, open the shutters and throw up the window a little way; the room is too warm. You are tired, Anna; are you quite well?"

"Quite well, papa, and not particularly tired. It is always a long walk from Hampstead, especially in the rain."

When the window was opened; the gentle "whushing" of the summer wind amongst the trees in the court, and the tinkle of the falling rain upon the paved footpath, made a pleasant murmuring accompaniment to the singing of the kettle on the bar. There was a short silence, during which every one in that family circle appeared to be dealing with some inner thought, more or less glad; then the talk recommenced by uncle Ambrose asking his brother if there were any books in the house in which information touching the noble family of De Plessy might be found. Yes, there was the county history of Kent; and when the tea-table was cleared, Cyril fetched it from the book-case in the other parlor, and uncle Ambrose and he sat down to study it, while the girls brought out their work-baskets. Nora was idly disposed, and scarcely set a stitch a minute; but Anna sewed as swiftly at her brother's new shirts as if Ashburn and Lord de Plessy had never been heard of; only now and then, when the wind came with a louder gust through the branches and the rain fell a little faster, she seemed to listen for a moment towards the open window.

"Here is an engraving of Plessy-Regis; what a grand place!" cried Cyril. "Come and look, papa."

Nora leant over the table to catch a glimpse

too, and uncle Ambrose turned the book towards her.

"O, I should like to be mistress of a house such as that," said she.

"Now let us read what it says about the family. Norman of course—De Plessy. The name is not historical, Philip; you don't remember it in any of the old chroniclers, do you? There is nothing remarkable mentioned here. Let me see? Vanbrugh built the house; fine collection of pictures; Gibbon's carvings; copies in marble of antique groups. Gardens laid out in the Italian manner; extensive deer-park, and fine sheet of water; some of the noblest timber-trees in England. Family mausoleum at Larkhill, an elevated part of the grounds from which the sea is visible. Here is a picture of it, half as big as the house. The name Plessy-Regis, or King's Plessy, dates from Henry VIII's time; that monarch having taken refuge there when the sweating sickness raged in London. The old house was pulled down by Lord Hugh de Plessy, and the present structure erected by his son."

"Here is Ashburn, papa. 'A village picturesquely situated by the river Darrent. A rectory rated in the King's books at £4 10s. 8d. The church is an interesting specimen of the early Norman architecture.' That's all; there is no difference between this village and another. Any body else want the book? Nora? Then you must put it away yourself when you have finished."

Nora gladly threw her seam aside for a longer study of the home that was to be; and sat over the volume profoundly interested until, at half-past nine, her father rang the bell for Jane and her niece to come to prayers. Anna then folded away her work, and with a low sigh of disappointment and a last look out into the rainy night, shut down the window, and drew the curtains close. A grateful mention of special benefits that day received concluded the short earnest prayer, and gave even to Cyril an impression of substance about what he was half disposed to call "too good to be true." A few more worlds about the fireside, and then the three young ones went up-stairs to bed, leaving their uncle and father to talk over the great event till past midnight.

II.

"ANNA, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Hartwell came yesterday afternoon while you were out. I could think of nothing but charming Ashburn."

"Did he, Nora? Was he here long?"

Nora's forgetfulness had cost her sister a very unquiet night. She had an interest in Mr. Hartwell, and had been blaming him in her own mind for a little neglect. They had

been engaged two years, and were to marry when she was of age.

"He did not stay above ten minutes; for papa was gone into town, and uncle Ambrose was busy with Cyril."

"Had the letter about Ashburn come?"

"No; or if it had, it was not opened. Papa left soon after breakfast, and ever so many papers came before he got back. I believe the midday post brought it. He won't like your going away from London, will he?—Mr. Hartwell, I mean."

"He can come down and spend Sunday with us. If he should come while I am away to-day, Nora, will you keep him to tea?"

"Yes, if he will stay; I tried yesterday, but he said he had an engagement for the evening. Don't you think he is very gay, now?"

"He has a great many friends."

There was a short silence, during which Anna dressed herself to go to her teaching at Hampstead.

"It often strikes me as very odd how you two, who are so different in everything, should have contrived to fall in love," said Nora.

"Extremes meet, Nora," replied her sister. "Good-by; I will try to be back earlier than I was yesterday. Come and meet me, if it is fine."

It was a deliciously cool clear morning; and though Anna was late in starting, and she had a three-mile walk before her, she could not prevent her busy thoughts beguiling her into lingering by the green hedgerows and on the dewy footpaths, when she came to them. Insensibly the balm of August raised her spirits; and as fancy is independent of time, she contrived to hope, fear, doubt, prefigure, and settle much in the space of an hour. Her mind ran principally on John Hartwell's visit of yesterday in her absence. He knew she was always at home by dusk, why had he not waited? And as for his evening engagements, were they not becoming more and more frequent? so frequent that they had only met once during the last fortnight, and then he was out of humor. Anna tried to think that she might have been mistaken about that; but she was not. There was something mysterious in John's manner now; he was unsettled and restless; his countenance was anxious and fevered, and he would not tell her why, but put aside her questions with some idle excuse that could not satisfy her.

The Hartwells were people of property, living in an expensive showy style; and John was clerk in a bank, with a very handsome salary, which never sufficed for his wants. He had told Anna that his father would start them in housekeeping when the time

came, and that would be soon enough to practise economy. Notwithstanding the intended connection between the two families, their intercourse was limited to occasional morning visits. Anna would have liked to be more friendly, but she could not accommodate herself to the manners and tastes of John's relatives. His mother had an insatiable taste for gay society and great people; and her life was made a toil of a pleasure in the pursuit of high acquaintance, who despised while they made use of her. His sisters were both handsome, lively, and accomplished girls, without an idea beyond present amusement. They thought John was quite throwing himself away, and were not careful to conceal this feeling from Anna, who was profoundly hurt by it. The engagement had been formed when she was only eighteen, on a slight intimacy contracted at Mrs. Driver's Christmas parties, to which she was invited because her pianoforte-playing was useful; but as Mr. Brooke and uncle Ambrose disapproved of it altogether, and the Hartwells were far from cordial, its fulfilment was by general consent deferred for three years; every body but the two young people themselves hoping that in the long interval they would change their minds.

But full two years had now elapsed, and Anna still regarded John as the handsomest, gayest, kindest, noblest creature in the whole universe. Her love for him was an enthusiasm, and her estimate of his merits a complete delusion; and between her delusion and her enthusiasm, she generally contrived to be very happy, as most of us are while those pleasant things stay by us, indeed, permanence is all they want to make life Paradise.

She was full half an hour late when she arrived at Mrs. Driver's nondescript villa at Hampstead; cheerful enough, though she had run over in her mind all the plain facts above recorded, because her hope was of a very tenacious nature, and her faith in John so perfect that, notwithstanding adverse signs, she chose to think that all was running smooth with her love, and that the fault of her sometimes uneasy heart lay entirely in her own weakness.

Mrs. Driver, however, put a speedy end to her visions by sweeping down upon her like a whirlwind the moment she entered the schoolroom, with a frown on her brow and reproof on her fluent lips. "Late again, Miss Brooke; look at the clock," said she, pointing to the time-piece on the mantelshelf. It was ten instead of half past nine, and Anna naturally supposed it must be forward; but Mrs. Driver, who was never convicted of a mistake in her life, and kept every thing in her house, clocks not excepted, un-

der the most rigid discipline, drew from her pocket a large chronometer, and bade Anna look at that, for it was *never* wrong. Anna consulted her own irregular little French watch before she would be convinced, and then she blushed an apology.

In the evening, as was generally the case when Anna was in haste to get home, her pupils kept her answering a hundred trivial questions, and then, as it was so late, insisted upon her making tea for them in the school-room, and having some herself before they would let her go. When she was at last released, it was growing dusk, and the fields had begun to look gray and quiet. She met a few people sauntering homewards, or come out from the great dizzy city to breathe the pure air after a long day's toil; but she did not meet John Hartwell, or uncle Ambrose, or Nora. Nora had walked earlier in the day, and John Hartwell had never been; but there was a note for her from one of his sisters inviting her to tea, and asking her to take all her new music with her, the next day.

"It is the music they want, Nora," said Anna gently, with a pang that this opportunity of seeing John must be lost; so you will send Jane's niece with it in the morning? I will write a line of excuse for myself. I promised the little Drivers to stay with them to-morrow night: they have a child's party."

"Very well, I'll remember."

Nora was deep in the perusal of a new book, and did not observe how pale and disappointed Anna looked. But Anna Brooke was not of the stuff of which heroines are made; she did not gloom all night because John Hartwell did not come; she simply felt grieved in her own mind, and said nothing about it. She made tea, and sewed at Cyril's shirts; and when uncle Ambrose asked her to sing, she sang three or four of his favorite English ballads as pleasantly as if some one else had been there; only she did say to herself rather wofully before she fell asleep, "I wish I could see John; it is so long since I have seen him."

III.

SHE was rewarded the next morning by meeting him on her way to Mrs. Driver's; and he turned to walk part of the way with her, saying he had come out early for the purpose. Anna felt infinitely revived, and looked up in his face with an innocent joy that made her almost beautiful.

"You will be at our house to-night, Anna; I made Louy write for you," said he. "It is only a quiet party—people you know."

"I am very sorry, John; but I have promised the Driver children to stay with them. I don't go there any more after Saturday,

and I have great news to tell you; you will never guess what it is."

"What is it, Anna? You have not vexed Mrs. Driver, have you? She is a mischievous woman where she takes a dislike."

"No; nothing of that kind. It is that papa has had a living in Kent presented to him—Ashburn; do you know the place?"

"Then you will be taken away from London. You cannot expect me to rejoice very sincerely in *that*."

Anna's heart bounded, as it always did at any the slightest expression of John's affection, and a soft delicate color suffused her cheeks. "We shall not be very far away John," said she.

"Too far for me to drop in to tea once or twice a-week. How many miles is it off? ten, twenty, thirty,—how many?"

"I cannot say exactly, but it is within a ride or drive; it is near Plessy-Regis, if you know that place."

John Hartwell did not know it; and Anna's news seemed to have discomfited him no little. His countenance was very overcast and pre-occupied, and Anna soon perceived it.

"What is the matter, John?" she asked, watching him gravely. "Has any thing gone wrong?"

"I don't know whether to tell you or not," said he. "If you were like my sister Louy, I would in a minute; but you are such a dear, peculiar, upright little soul, that you would be dreadfully shocked, though it is such a mere trifle."

John's restless eye and uncertain tone gave his words the lie; and Anna's heart throbbed with a fear that she had never felt before, but she put a restraint on herself.

"Tell me what it is, at all events; you can trust me, John," said she quietly.

He looked at her for half a minute without making any reply, as if doubtful what to do, whether to give or to withhold his confidence; but at last said, "I have got into some money difficulties."

Anna breathed a sigh of relief. "Is *that* all?" thought she.

"It is not much to speak of, but I dare not tell my father; he hates extravagance; and certainly this time I have rather overstepped the mark," added John with ill-affected carelessness.

"I would tell him, if I were you. Why are you afraid of him?"

"O, Anna, I wish I could stir you out of your apathy. Say something angry and savage, but don't look at me in that meek trustful way; it makes me feel as if I were one of the vilest wretches breathing!" cried John with vehemence.

"What in the world do you mean? I never saw you in this way before," exclaimed Anna.

Their eyes met. "Tell me, John, only tell me you have not done any thing wrong?" she entreated.

He gnawed his nether lip, and repeated her last word twice over: "Wrong, wrong; isn't it always *wrong* not to have any money to pay your bills? What do you suspect me of?"

"Nothing, dear John, nothing; but your speaking in that wild way startled me."

"Anna, I'll tell you what I've been thinking of—going to America," said he suddenly.

"America!" echoed Anna in dismay. "What can have put that into your head? O, John, there is something you won't tell me!"

"Louy would go with me in a minute, if I asked her; but you are not like Louy."

"My father would never hear of my going so far away, John—"

"You don't understand that I want you to *trust* me, and not say a word to any body—not to your father, or any of them at home. Louy would."

"I can't do that, John, it is impossible; you know I never could," replied Anna, with tears in her eyes.

"Then the next best thing you can do will be to keep a dead silence on what I have said to you this morning, or you ruin me."

"John, *what* is it you keep back from me; tell me what it is that makes you look so wretchedly ill?"

"I *have* told you; a money difficulty that I don't see my way out of clearly. I think I shall tell my father, after all."

"O yes, John do, and don't put off; for those things always seem to get worse when you delay. You have lightened my mind by that promise."

"I wish I could lighten my own as easily. I must go back now, my dear good child. Anna, I wish they had let us marry two years ago; you would have kept me straight. I never could bear the reproach of thy bonnie eyes full of tears."

They were standing holding each other's hands, and John looked into Anna's face with a shrinking hesitation quite unintelligible to her. She laid it to the account of his tender conscience and his fears of her reproaches—as if she ever could or would reproach him.

"Good-by, John; go to your father to-day; promise me again. No; I cannot stay any longer; I was late yesterday, and I shall be late again to-day."

"I give you my word, Anna; give me yours that not one syllable of what we have been talking about shall transpire through you to any living soul."

Anna promised, and bade him not doubt her.

"I only doubt your courage, neither your

truth nor your love, Anna," said he. "I wish you could have come to us to-night; I have so much to say to you, and there is no time now."

"I would come if I could, dear John, but I cannot. When shall I see you again; on Sunday?"

"Yes, and perhaps before. Think about my American plan—I am in solemn earnest, Anna; if you would consent, I would go to-morrow."

"No, no, don't think of it; it is a bad scheme altogether. Now, good-by for the last time."

John let her hand go, and stood looking after her for a minute or two, as she almost ran to make up for delay; she paused a second, and turned her head just before going out of sight, and waved her hand slightly.

For a young man full of health and strength, John Hartwell carried a very haggard countenance, as he returned over the fresh fields gnawing his restless lip: it must have been a very heavy debt indeed to be such a nightmare on his spirits; for it sent him to his desk that morning as uneasy as ever that man could be who, having pledged his soul to the devil, sat waiting in misery until the bond was forfeit. As for Anna, she was disturbed, but happy; for the first thing that a woman requires from the man she loves is that he should love her; and of this she considered John had given great and undeniable proof by his proposition that she should deceive every body, trust herself entirely to him, and go off secretly to America. And with regard to his money difficulties, what were they? He was too much troubled about them, she was sure. He ought not to exceed his income, or be extravagant; but if he *did*, it was no irreparable sin. He would tell his father, who would lecture him perhaps, and then make all straight; for he was a rich man, and not illiberal; and he was quite devoted to John. Anna had a talent for theoretically smoothing life's hard places; but it was rather beyond her skill to unravel the tangle that her lover had made of his.

IV.

THE circumstance of Mr. Brooke becoming rector of Ashburn reconciled the Hartwells to an engagement which they had been accustomed to regard as far below the deservings of the only son of their house. "It was not money they cared for so much as connection," as Mrs. Hartwell remarked to her confidential friends; and now that Anna's father had been taken by the hand by such a noble and powerful patron as Lord de Plessy, there was no saying to what eminence he might rise in his profession—arch-deacon, canon, dean, bishop, perhaps! The

ambitious lady's towering imagination quite carried her off the feet of her judgment.

There was in consequence a great family gathering at Mr. Hartwell's house for the purpose, as it were, of publicly adopting the Brookes, especially Anna, into their bosoms, and of setting the seal of approval on what had hitherto only been whispered as a meet subject for condolence. John himself protested against this demonstration as a piece of unnecessary fuss, he would much rather have had Anna by herself; but his mother insisted on the expediency, the propriety, and the absolute obligation they were under to receive the other members of her family upon their accession of dignity; and she had her own way.

"When Mr. Brooke was a miserable curate it did not matter," was her remark on the occasion; "but now that he is rector of Ashburn, we owe it to ourselves to show him a certain respect."

The invitation, including Uncle Ambrose and Cyril, was accordingly sent and accepted, though two at least, Nora and her uncle, would gladly have declined; but Anna said there was no excuse, and they must go to please her; so they went.

The entertainment had been got up regardless of expense; partly to impress the Brookes with the splendor of the alliance they were about to form, and partly to encourage the nascent attentions of a very rich and foolish young man of ostentatious tastes to the eldest daughter, Sophia. All the Hartwells who were presentable had been collected to give force to this friendly demonstration, which, perhaps from the many efforts to make it succeed, turned out a deplorable failure. The guests were almost strangers to each other, and their component elements would no more amalgamate than oil and water. Uncle Ambrose describes his own feelings afterwards as similar to those he experienced at a pantomime, where, notwithstanding the glare and glitter, you are conscious that all is sham. Mr. Brooke, while listening to his hostess's vapid and inflated speeches, could not help thinking in his benevolent heart what a very unpleasant mother-in-law she would be for his dear Anna. The aspirant to Sophia was troubled in his mind as to the solidity of the silver corner-dishes and the enormous *epervigne*; Nora was uncomfortable because old Mr. Hartwell patronized and my-deared her; John was thinking about *that bill* that was coming due so soon; and Anna was restless because John looked gloomy: nobody was thoroughly happy except Cyril; for the world had not begun to dash his feast with wormwood yet, and he found every thing toothsome and delicious. Above all, Mrs. Hartwell was trou-

bled, and her trouble was twofold: in the first place, she had indiscreetly boasted to her sister-in-law that very morning that Ashburn was worth a thousand a-year, and at every turn of the conversation she dreaded an exposure; and in the second, the faithful Thomas of the establishment had found means to exhilarate himself so successfully, that he was constantly coming into collision with Mrs. Arthur Hartwell's man, and dropping plates short of the table, besides other and minor delinquencies. The expression of superiority and lofty scorn on Mrs. Arthur's plump countenance was gall and wormwood to the giver of the feast; and it was felt a relief when the ignominious failure ended, and the ladies adjourned to the drawing-room.

But matters were not much mended there. It was one of those grandly furnished apartments for which money had done every thing, and good taste nothing. The satin-damask had been denuded of its chintz covers, as also had the ornamental pieces of tapestry-work; but the worsted-parrot screen, and the Great Mogul on horseback, and silk canvas screen, and the roses and poppies blushing all over downy cushions and Elizabethan chairs, were all old acquaintances; nobody *could* make conversation about *them*. The annuals on the round table had run to seed long ago, and no new ones appeared; even Anna, rare guest as she was in that state-room, knew every one of the round-eyed gazelles and lights of the harem therein depicted perfectly well by sight.

The younger members of the company had from the beginning of the evening, according to sex, conceived a violent indignation and jealousy against Nora for looking so proud and so perfectly beautiful; so that while she retired alone into a sofa-corner, Sophia Hartwell and her cousins formed a party in the bow-window for the purpose of criticizing the make and simple materials of her white muslin dress. Louy, the youngest daughter, and John's favorite sister, took possession of Anna, and carried her off to the piano; where, with a running accompaniment of music to drown their voices, they talked of John without pause. Meanwhile, master Cyril, who had been ordered up-stairs by his father, was enlightening the insidious Mrs. Arthur Hartwell with regard to Ashburn in a manner which caused the hostess to designate him, in her own mind, "a shameless boy;" meaning thereby, that he was so insensible to the world's good opinion as absolutely not to endeavor to make himself or his family appear any greater or more important than they really were. And poor Mrs. Hartwell herself,—being obliged to sit, and be silently civil to a deaf great-aunt of

her husband's, who had a great deal of money to leave to somebody,—was reduced to console herself for her sister-in-law's triumphant aspect at her annoyances by recollecting that she had once heard her daintily described by a connoisseur in feminine beauty as "a fillet of veal on castors."

"And have you been down to Ashburn yet, Mr. Cyril?" inquired that fair and plump person in her sweetest company-voice. Cyril was in jackets still, and being, like all young male animals, peculiarly open to the flattery of being addressed as a man of mature years, he suffered himself to be drawn out quite to her satisfaction.

"No; but we all go down there next week."

"You must be very glad. What a change it will be for all of you! I suppose the house and grounds are very beautiful, are they not?"

"Anna says it is a queer old house, almost buried in creepers, but very comfortable; and there is an orchard and a flower-garden."

"Indeed! No more than that? I understood that it was quite a mansion, environed with parklike grounds." Mrs. Arthur elevated her voice that her mortified sister-in-law might hear her. "With his splendid income of a thousand a-year from the living, it surprises me that the late rector did not build a more suitable residence."

"But Ashburn is not worth a thousand a-year, or any thing like it; it is three hundred and fifty at most, papa says."

"Ah! then I have been altogether misled by my informant," cried Mrs. Arthur, darting a malicious glance at her sister-in-law, who pretended not to see her. "And is it easily attainable, Mr. Cyril? How do you go down?"

"My father has bought Mr. Reeves's chaise-cart and the pony, Josy—I dare say you have seen him drive into town in it many a time. We go in that; for it holds four comfortably, and I pack in anywhere. And he has hired old Thomas too, for we could not do without a man-servant in the country; you know that is impossible where there is a garden to attend to."

At the mention of this magnificent acquisition, Mrs. Arthur could not forbear an indulgent smile. The chaise-cart was just such a rattle-trap as Noah might have driven his wife to the ark in, had they been personally like their straight-skirted representatives in the children's boxes of Dutch toys; and Josy and Thomas were in perfect keeping with it.

"I have known Josey many, many years, and his master also," she said affably. "You will be quite out of the world. Do your sisters leave the prospect of ruralizing so completely?"

"Yes: we all think it will be a glorious change. Nora does, I know. Nora, don't you revel in the idea of Ashburn?"

Young Nora came out of a profound reverie, which almost portended sleep, to ask what her brother said; and leaving her sofa-corner, stood before Mrs. Arthur fair and shapely and pure as a lily.

"Ah, my dear, you were not born to blush unseen," said that lady warmly, admiring in spite of herself the perfect grace of the young girl; "you were never meant to waste your sweetness on the desert air."

"Ashburn is not a desert, but, on the contrary, a very beautiful and fruitful place," replied Nora coldly.

"It is your modesty, my love, which will not allow you to understand a pretty speech," said Mrs. Archer significantly; "and that modesty becomes you as the blush becomes your cheek. I am no flatterer: I only intended to say, that it is a pity to bury so much beauty in the country, where you *can* have no society. We shall be happy to welcome you at our house sometimes, when our families are connected. I always like to give what pleasure I can to young people in the way of parties."

"Thank you, Mrs. Arthur, you are very kind," returned Nora, with a bend of her stately head.

"My sister does not understand the fine art of party-giving; it is quite an art, my dear. If you look round, you will see every body is weary; it is always so where the hostess is without tact."

Nora had just eaten of Mrs. Hartwell's bread and salt, and had much too fine a sense of the sacredness of hospitality to join in or respond to this sneer; so Mrs. Arthur returned to the theme of Ashburn.

"Is Ashburn in a good neighborhood? Are there many nice sociable families about?" she inquired.

"I cannot tell you, Mrs. Arthur, indeed. There is Lord de Plessy's house three miles off; but we don't know any body else, even by name."

"You can hardly count the De Plessy's as neighbors, my love. People of that class are so very exclusive; they live quite in a set of their own."

"Do they? Well, I know nothing about them, except that papa has to thank Lord de Plessy for the living; he must be a good man."

"I did not wish to insinuate that your beauty would not embellish any, the very highest, society, my dear—pray don't misunderstand me. And as for being good, those people, they have nothing else to do, and it would be a scandal if they were not. They have no temptations to resist like poor folks;

if they wish for any indulgence, they have money enough to buy it. Yes, it may be truly said, they walk through life on velvet."

"Speak low, nobody must hear," Louy Hartwell was saying at the piano to Anna Brooke, who listened painfully. "If you will go with him, I will go too; I have promised him. I would sell myself for John; and so would you, if you love him. It is not a long voyage, and we should be three. Whisper; will you go?"

"I cannot do anything without my father's knowledge," replied Anna, her breathless voice startling her by its distinctness.

"Hush, my mother is looking this way; come to the other side. John will be in a great rage, I warn you. Why won't you go? I'd travel to the world's end on a pack-saddle with any one I loved, if need were. If you look so pale, they will ask what is the matter. Sing this duet with me."

"Why does he want to go to America at all? I can't understand it. Will you tell me, Louy?" persisted Anna instead of beginning.

"How should I know more than yourself? I take John on trust; you know what a noble high-spirited creature he is, and how strictly my father keeps him with regard to money—that may have something to do with it."

"When he first named his difficulties and his American plan to me, he promised to tell his father, and get him to settle his debts; and afterwards, at our house, he told me he had done so, and that all was right for the present. I thought he had given up the scheme of going abroad."

"But he has not. And as for asking my father to pay his debts, I am sure he dare not do it; and if he did, it would be of no avail. Will you begin to sing? here is aunt Arthur come to know what we are caballing about. Does she not look as if she had been modelled in a cheese-press?"

Louisa Hartwell was a handsome, dashing, reckless girl, with a most glorious complexion and large dark eyes; but she lacked principle, refinement, and delicacy: good training might have developed her into a fine character; but as it was, her devotion to John and her unselfishness were the only decided traits she had. She broke into a merry song without an effort, and Anna feebly seconded it; while Mrs. Arthur drew near, observing that Miss Brooke appeared to have taken cold, as she did not seem in such good voice as usual. Anna exerted herself and sang the next verse better, fearing to draw attention to herself by betraying any excitement.

"Did I not hear one of you young things speaking about America?" asked Mrs. Arthur insinuatingly.

"O no, aunt; we were talking about Anna's new music and this Ashburn," replied her niece carelessly.

Mrs. Arthur looked as if she did not believe her, but said she supposed she must have been mistaken, but she certainly fancied she heard the words, "American plan;" perhaps somebody else in the room had used them, and her ear had been deceived as to where the sound came from. So she went round to each scattered group, and asked every body who it was that had been talking about going to America, and nobody could tell her.

"Aunt Arthur's suspicions are roused, Anna, and she is a veritable lynx. If she imagines a mystery, she never rests till she has made it all out," whispered Louy, bending over the piano to reach another piece of music. "Be on your guard when John comes in. Here he is."

John made his way up to the piano immediately, and spoke softly to his sister. He looked flushed, as if he had taken too much wine; and his eye restlessly sought to catch Anna's, who had seated herself at a little distance, and was intently examining a song she knew by heart.

"Well, Louy, have you talked her over?" he asked in an undertone.

"No; but if you persevere, I think she will give way. She is half frightened now, so be careful, and try what you can make of her yourself while she is in a soft mood."

"What does she say?"

"Nothing but what she has said before: she is not worth you, John, the timid pale thing. Beware of aunt Arthur; she suspects something."

John took up a song and went across with it to Anna, as if to ask her to sing it; but he employed his persuasive powers to a very different purpose.

"Have you made up your mind, my darling Anna? Has Louy's eloquence prevailed? I shall be jealous of her if it has," said he.

"I want to ask you a question, John; why must we steal out of England as if we were thieves?"

John winced at the last word, but said with some triumph, "Then you will go, Anna; you have consented."

"With my father's knowledge, I would go with you any where, John,—to America or to the moon."

"Hush, child, not so loud! You must not mention it to any body; I should never get away if you did; my mother would not hear of it."

"You have given me no sufficient reason yet for such a wild prank as it seems," said Anna, looking steadily in his face.

"Love ought not to ask so many reasons,

Cannot you trust me, Anna? Should I ever seek to mislead you when I love you above all the world? I want my exile to be comfortable. You don't know what I risk every hour I stay in England, and I only stay for you."

"Don't play with my fears, John, pray don't! Trust me; tell me why you so earnestly desire to go, and why you must go secretly."

"But the *why* is what I cannot tell you yet; I choose to make it the test of your faith in me. Louy consented the moment I asked her: *she* is a brave soul; I wish you were more like her in that. I shall begin to doubt soon whether you love me at all, if you go on hesitating."

This threat had not much effect on Anna, for she knew it was but a threat; and as she began to pluck a flower to pieces, and to scatter it petal by petal on the carpet, she could not help thinking he showed very little faith in her in withholding what was so vitally important to both.

"Are you trying Margaret's charm, 'Loveth he, loveth he not'?" asked Louy aloud; then she added softly, "Aunt Arthur has her eye upon you."

"John, for the last time, let me tell my father," said Anna, with pale resolution in her face. "Leave home clandestinely I never will. My father trusts me, and I will not deceive him. Give me leave to speak."

"No; I thought you loved me better than I see you do."

Mrs. Arthur had sidled up to her niece at the piano. "Those two," said she, "seem to be tasting some of the bitter-sweet of courtship—a lover's quarrel."

"So it seems; Anna is often rather touchy. John wants her to sing, and she won't. O yes, here she comes. Have you prevailed at last, John?"

"She will sing her own song, but not mine; she is perverse to-night," replied John with ill-assumed carelessness.

Mrs. Arthur stood to listen to the music, apparently delighted, softly beating time with one fat hand upon the other till the song was done; then she made conversation about it,—its melody, its sweetness, the graceful and airy flow of the verse, and, above all, its sense. "I dote on sense," said she, panting to deliver herself of something brilliant,—"*I* dote on sense in a song, it is so uncommon."

Louy laughed. "Since when have you turned musical critic, aunt Arthur?" asked she.

"Since I heard you sing 'Love amongst the Roses,' my dear. Sense should never be subordinate to sound, you know."

"But many people of taste say that when the words are striking the attention is drawn

from the melody, which is the chief consideration."

"I have heard very good poetry turned into nonsense-verses by the reiterating of some particular word or words. Perhaps you are right, and the song is of no consequence if the tune be pretty. Some girls nowadays don't articulate at all; they might as well be practising a scale."

"You are not angry with me, dear John," whispered Anna aside.

"Did you say any thing, Miss Brooke? O, it was to my nephew; I beg pardon, I thought you spoke to me. Will you sing again?"

"Louy will; I want Anna myself," said John; and he drew her away to the table where the old annuals were.

But Louy, who observed that her aunt was on the watch, thought she could keep off her attention from the lovers better by a little conversation, and she began to ask if she had made any of the beautiful new feather screens. Mrs. Arthur had not, but she wished to hear how they were done.

"You must get a circle of cardboard, and cover it over with peacock's feathers, or any bright ones you can procure; and then, for a fringe to finish it, you must have those long, downy, white feathers from under the turkey's wings—You are not listening."

"My dear Louisa, I am sure the quarrel between those two is something more than ordinary," said Mrs. Arthur keenly.

"I suppose they will make it up again; it is no business of ours. Did you never squabble with uncle Arthur?"

"It is so long ago I really cannot remember, my dear. We were like other young people, no doubt."

Louy smiled sarcastically, and thought her aunt had a very short memory. "Come into the boudoir and I'll show you some of the screens," said she, by way of releasing John and Anna from her surveillance; "they are easy to make and very elegant. I have made Anna a pair to take to Ashburn."

Mrs. Arthur allowed herself to be removed with great reluctance. When she scented a mystery, she loved to hunt it down as keenly as a hound on the trail of a fox. Her disposition was essentially one of research; and if she had been a great lady, she would have been an *intrigante* from pure love of mischief and deception.

"I am disappointed, Anna," said John in an injured way; "I am disappointed, that's all. I fancied you loved me, and you don't; you love yourself and your stiff old-fashioned prejudices better far than me."

Anna drew herself up rather proudly. "You have no right to say that, John; it is not true," said she, with a quivering lip.

Uncle Ambrose and Nora had been watching the time-piece ever since coffee was handed round, and now thought it time to go. Nora went up to her sister. "Are you ready to go, Anna? we are all so tired," said she.

"In a minute, Nora. John, say you will give up your wild scheme, and stay quietly at home. You make me wretched."

He looked at the floor as he answered, "I will if I can,—does that content you?—but I may not be able."

"And you are not angry with me—not really angry, John?"

"I have not done with you yet; and if I go off alone, remember I gave you the chance of going with me."

Anna's smile came back. "I'll remember, John, and not blame you. See, they are shaking hands, and papa is waiting. Good-by."

John would go and put on her cloak, to have the opportunity of whispering a few more persuasive words at the soft moment of parting; but Anna was invincible. Her feelings were strong, but her principles were stronger. Her first answer was also her last.

Mr. Brooke and uncle Ambrose confided to each other that night that they liked the prospect of the marriage less than ever.

V.

It was on one of the bright golden days of mid-September that the Brookes took possession of Ashburn Rectory. They left London as early as seven o'clock in the morning; for though they had not more than twenty miles to go, there was a long day's work before them in arranging the furniture and putting things in order. They were pretty closely packed in the chaise-cart; Mr. Brooke being on the front seat to drive, with uncle Ambrose beside him, and Cyril between them, and the two girls behind. Old Jane and her niece had gone the night before, and Thomas was to follow later in the day with the new cart, their luggage, and other matters. They were all in the most exuberant spirits at the prospect of the change in their circumstances from the ill-paid London curacy to the good living of Ashburn. Every feature of the country they passed through, every object on the road, was invested with a novel and peculiar interest. There had been a heavy dew the night before, which the sun had not yet dried up; and uncle Ambrose, who always had an eye for Nature, bade the children observe how it sparkled on the outstretched bramble-sprays, where the white blossoms mingled with the unripe purpling fruit, and how it was like fine silver tracery over the broad fans of fern in the hedge-rows. And Cyril found out that some of the farmers had

been lading wheat because many long straws were left clinging to the rose-briars at the sides of the lane; and also that there would be fine nutting this year from the abundant light green clusters amongst the hazel-bushes. Then Mr. Brooke opined from the close ranks of stooks in the harvest-fields that corn would be cheaper this winter than it was last, and so the poor would not suffer so much; and Nora showed her sister the scarlet clusters of mountain-ash berries, as a sign that the summer was past in the thick woods and autumn already come.

It was cold at starting; but by nine o'clock the sun had gathered a pleasant warmth. At first also the country was level and uninteresting; but ten miles on their way the land began to rise and fall in gentle hills. There was much wood, and from time to time glimpses of the little river Darrent, which goes down to the sea at Whitmouth, diversifying by its many windings the rich meadow and corn lands; and as the harvest was half-gathered, there were on that September morning the busy groups of gleaners in the stubble, and the laden wains going heavily to the rick-yards at the farms with their golden store. Over the cottage-walls and in the orchards hung a bounteous crop of fruit: plums, purple and amber; apples, mellow and red; pears, golden and green. It is the richest time of all the year, and the most beautiful, this ripe September; and the picture-scenes that Nature gave them at every turn of their way were living poems for memory to treasure long.

Cyril especially was in a state of excitement; all boys love the country. Uncle Ambrose offered the girls the reversion of him many times, he was so insufferably restless in his cramped position; he counted off the milestones every time they passed one, and appealed to those behind more than once to know if the same number had not been marked on two successive ones. When the tall-chimneys of Plessy-Regis appeared above the woods half a mile away, he uttered a loud whoop of delight; and in leaning across uncle Ambrose to get a better view, he fairly overbalanced himself, and tumbled out of the chaise-cart altogether. As he was unhurt, his father bade him shake the dust from his jacket, and walk up the hill they were coming to; so when they came to the foot of it, Anna and Nora got out too, to make Josy's burden lighter. Anna was soon left behind by the swifter-footed young ones; and when she overtook them on the brow of the hill, they were standing to gaze in wonder and admiration at Plessy-Regis.

It was indeed, at first sight especially, a very fine and imposing mansion. It faced the high road, and did not stand back from

it more than a hundred and fifty yards, which space was laid out in successive terraces, planted with clumps of shrubs and flowers. The house was of red brick, coined and ornamented with stone of a very remarkable whiteness; carved festoons and pendants of flowers, little plump denuded figures, vases, cornices, and decorated pilasters, literally mosaiced the front; and long lines of windows, mathematically exact in point of size and position, added still more to the stiffness and precision of the general effect. Each terrace was divided from the one next below it by richly carved balustrades of stone, on the cornice of which stood at intervals draped figures bearing vases wherein grew bright-hued flowers, many of whose sprays trailed over and wreathed themselves coronal-wise about the heads of the statues. On the first flight of steps a magnificent peacock was sunning his plumage, while on the upper terrace paced to and fro a party of gaily dressed ladies. One of them, a tall person in a shining silk dress and a black hat with scarlet feathers, came down and fed the bird out of her hand. It was, remarked Nora, like a scene out of some old book of ballads and romances.

"That is Lady Frances Egerton, Lord de Plessy's daughter," remarked Mr. Brooke. "She was at church last Sunday. You will remember her name as that of a celebrated toast and beauty twenty years ago, brother Ambrose." And then, in the fervency of his gratitude, after all were safely packed in the chaise once more, he pronounced the panegyric of the noble family of De Plessy, until Cyril interrupted him to say it was only two miles to Ashburn now, and he believed he could see the church-tower already above the trees. Then a clock struck eleven; and an argument as to where the clock could be—whether over the great gateway at Plessy-Regis or at Ashburn Church—carried them a mile farther; and during the last mile, they were all too much occupied in looking out for the first glimpse of the new home to talk at all, until finally they came upon it like a surprise, nestled in a hollow, and hidden from the road by a double line of noble chestnut-trees.

Mr. Brooke laughed at the young ones' exclamations. There was the church, a low antiquated building, buried in ivy, and having neither tower nor spire; and a stone's-throw away was the rectory itself, a gray pebble-dashed house, with two steep gables, and a little porch covered with a rose-tree in luxuriant bloom. Some tall sunflowers and hollyhocks looked over the wall, and the garden was one dazzling blaze of geraniums, carnations, pansies, China asters, verbenas, nasturtiums, and dahlias. Framed in this gay

margin, were old Jane's homely figure and cheerful face. She came forward and held Josy's head while they all got out of the chaise-cart; and then Cyril cried in great glee,

"Here we are at last, Jenny!"

"Yes," said she; "and isn't it a Paradise to look at?"

It was as pretty a place as eye could desire to see; and they were all delighted.

"What beautiful flowers!" exclaimed Nora.

"And there is a rookery behind the house," said Cyril.

"And the church is conveniently near," added the head of the family.

"And what a fine expanse of country to look down upon!" observed uncle Ambrose.

"And not quite out of the reach of London either," concluded Anna, whose thoughts had run upon John ever since they started.

There was some feature about the place that pleased them every one; and having looked approvingly at the outside, they all went in, tall uncle Ambrose being obliged to bend his head, the doorway was so low. Quaint old-fashioned little rooms they were when they saw them, and always either up or down a step, but with immense capabilities of comfort too.

"This must be my father's study, for it looks only into the garden," said Nora, who generally had the first word in every arrangement; "and for our sitting-room we must have that with the bay-window, that we may see the people passing on the road through the opening amongst the evergreens. And for uncle Ambrose we must find a room upstairs, because he loves a fine look-out over the country. O, it will be a very happy place, papa!"

Mr. Brooke gave her a kiss for welcome, and then went out to see to Josy's comfort in the stable after his journey; while the rest of the family began to make their cosy arrangements in their new abode. By night-fall things were in partial order, and they all felt at home in Ashburn Rectory.

VI.

"WE carry home about with us wherever we go," said Mr. Brooke with a sigh of placid contentment, as they all gathered round the tea-table at dusk after the day's labors were over; "even Anna's work-basket and uncle Ambrose's big book have come into play already. Could you not give them both holiday for to-night, good folks?"

Uncle Ambrose immediately closed the great volume on his knee, and deposited it on the floor beside his chair, ready to take up at any auspicious moment. But Nora crept softly round and stole it away; so that when he put his hand down mechanically to feel if

it were safe, his hankering fingers always missed it, though, in his absence of mind, he did not discover that it was really gone until Nora confessed her theft. Anna restored her work-basket to its shelf on the what-not; and then every body looked as if they were set in for a thoroughly idle, cosy, comfortable, conversational evening.

If it had not been for the flowers that Nora had arranged about the room in every available vase, they might almost have imagined themselves back again in the parlor of the dull house in London; there were the same faces grouped about the fireside, the same pictures on the walls, and the same pretty simple furniture for use. Every thing had been made to take the same position too, from the lost mother's portrait over the piano to Nora's little wicker chair at her father's elbow. They had changed as little as might be.

Perhaps the greatest alteration was perceptible in Mr. Brooke's own face and expression. His mind being released from its burden of paltry difficulties, his children's pleasant faces shining around him, and a bountiful future assured to them, he looked as cheerful as the youngest there. He was naturally of a most genial and loving disposition, ready "to take the goods the gods provide," and to enjoy them thoroughly. During the last month his fine countenance had recovered the tint of health, his mouth had lost its downward curve of perpetual thought, and his clear dark eyes their look of fevered earnestness; and as he sat in his easy-chair, with his noble head resting indolently against the cushions, the change from the lean, overwrought, depressed, and harassed man of only a few weeks ago was striking indeed. His brother remarked it.

"You will be quite a boy again presently, Philip; you look a dozen years younger already," said he. And the other laughed, and answered that he believed he should, only give him time.

"And you must begin to grow backwards too, and give up saying, 'I remember once,'" interposed Nora, whose privilege it was to remark on every body's peculiarities without offence; and this was uncle Ambrose's,—always drawing on his memory of things that had happened years back for conversation, as if he were already declining into narrative old age. His character was a curious compound of wisdom, simplicity, and a childlike inoffensive vanity. He had still a fine person, and had been in his younger days a remarkably elegant and handsome man; and though rough work and exposure to the wear and tear of an unhealthy climate first, and much study and hard thinking since, had sharpened his features and turned his black

hair harsh iron-gray, a more thoroughly soldierly face and figure are rarely seen than his. When his fighting days were over, he had taken a studious turn, and now lived so much amongst his books that he had few contemporary experiences to tell. In spite, therefore, of Nora's warning uplifted finger, when he began to speak again, it was with his usual preface.

"I remember, Philip, when we were lads, my father's going to take possession of Livesay, and how all the people poured in upon us to make visits before my mother had got things put in order. She was standing on the library-steps, helping to put up the drawing-room curtains, when old Lady Courtly was announced; and I was holding the hammer and nails."

"And I suppose Ashburn will call upon us as soon as the news of our arrival is known. I hope there will be some nice people," said Nora.

"Who are nice people, my lady fair? People who never say or do any thing remarkable? Are *we* nice people?" asked uncle Ambrose, who often tilted playfully at his niece in return for her critical observations on himself.

Nora told him tartly that he did not come under his own description, whatever they might do, and that nice people were more rare than any other race or species. "Nice people," continued she, proceeding to a definition, "are *nice*. They are sociable, but not intrusive; cordial, but not familiar. They give little parties without fuss or ostentation, and everybody enjoys them. They are not perpetually struggling to be finer and grander than their neighbors, and can bear to be eclipsed without showing spite and ill-nature. And lastly they are never censorious."

"Then I trust there are no unmarried gentlewomen at Ashburn," returned uncle Ambrose, with his fine ironical smile.

"But there are several," said his brother quietly. "There is Miss Marvis, who lives in a little white cottage twenty yards beyond the church; and Miss Scruple, in the square stone house with a portico at the entrance of the village; besides others to whom I was not introduced. And they are at the most dangerous age for you,—verging on forty; while, viewed from some points, Miss Marvis has the air of sixteen. They are delightful women, and of immense importance in the village."

Uncle Ambrose put on a face of whimsical alarm. "Nora," said he imploringly, "if either of these ladies should allude in a gentle insinuating manner to my bachelor estate,—which they are sure to do at the first visit,—will you mention that I am engaged to a very charming person in Scotland?"

"O uncle Ambrose, you vain man! You expect to be fallen in love with, do you? I will give it out that you have come to Ashburn in search of a wife. But who would have you, with these venerable gray locks?" cried Nora mischievously.

"You doubt my fascinations. I remember the time when I was the object of anxious competition amongst five maiden ladies and three widows; and one of the former invested me so closely, that I ran from the place in the night and went to London. For months I dreaded that she would either follow me or bring an action for breach of promise of marriage; but she contented herself instead by sending showers of sentimental and declamatory letters, in one of which she styled herself an 'ever-gushing fount of tears.'"

"Uncle Ambrose, are you not romancing just the least bit in the world?"

"No. Philip, I appeal to you. Have I not had to stand several active sieges, and been many times almost taken either by stratagem or assault? Remember the Winterlys, the Lastopes, Agatha Trotter, and Philippa Blurette, besides others, too many to name."

"They are old flames of your uncle's, Nora, every one; he is no vain boaster. But who was the letter-writing lady, brother Ambrose?"

"The letter-writing lady was Olivia Graves, that dismal poetess. You must recollect her, Philip?"

"Certainly I do; and I think Nora, for her lack of faith in your veracious statements, ought to be set down to learn by heart some of Olivia's verses. But still, Ambrose, with regard to that lady, does not your vanity stretch a point or two? Don't you think she may have written those letters to exhibit her fine epistolary style? Has she not had some very like them printed in her story of *The Hapless Lovers*?"

"I will compare the two sets, and Nora shall help me, by way of taking a lesson when her day comes to begin paying her addresses."

"Uncle Ambrose, how dare you? Do you think I would ever write a love-letter to any body? I am not one of the ever-gushing sisterhood. You will not get your second cup of tea until you make humble apology for that very rude insinuation. Shall he papa?"

"No, I don't think he merits it at all. Listen! What is that?"

It was the prolonged and dismal hoot of an owl very near the house; and at the sound, uncle Ambrose covered his ears, and cried:

"I was sure of it directly I saw that hol-

low trunk by the churchyard gate. It is exactly like one that I remember in the orchard when we were boys at home; and in it lived the most melancholy of white owls that used to frighten me horribly at night. Philip, cut down that haunt of owls, if I am to live in peace at Ashburn. I don't know which I dread most, the owls or the single gentlewomen."

Cyril pricked up his inquisitive ears.

"Why did you not have that white owl killed and stuffed, uncle Ambrose?" asked he.

"I could not, my boy, because, in the first place, though its hootings made night hideous, nobody ever saw it that I heard of; so to its other vices was added a ghostly mystery. I tried to bribe our odd man to destroy it; but he refused, from benevolent principles to the animal creation; though the said benevolent principles did not restrain him from snaring hares and rabbits where he had no right." Old Jane came in to take away the tea-things. "O, Jenny, Ashburn is not all Paradise," said he addressing her; "there could surely be no owls in Eden."

"Indeed, sir, I don't know; you'll be more likely to tell than me," respectfully answered Jane, collecting the cups and plates.

"Uncle Ambrose has not had his second cup, Jenny," interposed Nora. "Are you going to apologize before it gets cold?"

"No; you are too tyrannical. There is the owl again! Jenny, would you oblige me by taking a broom, and putting it down into the hollow of that tree-stump by the gate into the churchyard. Push it well down, Jenny."

"Yes, sir, directly I have taken out the tea-things. But if I can't reach, Mr. Ambrose, what will I do?" asked the literal Jenny.

Here the owl commenced a long cadence of hoots, as if bitterly protesting against the threatened invasion of his rights, which made uncle Ambrose try to cower out of hearing.

"Is it possible that any Christian gentleman can have lived and continued sane within earshot of such a dissonant nightly solo?" exclaimed he. "Jenny, take a kitchen-chair, take the study-steps, get on the wall, climb up the tree,—do any thing for the extinction of that unearthly bird. Go quickly; it will begin again directly. There it goes."

Nora laughed at his excitement.

"Are you really and truly afraid of owls?" asked she, as Jenny bustled out on her mission, preceded by Cyril.

"I have my fancies, like wiser folks. I remember once meeting with a very clever man who would not stay in a room where there was a wasp, and another who had the same objection to cats. My aversion is an owl; yours is what?"

"Puppies, bibedal and quadrupedal. Are those words in the dictionary, uncle Ambrose? Listen; the combat has begun."

Another dismal and angry hoot sounded close overhead, as if the poor bird, dislodged from its hole in the tree, had taken refuge in the thick ivy that covered the roof and chimneys of the house; and presently Cyril came running in to proclaim that such was the case.

"Then you will be sweetly serenaded to-night, uncle Ambrose," cried Nora. "You shall have your tea to support you under it."

"Not that cup, mischievous elf; there is no comfort in it; it is quite cold. Anna give me another."

While he was gently sipping it, the owl began again; so he put down his cup in despair.

"My appetite is gone. Give me my book, Nora," said he. "Philip would it be very wrong to swear at that bird? Hark to it, triumphing in my misery!"

He rose in haste, strode to the window, threw it wide open, and hurled upwards several brief but vehement sentences at the defiant owl.

"I have sworn at it in seven languages, and it only mocks me," added he gloomily.

"I trust no learned and respectable characters are passing on the high-road Ambrose. Sit down, man, and bear it," said his brother, who could not forbear a smile. "If you were an ignorant or superstitious man, I should think you took that owl's visit as a bad omen."

"Perhaps I do; but it is a thing one may grow accustomed to, like a rainy day or a scolding woman. What a very acute man Solomon was to connect those two ideas—a continual dropping and the female tongue! Yes, my pretty Nora, the female *tongue*. Learn the verse to-morrow, 'A contentious woman is like a continual dropping on a very rainy day.' And Solomon is an authority on the matter; for amongst his many wives, he must have had great experience of that troublesome member."

"You are not quite correct in your quotation, brother Ambrose; but let that pass, since you have got the pith of the proverb."

"Give me my book, Nora; I tire of sensible conversation sooner than any thing."

"No; papa has forbidden it for to-night, and Anna's work-basket too. And besides, when you say such rude things I never will oblige you."

"Then, Anna, let us have some music to drown that discordant noise in the chimney."

Anna was more compliant than her sister; she sang all uncle Ambrose's favorite songs, and played Cyril the noisy march he was so fond of; and whether the owl was frightened

away, or only soothed into slumber, by her sweet sounds, this chronicle saith not; but that its offensive cry was heard no more in the rectory that night is perfectly certain.

VII.

ON the third morning after the arrival of the Brooke family at Ashburn, as Anna and Nora were at work on a new cover for the ottoman, and while uncle Ambrose was giving Cyril his lessons in the drawing-room, the little garden-gate clashed noisily to, and a high-pitched female voice asked,

"But would it be quite *proper*? I would not for worlds do anything that was not *proper*."

"We will do it first, and take the opinion of counsel upon it afterwards, since you are so mighty particular," said a second voice.

"Single ladies," observed uncle Ambrose. "Cyril, we will fly while the course is open." And as a smart imperative knock sounded on the rectory-door, they gathered their books together in haste, and fled up-stairs three steps at a time.

"Is Miss Brooke at home?" asked the last voice.

"And quite disengaged?" added the second.

"Yes, ma'am. Will you please to walk in? Your names, ladies?" And old Jane announced in the drawing-room, "Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple."

Miss Mavis was a middle-sized slender person, who moved with a gentle swaying of her whole body, and her hands clasped in front, as if about to prefer a petition. She wore a light, washed-out muslin dress rather trailing in the skirt, a meagre gauze scarf, and a chip bonnet with a thin white feather curling round the crown. The general effect of her appearance was limp and colorless. Her face was thin and pale, and rather agreeable than otherwise, when she had on her plain common-sensical manner; but at other times she had a trick of dropping her eyelids like a caricature of a modest young girl, which gave many people an almost irresistible desire to say, "Do stand straight and speak plain, and, if possible, keep your eyes open." She had an infantile lisp also; but that weakness never overcame her in the company of her own sex; it was her peculiar weapon of fascination against the other.

Miss Scruple, her companion, was a tight, exact, methodical person, rather plump and comely, and very handsomely though quietly dressed in gray silk and a Dunstable bonnet. She had a wealthy look, while Miss Mavis appeared to belong to that numerous class of unfortunates who have seen better days; yet Miss Mavis took the lead, and was evidently a person of authority with her

friend, who, indeed, was so fearful lest she should do any thing not strictly *proper* that she would never have done any thing at all but for her prompt and reckless associate.

On their way through the village they had been engaged in a dispute as to whether it was not premature to call at the rectory before the family appeared at church; and Miss Mavis had settled it within hearing as a thing to be first done and then talked about; and though Miss Scruple inclined to think that a few days' delay would be decidedly more *proper*, she had allowed herself to be taken possession of and walked up to the door as if she had no will of her own. After the ordinary forms of self-introduction, the weather the harvest prospects, and the state of people's health in general, had been systematically disposed of, Miss Mavis possessed herself of the ball of conversation, and kept it up almost to herself. She had a little foible which requires especial mention, and this was the liking to answer all her own questions, whether right or wrong, to save other people the trouble of speaking. This gave a rather one-sided effect to social converse, which was not very highly appreciated in Ashburn society, where every body, every lady, especially, desired to have her own turn in it.

"We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Brooke as we came up the village," she began. "Was he going down to the school? We were very anxious to hear what he thinks of the school. Have you visited it yet? No. O, you will find it in admirable order when you *do* go; the master and mistress are married people without any encumbrance and both boys and girls are well trained."

"Very well trained and very properly behaved," added Miss Scruple, in a breathless pause.

"Do you intend teaching there Miss Brooke? O yes, of course you do; one may see you are an active person. Can you teach singing in parts? No, I daresay not; there is a difficulty about it, particularly with children who are not over bright."

"A great difficulty," Miss Scruple repeated, like a modest echo. She never put forth an independent sentiment, lest it should not be *proper*.

"And how do you like Ashburn? It is a beautiful country; yes, very beautiful. Do you draw? does your young sister draw? Just a *little*; to be sure all young ladies say so. Enough to take a sketch in pencil or water-colors? Certainly. I thought—"

"No, Miss Marvis, we cannot either of us draw at all," interposed Nora, determined to share her monopoly.

"Indeed, you surprise me! it is such a very agreeable pastime. I used to draw my-

self some years since; and there are many objects in this neighborhood well worth the attention of artists—Plessey Regis, for instance; what a picturesque and truly noble study! Have you been over to see the house yet? Not yet. It is a long walk, I agree with you; and of course you must have been taken up by domestic arrangements. I trust our call this morning is not very premature?"

"Not very premature, for we desire to do every thing in order and quite properly," subjoined Miss Scruple nervously.

"We are extremely glad to make acquaintance with our neighbors early. We are quite settled," said Anna pleasantly.

"You will admire Plessey-Regis; every body does. We should consider it here a mark of bad taste not to admire it. Are you fond of architecture? Yes. But you have not had many opportunities of study in that branch of art? You have not travelled much? No. Ah, but you must travel. What! you don't care to travel? That is strange in a young person."

"A woman's proper sphere is home; and there, doing her duty, she ought to be the happiest," said Miss Scruple.

Anna gave her a grateful and encouraging glance in return for this sensible old remark, and would have drawn her into the conversation, but Miss Mavis immediately resumed her gentle ripple of chat.

"Our late lamented rector was a bachelor; and he left the management of the school and clothing-club entirely in our hands. Of course we shall resign it to *you* now; and I speak of it at once to avoid any misunderstanding and disarrangement."

"As is certainly the *most* proper plan," added Miss Scruple.

"Miss Brooke being her father's house-keeper, and holding an important position in the village, naturally superseded us; but we shall be glad to render her all our possible assistance. You will want some little initiation into the working of our plans; and, if quite agreeable, I will bring down the books some long morning, and explain them to you."

Anna thanked her visitors, and said she should be glad to benefit by their experience; which Miss Scruple observed was the proper thing to do.

"You have a young brother, I think, Miss Brooke," resumed Miss Mavis, striking out in a new direction; "a remarkably fine handsome boy? Yes, he was taking the air in company with a military-looking gentleman when we had the pleasure of meeting him."

"That was uncle Ambrose," said Nora. "He will be so very glad to be introduced

to you Miss Mavis. Were you ever in India?"

"No, my dear; but once, *many* years ago, I was in *Yorkshire*. Do you know *Yorkshire* at all? No. Ah, it is a very fine county. Is your relative a single man? Yes; I thought so. I can always tell the married aspect; it is more thoughtful, more *solid*, as it were. Well, we have some very attractive young ladies hereabouts, have we not, Letitia?" to Miss Scruple.

"Is it quite *proper* to allude to so delicate a topic in connection with a gentleman who is a stranger to us, Matilda?"

"Not quite, I think, *not quite*," said Nora audaciously; "but uncle Ambrose is so kind that he would never wish to repress any interest in himself. I believe he intends to marry; indeed, we have heard him speak of a charming person in Scotland; but I ought not to mention it perhaps, as it is not settled."

Nora feigned to be rather shocked at her own incautious admission, and cast a glance at Anna that almost overthrew, her gravity; while Miss Mavis pinched her little scarf round her shoulders and drooped pensively. From the moment that it was reported in Ashburn that the new rector was a widower, and had a bachelor-brother living with him, she had not ceased to build airy churches, to the altars of which she and Letitia Scruple were being for ever led by these two gentlemen. Nora's allusion to the charming person in Scotland had quite effaced the roseate bloom from these previsions.

"Have you ever seen her, Miss Brooke?" she asked in a tender voice. "No! What an interest you must feel in her who is to deprive you of the sweet companionship of so near and dear a relative! It will be a very painful separation will it not?"

"But under such circumstances, resignation is most proper and becoming, Matilda. Nobody should allow their feelings to master them," said Miss Scruple, with more decision than had yet appeared in her.

"Ah, Letitia, every body is not blessed with such a firm well balanced mind as yours. I was always tender-hearted. My dear mother used to say, 'Matilda, you are all nerves, all sensibility;' and she was right. My feelings were ever most acute."

"Indeed, Miss Mavis, you have quite the fragile look of a person of that kind. Anna, shall I call uncle Ambrose down-stairs?" Anna dropped a pair of scissors, and was obliged to stoop to pick them up again to hide her face.

"No, not for worlds, my dear," said Miss Mavis, with extended hands pressed fervently together,—"not for worlds! I could not bear to see any more company this morning."

Nora thought she was going to cry, and would probably have explained that the charming person in Scotland was a myth, had not Miss Mavis's foible borne her fluently along the tide of conversation once more. But her tone of vivacity was quite gone. She quoted poetry, alluded mournfully to the grave, and at length, with a touching and pensive languor, took leave, and was supported out into the garden by her faithful friend.

"You should not have repeated that nonsense, Nora," said Anna gravely; "uncle Ambrose did not mean it."

"She was intent on making love to him,—did you see?—so my insinuation will spare him that persecution. I shall make him come down-stairs and hear all he has escaped." Nora's amiable intentions were, however, frustrated by a second knock at the door. "We shall have all Ashburn here before dinner; who can these be?" said she.

Jane announced Mrs. and Miss Foxcroft. They were the wife and daughter of the country doctor; two showily-dressed persons of very unwieldy dimensions and heavy features, further enhanced by a solid sententious deportment.

"How do you do, Miss Brooke? I hope you have got over the fatigues of your journey on Monday last?" said the mother.

"And are settled comfortably in your new abode?" added the daughter.

"Yes, thank you; we are already quite at home here," replied Anna.

The visitors were seated side by side on the sofa, very upright with their hands folded in their shawls. Big as they were, they spoke in little timid voices like school-children had up for a reprimand; and their great features, which irresistibly reminded Nora of little Red Ridinghood's wolf-grand-mother, were as solemn and composed as the sphynx surmounting the grand entrance at Plessy-Regis.

"Have many people called upon you yet, Miss Brooke? This is considered a very friendly neighborhood," said Mrs. Foxcroft.

"Mamma, I see Mr. Joshua Parker coming up the road in his gray hat with the black band," announced the daughter emphatically, craning her neck to see over the evergreens.

"Do you, Moppet? Then he is coming to call at the rectory; for he never wears his hat except when he is going to make a call,—and there is nowhere to call at but here."

"And Miss Popsy is following him with her green umbrella up."

A few minutes after, Mr. Joshua and Miss Parker were announced. Anna began to wish that her father would return to help her

to entertain her guests, or else that uncle Ambrose would come down; but neither of these desirable events happened. Mr. Parker was a lawyer, with a shrewd face, and hair standing up all over his head like a brush; and as Mrs. Foxcroft took him to talk to, fortunately, Anna and Nora were at liberty to devote themselves to Miss Foxcroft and Miss Popsy. The latter, contemporary in point of age with Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple, had a clever countenance, ludicrously like her brother's, and a pair of the quickest keenest eyes in the universe.

"I want to know, Mr. Joshua, how you have settled that poaching affair; has the man got off, as he ought to have done?" asked Mrs. Foxcroft.

Here Miss Popsy jerked up her head, and cried in an acrid voice, "No, ma'am, he has not; and all I can say about it is, that I wish the constable who caught him, and the magistrate who tried him, and Mr. Hardman who brought the charge, may never get married. It is one of the most shameful cases in all the long annals of injustice. It is cruel! it is atrocious! words cannot express the vehemence of the indignation in my bosom! It might be put into poetry!"

Nobody could exactly tell at any time whether Miss Popsy Parker was in jest or earnest, for her eyes would twinkle with anger whilst her lips were quivering with fun or sarcasm. Anna expressed some curiosity that this exciting affair should be explained to them, and Nora seconded her; so, with some hesitation, Miss Popsy resumed.

"It will give you a painful idea of the inhuman cold-blooded people you are come to live amongst; but, as the rector's family, you ought to be acquainted with all that goes on in the parish—Hold your peace, Joshua. I know it happened before Mr. Brooke came; but they have got the man in prison *now*, and they must see him when he comes out, and somebody is sure to tell them if I don't."

"Popsy, Miss Brooke may not like to hear you depreciate her father's noble friend and patron Lord de Plessy, whose sentence it was."

"Lord de Plessy is a stilted old fool! I am a woman of independent opinions, and I choose to express them without circumlocution. I repeat it, Joshua, Lord de Plessy is a *stilted old fool*! Miss Brooke, listen to me, and you shall judge. There was a young man of this parish about to form a matrimonial connection with a girl, also of this parish; and being poor—everybody is poor here—but yet anxious to give his friends a little feast on the occasion, he caught one of the thousands of hares that run wild in the woods and fields—it was a very little one

too; but for that innocent transaction he has been taken up and sentenced to two months' imprisonment with hard labor by that stilted old noodle Lord de Plessy;—if he were fifty times a lord, Joshua, he is an ass! It is of no use to frown at me, I will say it; and if you are thinking about the agency, the more fool you; it is weary work waiting for dead men's shoes."

"The man's interesting position makes no difference, Popsy," retorted Joshua sarcastically; "neither is the size of the poached animal of any importance; the fact remains the same,—the law was broken."

"I have studied the law as long as you, Joshua, and know its trap-doors and its loopholes well enough; trap-doors for poor folks to fall down and break their necks, and loopholes for rich folks to creep out of."

"It seems a very hard decision; I always look on poaching and schoolboys robbing orchards as very venial sins," said Anna.

"But that is not the case here; it is scarcely worse to kill a peasant than a pheasant. Country gentlemen who preserve game ought not to try poachers; they are at once prosecutors, judge, jury, and witness; they have a personal animosity against the prisoner, and a fellow-feeling for each other. It is of no use shaking your toppin at me, Joshua; I *know* they have. This poor fellow that they have laid hands on has been made a scapegoat to bear, not only his own offences, but those of all the other poachers whom they have *not* caught. I know Lord de Plessy's vicious way; he made up his mind before he heard a word of evidence what he would do with him, and he did it."

Miss Popsy was so excited that she beat on the floor with her umbrella to emphasize her speech, until Anna thought she would beat a hole in the carpet.

"Popsy, you will break the stick; let me take it," said her brother mildly.

Instead, she hit him a smart rap over the knuckles with the big horn handle, and bade him mind his own business. There seemed for a minute or two a chance of the rectory drawing-room becoming the scene of a pitched battle; but Nora, by the judicious introduction of another topic, succeeded in diverting Miss Popsy's irate attentions from her brother. She remarked that Ashburn was a quiet pretty place, she thought.

"As for beauty, it is well enough," returned Miss Popsy, jerking her head significantly; "but wait until you have quarrelled with every body in it before you say it is quiet. People are always by the ears; there is not more spite in all London than there is in Ashburn."

"But I shall hope to keep the peace, and not quarrel with every body."

"You will not be able unless you padlock your lips. Whom have you seen besides Mrs. Foxcroft and Ellen and Joshua and me?"

"Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple."

"Then you have seen the best of us. I am thoroughly acidulated with living all my life amongst law bothers. I used to have the temper of a cherub, but now I am quite a wasp. Whatever you girls do, never marry a lawyer. Do you hear me, Miss Ellen, never marry a lawyer."

The Foxcrofts were supposed to look with an eye of favor upon Mr. Joshua Parker for their daughter, who blushed a sweet confession at this advice from Miss Popsy.

"Joshua is the most tiresome man in creation, with his perpetual why and because, and his proving everything. He would ask you to define plum-pudding while the sauce was growing cold; but as for gratifying any of my little innocent curiosity, *that* he will never do, *never*. Is your father a magistrate Miss Brooke?"

"No, he is not; and I hope he will not be made one."

"That is very sensible of you. What business have clergymen on the bench,—preaching forgiveness on Sunday and sending a man to the treadmill on Monday? And then they don't know the law, and make such ineffable donkeys of themselves. I have long been occupied in getting up a series of curious cases, which I propose to publish as the *Vagaries of Justice Shallow*, some day."

Mrs. and Miss Foxcroft now rose simultaneously, and said good morning; and at the same moment an elderly gentleman and his daughter came through the gate and up the garden. Miss Popsy had her eye on them.

"They will not come in; they will only leave cards," said she. "You won't have any more visitors to-day; it is just dinner-time for the Worksops and Hardmans. Joshua and I dine at two; is that your hour?"

Anna replied that it was, as Jane handed in two cards inscribed "Captain Clayton" and "Mrs. Westford." Miss Popsy explained that Mrs. Westford was a widow, living with her father, Captain Clayton, at Ashburn Lodge.

"And have you had Miss Charley Wilde yet?" she continued with vivacity; "she told me she was going to call, for she had fallen in love with one of you—I am not sure which, but most likely the young one. Nora is your name, is it? Well, it is the name of the prettiest girl in Kent."

Miss Popsy's frank way of complimenting was not offensive. Nora laughed, and asked who was Miss Charley Wilde.

"She is a young lady of large independent

property at Riverscroft, about two miles from Ashburn," said Mr. Joshua.

"What has the large independent property to do with it? Cannot people be anything without money? Don't go to my brother Joshua for information; come to me. I can tell you all about Charley Wilde, for she is my especial crony. She rides, drives, hunts, shoots, sings, plays on the piano, reads clever books, mends her own gloves, and has no nonsense about her. Miss Scruple will tell you she is not quite proper, and Tilly Mavis says she is like a man; but I tell you she is one of the salt of society, and I wish there were a few more like her." And again Miss Popsy became very emphatic with the umbrella, and looked threateningly at her brother.

"Don't be long before you return my call, mind," she added after a short pause. "I shall expect you on Monday; and as soon as the preliminaries are accomplished, I'll give a party, and have Charley Wilde to meet you. You will not have seen Sidney Wilfred yet either. I hope you girls are not susceptible."

"Not at all susceptible, Miss Parker," said Nora laughing. "Who is Sidney Wilfred?"

"A misunderstood and unappreciated poet. I shall ask him and Miss Mavis to my party; and you will think you have fallen into the midst of the mutual-admiration society. But don't, *don't* fall in love with him; for he is a blighted being for all mundane purposes."

"Popsy, Popsy," said Mr. Joshua in a warning tone, "whose fault is it that Ashburn is always by the ears?"

"*Yours*, sir. Now, girls, don't make recuses of yourselves; but come out into our world, and enjoy life as young people should. Joshua, what are you mooning about? Are we to stop here all day?" And Miss Popsy rose in haste, gave a single energetic thump with her umbrella, and stalked off.

Her brother took her to task for her wonderful demeanor as they went down the garden-walk together.

"I wish, Popsy, you would not behave in such a strange way. What will Miss Brooke think of us?" said he reproachfully.

"If you are not pleased with my manners, you had better buy me an etiquette-book," replied she. "I will read out the appropriate passages to the company, and say, 'Thus and thus we *ought* to behave, but I prefer to be my own natural self, Popsy Parker; you do as you like.' Stop, Joshua, I have not told those girls where we live." And Miss Popsy hastily retraced her steps, went to the drawing-room window, and looked in.

"Miss Brooke, our house is the third beyond Miss Scruple's, on the high-road," cried she, with her face close to the glass. "You

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cannot mistake it; it looks like a private asylum."

Then she returned, mincing her steps towards her brother, who waited at the gate, with her poke-bonnet gently inclined towards her left shoulder, her shawl drawn very tight, and her umbrella held as if it were a tiny parasol: but when she came within a few paces of him, she thumped it down on the gravel, and jerked her bonnet straight.

"Am I to look like *that*, niminy-niminy knock?" cried she with a snort of contempt and a charge at his hand resting on the gate. "Get out of my way, Joshua; I have not common patience with you!"

"Don't, Popsy, don't; that pretty Miss Brooke is watching you out of the window," supplicated her brother, rubbing his knuckles.

"Turn your eyes the other way, sir. What right have you to see that she is pretty? I am not going to let *you* marry either of them, that is quite sure. What do I care if she is watching? I will tell her next time I see her why I rapped you, and she will say I did right. Those girls have sense in them, good-looking as they are; but don't you think to meddle with either of them."

When all the visitors had been gone some ten minutes, uncle Ambrose cautiously descended to the drawing-room once more.

"Who was that hammering a short while since?" was his first inquiry.

"The most comical single gentlewoman you ever saw in your life, with a face like this," cried Nora, endeavoring unsuccessfully to give an imitation of Miss Popsy's peaked nose and twinkling eyes. "But she is very nice too. I like her; and if you are to marry any of the four spinsters we have seen this morning, I hope it will be her. I would not object to an aunt Popsy; would you, Anna?"

"I am afraid she would be very destructive to furniture; she has really frayed the carpet by working the brass end of her umbrella. And there is rather too much emphasis about her for any body who likes a quiet life as uncle Ambrose does."

"Did any lady propose for me, Nora?"

"Miss Mavis opened the preliminaries—(Don't call me to order, Anna; what else could her allusions be called?)—but I mentioned the charming person in Scotland, and she immediately withdrew them. She is a very interesting person to look at, pensive and pale."

"I am safe, then; for she will spread the news, and I shall have freedom of movement. I am going to take a walk; who will go out?"

"Both of us. Let us go up the fields towards Plessy-Regis," said Anna. "We shall be ready in five minutes."

VIII.

UNCLE AMBROSE and Anna walked along side by side in a composed and orderly manner, admiring the early autumn tints on the leaves and the beautiful clearness of the sky; while Nora and Cyril scampered about like two mad things. There was a brisk wind when they reached the high grounds towards Plessy-Regis, and it excited their spirits as if they were two little children let out to play after long confinement in school. Nora pulled off her straw-hat, and carried it dangling by the strings, while the breeze made fine havoc of her long, loose hair. She shut her eyes, and turned her face skywards, to breathe the airs fresh from heaven, as she said. She ran races with Cyril; she sang snatches of song that rang over the country, making the reapers in distant fields lift up their heads to listen whence came the wild, elfish melody.

"O, uncle Ambrose, it is a happy thing to be young!" cried she coming up to him, and hanging on his arm to rest herself, panting and out of breath. "I never felt like this before; it is so beautiful!"

The face looking up into his was instinct with youth and happiness. Nora had no need to proclaim it; the carmine of her cheek and limpid brightness of her eyes were witness enough that there was no cancer in the heart of that rose.

"Come and run, Anna. It seems as if the wind caught my feet and made me long to rush about. O, you are so tame! Cyril, come you." And she was off again, racing up a green hill, so steep that uncle Ambrose was glad to make the fine prospect serve as an excuse for stopping several times to take breath during the ascent. When he and Anna got to the top, they found that chance had guided them to Larkhill; for on the edge of the opposite slope was the mausoleum of the Plessy-Regis family; it faced the park of which this hill seemed to form one limit. Anna proposed to sit her to rest, and enjoy the magnificent outstretch of scenery with the dim, blue sea-line on the horizon.

"Doesn't it make you feel all glorious, Anna?" exclaimed Nora, throwing herself on the grass. "It seems to lift me up and make my soul grow. I think one might be always good and pleasant in a place like this."

The spot where they had chosen to rest lay under the shadow of a cloud; but below was a sea of hazy light, with the sun shining through like showers of golden rain. It was a time to be still and think, and its influence crept insensibly over them all; even Cyril subsided on the turf near uncle Ambrose, plucking idly at the blades of grass, and

then dropping them through his fingers. For many miles away stretched an expanse of richly cultivated lands, well wooded, and showing the windings of the Darrent and of a greater river amongst trees and fields. Plessy-Regis Park was perhaps the wildest and most picturesque part of the view; the ground was more broken and undulating, the single trees and groups were of magnificent growth, and the dark belts of wood which bounded it full of a mysterious shadow. A little brook issued from one of these plantations, and winding below the base of Larkhill, flowed into the Darrent, after half-circling the rectory-garden and Ashburn Green.

Nora was the first to break the silence.

"Another race, Cyril; we did not come here to fall asleep," cried she. "Now for a rush down-hill!" And throwing her hat for the wind to carry along, away she flew, her hair streaming out, her white skirt floating wide, and her feet seeming as if they skimmed the ground rather than trod it. In her crazy race, she did not perceive that she had other watchers beside uncle Ambrose and Anna, until, seeing her straw-hat about to bound into the brook, she cried out, "O, it will be in the water! Stop it, do stop it!" as two men, with guns over their shoulders, and several dogs following, came out of a small plantation close at hand. One of them made a hasty step forward to arrest the unlucky hat; but before he could reach it, it was whirling down the current. Nora stood still, rather dismayed at the termination of her chase, while the second of the two men, who had the appearance of a gamekeeper, ran forward, set one foot in the water, and as the stream floated it towards him, caught it by one string, and pulled it out. Nora took it blushing, and thanked him quietly; while his master slightly raised his cap, and passed forward to another plantation at a short distance.

"What a singular looking man!" was Nora's internal comment as she shook the wet from her hat and held it in the sun to dry. "I shall have to go all the way home without; and the ribbon is spoilt." She turned round and waved to those on the hill-top to come down, signing that she was too much out of breath to go back to them; and they began to descend at a sober pace. She was two fields off, making her way homewards as fast as she could before Cyril overtook her; for the adventure of the hat had a little quietened her.

"Did that man speak to you, Nora?" cried her brother as he came up with her. "He looked preciously grim."

"Not a word. Have you ever met him before when you were out? He has a

peaked beard, and such a brown face, like uncle Ambrose. There he is again, coming from the wood on this side: we shall be obliged to meet him."

"You might as well put on your hat, Nora; the sun is enough to stare one out of countenance," said Cyril.

"I don't mind the sun; and besides, my hat is so wet I cannot put it on." Nora looked a very stately young nymph indeed, the over-bright rose on her cheek and her tangled hair notwithstanding. The stranger glanced at her from under his brows as they met, and turned twice to watch her go over the fields. She and Cyril stopped at the last stile, and waited until the others came up.

"Who was that man uncle Ambrose, do you know?" asked Nora, swinging her hat to and fro.

"That man was the Honorable Arthur de Plessy, niece; and a charming specimen of wild girl you introduced to him for a rector's daughter," was the reply.

Nora laughed, yet blushed shyly. "Anna will support the character of the family for all manner of things good and *proper*, as Miss Scruple says," she returned, willing to excuse herself, though half ashamed of her hoydenish escapade. "But I must be allowed some young time, uncle Ambrose; I never quite felt what it was to be young before; it seems just as if I had broken loose from somewhere, and must dash about and sing and be crazy. Don't you feel anything like that?"

"I dare not begin to analyse my sensations, Nora; for the process compels me to feel that I am not so young as I have been."

"But you will never be old, uncle Ambrose, never while you live. There are some people who are never thoroughly young, like Anna, who seems fifty to me; and some people who are never old, like you. I should not like to grow stiff and cranky; should you?"

"Perhaps not; but since the Fountain of Jouvence is not attainable in this century, one might as well grow old with decent resignation,—don't you think so, pretty Nora?"

"That decent resignation is not an easy thing, uncle Ambrose: you must read Miss Mavis a lecture on it to strengthen her nerves. Here is papa in the garden looking out for us. Well papa whom have you seen?"

"A great many people, Nora: Mr. Hardman, about the glebe; and a Miss Popsy Parker, who flattered my paternal feelings by the news that I have two of the most charming girls in Kent for daughters. She had been calling upon you, she said."

"Yes, papa; we have had half Ashburn already; and there is plenty of choice for uncle Ambrose amongst the single ladies. I incline to your Miss Popsy; there is such an honest vivacity about her and her umbrella."

"I should desire to lay an embargo on the umbrella, or else always to carry my hands in my pockets for safety, if I were he then."

"When we return the call, he shall go with us. No rebellion, uncle Ambrose; you must; and if you are very agreeable, she will invite you to her party. Yes, papa; she said when the preliminaries were got over, she would give a party."

"Miss Popsy Parker is a very liberal woman, then; yes, *she* is quite endurable."

"That sounds as if you had met somebody who was not, papa; tell us who it was? You shake your head, but I guess. It was—;" and she stood on tip-toe and whispered in his ear. He laughed. "I knew it. And did she propose for you herself? She almost did to us for uncle Ambrose, and we declined the honor. No, Anna, I am not romancing; it was perfectly understood between us. Papa, are there not a great many things that people know about each other without a word of explanation?"

"Run away and make that wild hair neat; Jane's niece is in the dining-room."

"That is a put-off, papa; but I know there are. We met somebody too: Mr. Arthur de Plessy,—a very black man."

"Whose servant had the civility to fish a straw-hat out of a brook, which a certain crazy girl had given to the winds for a play-thing," added uncle Ambrose.

"That is one of the things that can be understood without explanation, Nora,—don't you think it is?"

"By a very acute person, papa, no other. It was an old-fashioned thing, the hat; and now I shall have a new one, for it is quite spoilt. Look at it," and she danced it round on her hand.

"I never found out, when it was on your head, that it was not a very handsome hat, extravagant girl."

"I must have a gipsy-hat with a blue ribbon, like the ballad-maidens, papa."

"Nora thinks Ashburn is a gold-mine," said uncle Ambrose.

"But she did want a new hat, papa," interposed Anna, who would have gone in hodge-ponge gray to let her sister be beautifully dressed; "that hat had been cleaned and turned, and cleaned again and again."

"I believe you let it be spoilt on purpose, Nora," cried Cyril mischievously; "or else why did you roll it down to the brook? You never cried out to those men to stop it until you saw it was certain to go in. If you dry it at the kitchen-fire, and iron out the

ribbons, it will wear over the winter very well."

Nora gave him a flick with the straw-hat for his penurious suggestion, and bade him mind his own affairs.

"It can be turned into a summer hat for you, Cyr, if you want to practise economy; and you shall have the bows too, if you like," said she.

The appearance of old Jane's face at the dining-room window warned them to go in.

IX.

"ARTHUR has had a long day out shooting, but here he comes across the park, mother," said Lady Frances Egerton, who was standing by the great window of the Plessy-Regis schoolroom, still in her hat and habit, as she had returned from riding.

Lady de Plessy gathered her knitting in her hand, and went to look out also: she thought more about Arthur than any of her children. He was walking slowly, carrying his own gun, with a keeper and the dogs following, all of them tired, from the weary way they dragged their feet over the ground.

"My son is as restless as ever, Frances; I wish we could see him at peace again," observed she regretfully.

"That you never will, unless some new love should push the old one out of his memory, which is not likely," replied Lady Frances.

"If I could have believed it would change him so completely, he should have married the girl rather than be as he is."

"It would have been far better. She was a lady born; what did her poverty matter? There was never a De Plessy to equal her."

"She was very beautiful. But it did seem such an unlikely thing; and he was so young, we thought he would change soon."

"Her death ends all that. If they had both lived to alter their minds, it would have passed; but he being sent off to India, and she dying faithful to him in spite of all, makes her sacred to him. And his feelings were always so strong, even when a boy."

"Yes. Arthur was not like the others; he did love me, Frances, better than any of my children; but now he is like ice to his father and me. He even talks of going back to India. I would do anything to keep him here."

"I think he would be happier away, mother; I would let him go; there would be more chance of his coming home settled after a few years. It must have been a terrible shock when he came back and found her gone."

"Has he told you more than any of us, Frances,—you were his confidante. Has he said anything since?"

"No, he never alludes to it; but I know he was away at Riverscroft last week—and she is buried there."

There was a short silence; Lady de Plessy stood nervously tapping the floor with her foot, and Lady Frances gazed out of the window at the gray twilight shadows stealing over the wide expanse of park, which the old school-room-window commanded. There were some beech-logs burning on the wide open hearth; and on the table opposite was spread a cloth, cups and saucers, and a Swiss carved trencher with a loaf of bread.

Ever since her children were little, Lady de Plessy had been in the habit of coming to this room at six o'clock, when their tea was ready, to hear their small gossip and chat, for half an hour before the dressing-bell rang. The children were grown up, married, and dispersed into homes of their own; but the old ceremony was kept up still. When there were guests at Plessy-Regis, they soon found their way to the school-room; and when she was alone, Lady de Plessy used to go by herself, and think about her children.

It was a large apartment, grotesquely furnished with the rejected furniture of some drawing-room of long ago: rigid high-backed chairs; tables that defied anybody to stir them; a faded Persian carpet, worn bare in many a place by dancing feet that time had sobered, or perhaps death stilled; pictures of pet dogs and horses done in wonderful colors, faded landscapes, and crayon-portraits, which Lady de Plessy valued more than all the old masters in her lord's noble collection.

This old school-room was the room where the Plessy-Regis skeletons were kept; in it many a family crisis, many a passage of human suffering, had been transacted, as mother and daughter knew full well; and from its window had the women of the family watched the end-all of trouble wending with much pomp up to the wild northern slope of the park to Larkhill, where the great mausoleum closed the prospect. It was on the second story, at the end of a long corridor, distant from any other inhabited room; no contending voices, no weeping or loud entreaty, that took place within its closed door could be heard beyond. To cross its threshold and come within sight of some of its skeletons, must have thrilled painfully through Lady de Plessy's nerves, often, often.

"And so she is buried at Riverscroft? I never liked to inquire," said she, beating with her foot continually.

"They brought her there at her own request; it was,—if you remember, mother,—

the place where they first met each other, and the last."

"Yes, I remember; she was a beautiful creature. You liked her, Frances?"

"She was not selfish or vain, she was so purely good and true; she was so different to ourselves, mother, and Arthur felt it."

The door was opened gently, and some one entered; it was Arthur himself. He would have gone back, when he saw that the room was occupied; but Lady de Plessy bade him come in.

"We keep up the old customs, you see, my son," said she.

He walked to the fireside and threw himself down wearily upon the stiff settee that stood by the hearth, glancing round the walls growing indistinct in the twilight, with an expression of shrinking hesitation, which Lady Frances Egerton understood but too well. He had not set foot in that room for twelve years, and the last time was to take down from the wall a certain sketch, lest other hands should do it; and they two had had an open-heart talk by the fire about Arthur's girl-love, from whom he was about to be banished—whose sweet face in the flesh he was never to behold again. That time haunted the room visibly to both of them, and to the mother too.

"Have you had good sport, Arthur?" asked Lady Frances.

"Not very; the birds were rather wild."

As if either of them had come there to talk of partridge-shooting. Lady de Plessy asked, would they have some tea—it was made. No; neither wished for any. She poured out a cup for herself, and sat playing with the spoon, till Arthur rose up with a jerk, and lighting one of the candles, took it and walked round the room to examine the drawings on the walls.

"They are all there, my son," said she; "you must see many old friends."

"Yes, mother. And do you come here every evening, as you used to do?"

"Every evening; I never miss when I am at home. I love to think of my children here; it seems to bring them around me again."

Arthur shivered. "It must be like visiting graves," said he in an under-tone. He came back to the fireside, and stood with his hands behind him looking away through the uncurtained window towards Larkhill. Since he left home, the grand mausoleum had opened its doors for his two elder brothers and a sister;—how could his mother bear to come there, he thought.

Lady Frances still stood by the window; and, as if some sudden recollection struck her, sought a particular pane, and began to rub off the weather stains. She discovered

what she sought; a name scratched with a diamond upon the glass,—a name which had sent her brother into exile, and which had made shipwreck of all his happiness.

He came up beside her as she was looking at it; and drawing a long painful breath through his teeth, said, "You are raising ghosts, Frances." He struck his hand against the glass sharply, the pane broke, and crashed down on the gravel underneath. "We will not speak of her any more,—she is a saint in heaven, and we are mortals waiting to forget," he added bitterly.

Lady de Plessy turned round quickly, and asked what that sound.

"Only a death-knell, mother," replied her son. That was the last allusion he ever made in her presence the only words conveying a shadow of reproach that he addressed to her, touching his first love. He came back to her by the fire, and plunged suddenly into a conversation about their country neighbors,—Charley Wilde and the rest.

"I met Charley Wilde to-day, looking as eccentric as ever, and also some people whom I took to belong to the new rector's family," he said: "two young ladies, a lad, and an old soldierly man."

"We must call there next week. What are the girls like?" asked Lady Frances.

"I cannot tell. One was flying down Larkhill after her hat, which went into the beck; she was a pretty young creature, but as wild as a March hare." From the beginning of his reply, it seemed as if Arthur had not been very observant; but in reality Nora had left a distinct likeness of herself on his imagination: he thought she had a slight look of his old love who lay buried in Riverscroft churchyard.

X.

SUNDAY morning. "Will John come to-day?" was Anna Brooke's waking thought on the first Sunday at Ashburn. It was not daylight yet; and Nora was sleeping softly beside her, in the quiet slumber which is only for untouched hearts. Anna would sleep no more, but she raised herself on her pillow to watch the dawn. The sky was all gray cloud; the stars were gone, but the sun had not mounted nearly to the horizon. Anna thought there was the tinkle of quick rain against the glass. "If it should be a wet day, he will not come," said she; and sprang up to look out. There was a heavy dew upon the window, so that she could not tell whether there were rain or not; and she did not dare open it, lest she should wake Nora or others in the house, so she put her ear to the glass and listened. "I think it is fine," she murmured. The clock on the

stairs struck five as she lay down again, wishing for morning and John's coming.

Gradually the morning broke,—not very brightly, but with a rolling mist over Larkhill and the high grounds to the north; it seemed undecided yet whether the day would rain or shine; there was a pale yellow glimmer coming and going amongst the eastern cloud-wreaths that tantalized Anna's hope. "I know if it is wet he will not come," she repeated, as if the sky might hear her, and prove benign in pity. She stood by the window watching until it was full daylight, when Nora awoke.

"O Anna, there is no fear; it will be a lovely day," cried she, divining Anna's anxiety by her position.

"Do you think so? I hope it will," replied she, abandoning her look-out post rather cheerfully; "I think there is promise of it."

"Yes. 'Evening red, morning gray, are the sure signs of a fine day.' Do you expect John early, or not till afternoon?"

"He did not say. He could not be here much before dinner."

"There is not time for another dream, is there? Ah, no; here comes Jenny. Jenny, how does the morning look from your side of the house?"

"Not over bright, Miss Nora; I think there'll be rain before noon, if the sun doesn't get out."

"O Jenny, we want a fine day."

"Then you should have sent and bespoke one at the weather-office, Miss Nora, for I'm afraid you'll be disappointed."

"Jenny, I have known you prove a false weather-prophetess before now, and I believe you will again."

"If you are looking for any body, Miss Nora, that a shower of rain will keep away, give him up, he's not worth *that*;" and old Jenny gave a flip of her finger and thumb as she went out and shut the door. Jenny had been nurse to the two girls, and took upon herself to exercise occasionally a sort of mothership over them. For some reason,—nobody, perhaps not even herself, could tell what,—she had, from the beginning of the intimacy between Anna and John Hartwell, conceived a keen dislike to him, and never allowed any opportunity of covertly insinuating it to slip by unimproved. Nora was rather vexed at herself for giving the old servant an opening now; for Anna was very quiet, and not in good spirits.

"I don't think he will come, Nora," said she with a sigh; "I don't feel as if this was going to be a pleasant day."

Nora was silent for a minute or two; then she said with a pretty grave air of reflection, "Anna, do you think it possible that you and

I could ever change into sentimental piping bodies like Miss Mavis?"

"No I hope not. Why do you ask that?"

"It was a thought that came into my mind at hearing you sigh. I don't think I could ever have patience to see any body mooning about a house, or sitting like Patience on a monument smiling miserably at nothing in particular, could you?"

"We cannot tell yet, Nora. You see, we have not had any troubles to bring us into that melancholy state."

"Troubles, Anna! Were we not as poor as poor could be, and had we not to look twice at every sixpence before we ventured to spend it? What do you call troubles, if those were not troubles? And yet we were always as gay as Roger Bontemps that uncle Ambrose quotes."

"Those were *cares*, Nora, darling; troubles are more selfish things; we deal with them individually, and have to bear them by ourselves. It would have been a trouble if, instead of being gay, as you say we were, we had always been fretful and discontented; or if one of us had turned out a disgrace to our father: and there are other troubles besides, more private still, that we have heard of, though we have not been compelled to taste of them. Yes, Nora, I think people may seem selfish in their sorrow sometimes without losing all claim on our pity."

"I am determined to have some pleasure in my life, and as little trouble as may be; that is wise, Anna, is it not?"

"Be as happy as you can, Nora; but don't be hard on the unfortunate."

A heavy plash of rain against the window startled them. Anna looked up and sighed again involuntarily; Nora smiled: she was not selfish, and she was not hard; but she could not comprehend that John Hartwell's coming or staying away deserved a sigh; she did not like him herself, and was ever more and more astonished at Anna's devotedness. By the time the two girls went down-stairs to breakfast, there was no doubt left about the day; the rain was pouring in torrents.

"This is bad for the harvest," observed Mr. Brooke, looking out of the window at the drenched chestnut-trees. "And, Anna, I am afraid we shall not see Mr. Hartwell to-day. The change in the weather is very sudden."

"Yes, papa. It is not likely that he will come through such a rain, unless he had set off before it began: it was fair for an hour or two this morning. But I shall not expect him."

In spite of her declaration that she should not expect John, she had a lurking hope that he *might* have started very early, to get to Ashburn before the morning service; but a

few hours dissipated that possibility, and she entered the quaint old church strong in the indulgence of another fancy: though it rained at Ashburn, was that to say that it rained in London? It might be quite fair there; and if John once set off, he would never turn back for a shower. Such a meagre crumb of hope was better than nothing to Anna, and shows with what tenacity those quiet undemonstrative women, whom people in general call cold and hard, cling to their hopes and trusts.

XL

ASHBURN church was in no particular style of architecture, and it had been so frequently restored and beautified that but little of the original edifice remained. It was cleanly whitewashed, monuments not excepted, and a full-sized figure of Time standing on a scythe, which was boldly cut in outline on the stone wall near the doorway, had been half obliterated by the frequency of this process. On the screen which separated the chancel from the body of the church was fixed the list of degrees of affinity within which marriage is forbidden; and just inside, elevated a single step above the others, was a large square pew, closed in from vulgar eyes by a crimson curtain. Here the members of the noble family of De Plessy were already assembled when uncle Ambrose and the young ones entered the rectory-seat opposite. Nora's wandering eyes were not long in perceiving the dark-bearded man who had witnessed her chase down Larkhill; and accidentally meeting his glance, she had the grace to blush. He was a fine-looking person, with more pride in his face than was perhaps pleasant, and no great air of frankness to temper it; at first sight especially he gave the impression of being reserved, cold, and even austere, though less by nature than by habit. The old lord had the same expression exaggerated intensely: his countenance was the sublime of mortal pride and assumption; his features were high and thin and full of wrinkles; his hair sparse, but white as silver, as also were his brows; while his eyes glowed with the dark fire and vivacity of his youth. There was an occasional nervous twitch about his mouth which was very painful. Some people who knew the circumstances of his early life said that the old man was thinking of the widow's son whom he had killed in a duel when he did that. There were passages in the noble lord's history which would not bear a very critical investigation; but with this narrative they have no connection, therefore let them bide in obscurity.

To her son's left hand was Lady de Plessy, a woman of a very beautiful and gracious

countenance, rather wan and weary, but with great expression of tenderness and sweetness in her eyes and mouth. Arthur had a strong look of her—much stronger than his eldest sister, Lady Frances Egerton, who, indeed, seemed, to judge by her features and general tone, a decided high-couraged woman, full of pride and defiance. This lady was not long in singling out Nora amongst the occupants of the rectory-pew as something worthy of admiration; and fixing upon her half-turned face a bold and critical eye, gazed until she made an angry blush burn on the young girl's cheek. When her curiosity was satisfied, she leaned across to her brother and whispered, "Is that Spanish-eyed girl your nymph of the brook?" He moved his head affirmatively and turned away.

Mr. Brooke had written a new sermon for this occasion, and though perhaps rather lengthy, it was a very excellent discourse, under which old Lord de Plessy slept like a cherub. The others of the family listened discreetly, only closing their eyes at intervals, and could therefore pronounce favorable judgment on the new rector; although the head of the house observed that their opinion had better be held in abeyance until they had heard him half a dozen times, as his should be; a caution which might possibly leave the minister's merits undecided until Doomsday. There was a curious ceremony observed at Ashburn church when the service concluded, which Cyril insisted was a relic of barbarous feudal times. The moment the blessing was pronounced, Lord de Plessy rose up stiff and stately and walked down the aisle, followed by his wife and children, everybody else keeping their seats until they passed out at the porch; when they were clear of the churchyard, the rest of the congregation began to disperse, and not before.

Anna looked down the path to the gate into the road, but saw no footmarks on the sodden gravel; John Hartwell had not come.

"It was very unlikely that he would," said she to herself in a rather downhearted way as she went in; "it was too absurd of me to expect him."

Decidedly it was; for it was an even down-pour of rain, and had been all the morning. In the evening she comforted herself greatly by inditing a little tender letter of expectations and regrets and disappointments, with a strong plea at the close for an answer, and an exhortation not to fail of his visit the next Sunday; to come even on Saturday, after office-hours, if he could, and stay two nights instead of one. Anna was far more expansive and open-hearted to John than she was to her own family, but then she loved him more; and with writing this pretty letter, the

first Sunday at Ashburn came to a less dreary close than Nora expected.

XII.

EARLY in the second week, Anna and Nora returned the calls they had received; and immediately after Miss Popsy Parker issued invitations for an evening-party, according to her amiable promise. Ashburn would have been astonished if it could have penetrated into the secrets of the private asylum on the morning of that important day. It would have seen Mr. Joshua, with his mouthful of pins, detaching the holland covers from the drawing-room furniture, taking the piano-legs out of their garments, and lifting and shifting every thing, under the extremely vivacious superintendence of his clever sister; it would have seen Miss Popsy herself, in a short morning-gown and slippers, with a silk handkerchief tied over her ears, washing with her own fair hands the ornamental and useful china with which her guests' eyes were to be refreshed; it would have seen her overlooking (but not daring to speak to) the professed cook, who was getting up an elegant yet substantial supper,—for Miss Popsy abominated from the depths of her hospitable soul the modern invention of "tea and turn out;" it would have seen and heard her expostulate over and over again in a striking manner with Joshua, who was at once the most willing and the most incapable of domestic helps; and it would have seen her, finally, lie down for half an hour's nap, in that short gown, those slippers, and that Indian head-tire, on the best amber-damask couch in the drawing-room;—it would have seen all this, if it had been able to see through solid wall, but not without; for the blinds were down and the front-door locked, as a signal that Miss Popsy Parker was not at home to company.

By seven o'clock in the evening, the scene underwent a change. A bright fire blazed in the polished grate, and Mr. Joshua and Miss Popsy sat in state on either side of it, scarcely daring to speak lest they should blow something out of its exact place. Miss Popsy's attire was of the richest and gayest fashion,—an amethyst satin dress, profusely trimmed with white blonde, and more gold-chains than any body else in the neighborhood ever wore; for besides her own and Joshua's, she had on her late mother's and grandmother's. A turban-shaped cap with little white feathers topped these splendors; and Miss Popsy's own eyes twinkled like stars beneath the nodding clouds. Joshua was dreadfully stiff: his coat, his boots, his everythings were new, and all shining to that extent, that he could see minute reflections

of himself in the knobs of the fire-irons, the arms of the sofa, and the white marble of the chimney-piece, besides his own boot-toes. His hair had yielded to much persuasion, and took obstinate curves sideways, instead of sticking straight up—a novel fashion, which excited Miss Popsy's sarcasm.

"Eh, Joshua, you are curled like Hyperion," said she. "Which Miss Brooke are you going to captivate to-night? I would try for the scornful young beauty, if I were you. 'Faint heart'—you remember the rest."

"Is not Charley Wilde coming?" asked Mr. Joshua, passing his fingers hastily through one side of his hair, and destroying the balance of waves which he had been an hour in making.

"I see what you are at; you are going courting to the handsome private property. I wish you may get it; but you won't."

Mr. Joshua was meekly silent. He had cast longing glances in the direction of the Riverscroft demesnes for the last ten years; and he was of firm opinion that if his sister Popsy would but back his suit with her powerful influence, he should win the objects of his tender desires,—to wit, the farms, arable and pasture, the park, woods, and manorial rights, now to Miss Charley Wilde solely appertaining.

"You won't get it," continued Miss Popsy, "because Charley intends to lead a single life, the more sensible woman she. Don't put on that sentimental Billy-Lackaday look, Joshua, *don't*. You only want a petticoat to be Miss Mavis."

If the umbrella had been handy, Mr. Joshua's knuckles would have suffered; but as Miss Popsy had no weapon but a costly Indian fan, which she feared to break, he escaped. Suddenly, while Miss Popsy was in the act of tip-toeing before the mirror to see that no part of her head-dress had been disarranged by wagging it mockingly at Joshua, a knock resounded through the house, and caused her to subside hastily on the couch.

"Sidney Wilfred; he is the first everywhere," remarked she; and accordingly Mr. Sydney Wilfred was announced.

He was a slight boyish person, whiskerless, but long-haired and spectacled, and with the nervous fidgets in his arms and legs, which he never knew how to dispose of comfortably. He had two or three favorite attitudes, one of which he struck immediately upon entering Miss Popsy's drawing-room; this was a Napoleonic folding of the arms high on the chest, the feet crossed over each other, and the right foot resting on the toe. For the space of three minutes he contrived to maintain his graceful balance; and then he began

to waver about on one leg, while the other, straying in an aimless manner, knocked the poker from its position in the centre of the fender, and caused it to fall with a clatter on the tongs. At this instant Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple came in, the one as tawdry-fine and the other as homely and substantial as usual. Miss Mavis was lisping cordial to the host and hostess, but the sunshine of her smiles was for Mr. Sidney Wilfred. She caused him to sit down beside her.

"Ah, such a sweet morning as I have had!" began Miss Mavis in an enthusiastic whisper; "such an enjoyable morning!"

"What have you had? pray let us hear, Miss Mavis, if it is anything very charming. I love news, good news especially."

"A feast of reason and a flow of soul," I may well say, Miss Popsy. I have shed tears of pure delight over our gifted friend's new poem—his *Sighs of a sorrowful Soul adrift on a Sea of Suffering*. The sublimity and profundity of his 'Sighs' are beyond plain language to express."

The poet sat chafing his hands vehemently, and blushing as if he had never been praised before; while Miss Scruple added,

"Yes, they are profound, and in every respect proper, natural, and judicious, which is more than can be said for all poetry."

"I have not heard any of these 'Sighs.' Perhaps Mr. Sidney would declaim a stanza or two for our edification," said Miss Popsy.

"Do, Sidney; they want but your voice and expression to give them a perfect vocal melody. It will be a rich treat," murmured his friend.

The young gentleman was really nervous and bashful; but after a little more persuasion, he gave vent to the following "Sigh," in the husky tremulous tone in which an imperfect Norval declaims his early history before the usher's desk:

"Drifting, unanchored, flung from wave to sky,
As the poor harried clown in blanket tossed
Sees all the world go round him in a swing,
So is my sad soul giddied with the woes
Which, holding the four corners of the Wil-
ney,

Do heave with power, and through the ambient air
Jerk it untimely; shrieking peal on peal
Of wild demoniac laughter as it turns and falls,—

As falls the well-browned pancake in the pan
When the quick culinary arm doth toss it up!
O, for an hour of rest, an hour of peace!
Or better still, an hour of sweet revenge!
Then would I lay my foes upon the rack
And tear them limb from limb!
Come hither, and be racked, ye selfish woes;
For I will bear your tossings nevermore!"

Just as the poet made this very unreasonable demand, the party from the rectory

were announced, and almost immediately after, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Foxcroft, Captain Clayton and Mrs. Westford, Mr. Hardman and Mr. George Hardman, a Mr. and two Misses Workop, and finally Miss Charley Wilde. Every body had the outstretched hand of friendship for the last comer, who received their greetings in a frank manly way, and immediately procured an introduction to Anna and Nora. Miss Charley Wilde did not sacrifice much to the Graces in the way of dress; for her black satin robe was a compromise between a surtout and a monk's frock, girded round the waist with cord and tassels; her hair looked much as if she had employed Eolus as her tiring-woman, and engaged him to tear a few golden ears of barley out of the sheaves to stick amongst it.

"Do you ride?" was her first question to Nora, who was at once elected as her favorite for the evening.

Nora said no.

"But you ought to ride; you have just the figure for horseback, I must have you out with me; I can give you a mount at any time. Have you made Sidney Wilfred's acquaintance? Sidney, come here, I want to speak to you." The young poet drew near. "I have read your 'Sighs,' sir, and written a critique upon them, in which I have endeavored to fathom their bathos. Why don't you write sense? you have talent; and for misusing it you deserved to be tossed in that wonderful Witney you talk about. Sidney is my cousin, Miss Eleanora; and I scold him sometimes."

"Very severely, don't you, Miss Wilde?" whispered Miss Mavis tenderly. "We should be lenient to the aspiring flights of genius. How can our small capacities plumb the height of their glorious flights? Take heart, my gifted friend; speak out your utterances from your soul-depths, and astound a wonder, thunder-stricken world."

Uncle Ambrose's countenance, as he overheard this mock-sublime, was a picture of eloquent surprise; he could not withdraw his eyes from the interesting group of which his niece formed one. Miss Mavis thought he was entranced by her silver flow of words, and went on:

"Harsh, untunable, indeed, must be the mind that thrills not melancholy to the wild strain of your genius-inflated verse, Sidney Wilfred. You may not be appreciated *now*; but your dismal 'Sighs' will echo to the far-remote of time." There was a quaver in this prophetic close which Miss Charley Wilde would have imitated had she dared.

"And have you wooed the Parnassian lyre of late, dear Miss Mavis?" asked the poet in his turn.

"Not lately—not very lately; the divine

fire burns low upon my solitary hearth; the inspiration of happiness lacks there."

"Your wooings are in a very different direction now-a-days,—more practical and less spiritual, are they not?" said Charley Wilde.

Miss Mavis sighed herself a little nearer to uncle Ambrose, whose retreat was cut off by a barricade of little odd chairs and stools.

"Scotland is a very agreeable country, is it not?" said she, with a gentle significance which was intended to establish them at once on the basis of intimate friendship; but which only startled and confounded uncle Ambrose, and made him blush. "I have never been so far north myself,—never farther than Yorkshire; but I have heard it is a delightful country, equally celebrated for its dainty cates and beautiful women." A drop of the modest eyelids pointed the last words.

"Charming person in Scotland!" muttered uncle Ambrose, scarcely knowing what he said; and to his immense relief, Mr. Joshua Parker, hearing the word 'Scotland,' came and gave them conversational benefit of his experience during a pedestrian tour in that country some ten years before. Then Sidney Wilfred chimed in with the Border minstrelsy; and Charley Wilde with deer-stalking and grouse-shooting; until Miss Mavis quite lost the opportunity of bewildering uncle Ambrose with her lisp and multi-form fascinations, and was obliged to be generally agreeable.

The tea was not handed round at Miss Popsy's party, as the present custom is: she knew all the company dined early; and being an enemy to genteel starvation, her table was spread with every delicacy which hungry people even could desire. She presided over the tray herself, and expected her guests to sit down and make a meal of their tea; and though Miss Mavis, after every such occasion, railed at the vulgar profusion, she nevertheless acquitted herself nobly, especially with regard to a certain rich cake containing a ring and a sixpence, which was called "matrimony."

Tea may be made a very sociable gathering if people will; and every body being in good humor, the Brookes' impression of their new neighbors was decidedly agreeable. When it was over, the chat flowed pleasantly on; and the innocent amusements which Miss Popsy had provided for her guests gave entire satisfaction.

"In my young day we liked nothing better than a game of forfeits," said she, "but fashion has refined them out of vogue. Will some of you young folks give us a little music? and then we will have a round game at cards."

There was a demur as to who should take the lead, nobody liking to be put forward;

till Mrs. Foxcroft desirous that her daughter should be covered with glory, urged her eloquently, both with tongue and elbow, to do her little best.

"Come, Moppet, you have a pretty song, let us hear it," said she in the bland accent of maternal encouragement. "Moppet has a pretty song has she not, papa?"

Thus appealed to, the doctor broke off an argument on consubstantiation which he was holding with the rector, and bade his blushing child oblige the company. Moppet was accordingly led a sacrifice to the piano by Mr. Sidney Wilfred, who then retired behind the window-curtain to stop his ears until the pretty song was done. The young lady was not very perfect either in its instrumental or vocal parts, so that the performance could not be regarded as very triumphant; but Charley Wilde coming after her, soon obliterated her discord by a well-sung song with a very sweet melody.

"Do give us the 'Laughing Chorus,' Miss Charley; it is a prime favorite of mine, and nobody can do it like you," said Mr. Joshua; and Charley, ever obliging, readily complied; and the various cachinnatory sounds it elicited resolved the last bit of ice in the room.

The table was then cleared for a round game; and Miss Popsy having secured for herself a seat beside Charley, and Miss Mavis being almost in uncle Ambrose's pocket, every one was contented: some few—Mr. Hardman, Sidney Wilfred, and the rector—preferred the parts of onlookers and sat out, but every other person would play.

"What shall it be?" asked Miss Popsy; "loo, red nines, vingt-um, or pounce commerce?"

Charley Wilde was very sporting, and gave her voice for unlimited loo; but the majority were for pounce commerce, so pounce commerce carried the night. Miss Mavis again alluded confidentially to Scotland, and so confused uncle Ambrose that he could never acquire the rules of the game, and was for ever pouncing when he had no business to pounce, and being snapped at by Miss Popsy and told what was right by Miss Scruple, to the mischievous Nora's undisguised pleasure. It is rather dreary to watch a large, friendly group engaged in a round game of cards; the endless contradictions, blunders, and settings-right make the occupation sound more like quarrelling than a sociable reunion for pleasant purposes. Sidney Wilfred could not bear it long; and having at the first sight plunged hopelessly into love with young Nora Brook, he now retired into a dusk and remote corner to compose a sonnet to her maiden beauty. He accomplished two profound lines between then and supper-time, which wonderfully relieved his feelings.

"I pounce!" screamed Mr. Joshua, spreading his great hand over a particular card, and opening his eyes eagerly.

"No you don't, mind your turn!" cried Miss Popsy hitting his fingers with one of the little trays full of fish; which were in consequence scattered over the table, and chiefly picked up in an absent fit by Miss Mavis, and added in the confusion to her own store.

"It is your deal, uncle Ambrose; Miss Scruple dealt last. There are the cards; make haste," said Nora.

"Shall I deal for you?" whispered Miss Mavis; and raking up the stray cards of the pack with her claw-like fingers, she proceeded to do so, judging uncle Ambrose's mind to be so preoccupied with the charming person in Scotland as to make him quite incapable of dealing properly. But Miss Scruple raised the querulous voice of remonstrance:

"It is not your deal, Matilda; it is Mr. Ambrose Brooke's. Why do you not let it go round properly?"

"I never care for these games unless I may cheat; I always cheat at private parties if I have a chance," observed Captain Clayton. "I give every body warning, therefore. This card mine? Very good card—"

"No, it is not yours; it is mine. Don't you see *that* one is before you, and *this* one before me?" said Miss Popsy waspishly.

"Matilda, deal properly. You have no business to look at the cards, nor to show your hand to your neighbors."

Then there was an interval of silence, broken by uncle Ambrose asking Miss Mavis if he might pounce.

"No, not yet," replied she with tenderness. "Show me what you have, and I'll pounce for you;" and accordingly, to the end of the game, she played and lost for him and herself too; reverting in whispers from time to time to the north, and its charming women, scenery, and songs. She also secured his arm to take her in to supper, and, in short, victimised him to Nora's full content. As her lip made her frequently unintelligible, he answered her insinuations and direct questions at cross-purposes for the most part.

Nora overheard, "Scotch music is delightful, is it not? Are you an amateur of its popular melodies?"

"Yes, agreeable woman, very; especially in her own house."

"Ah, you mean Miss Popsy; and you don't consider her shrewish?"

"Sweeter than I can express."

"O! I'm afraid you are a sad flatterer, naughty man. And you don't think her temper too vivacious?"

"I prefer a breezy climate; in Scotland, for instance—"

"But are not the winds trying to the female complexion?"

"Lilies and roses bloom out of doors as early as—"

"You must pounce now. You want another card; there are only four of us left."

And at supper, after Miss Mavis had had two glasses of sherry, and became sentimental: "Youth, youth, it leaves us e'er we know it is departing! Mr. Ambrose, yours was passed under an eastern sky; mine, in this cold unsympathising England. Were you ever in Jersey?"

"Never; my tastes are for the north,—grouse-shooting on the moors in August—"

"Tell me not so; some dearer tie is bound about your spirit: *love*, not *sport*, draws you away."

"Will you have a little of this lobster-salad, or some more tongue?"

"No more tongue, thank you, I have tongue enough. A custard, if you please—No I'll change my mind, and have a strawberry cream."

Sentiment notwithstanding, Miss Mavis had a capital appetite; and Sidney Wilfred, in an absent spiritual way, eat more, and drank much more, than could have been expected from a "soul adrift on a sea of suffering." Perhaps he had been adrift a long while, and had come back hungry and exceeding dry, as grief is said to be. It rejoiced Miss Popsy's heart to see her friends eat, and she kept constantly admonishing them to take care of themselves and each other. Nora, who sat between Captain Clayton and Sidney Wilfred, might otherwise have run the risk of being neglected; for both these gentlemen were very intent upon themselves. Mr. Joshua, who had by this time got over the stiffness and newness of his apparel, and had forgotten his curled hair, took wine all round with every body, and drank healths, coupling them occasionally with very old-fashioned sentiments. He made a terrible bungle of one of them, which he converted into, "The married single, and the single happy," to his own intense confusion: for Miss Charley Wilde whispered that it was the most sensible speech she had ever heard from him, and she hoped he would never depart from it. Mr. Foxcroft proposed the health of the hostess, who acknowledged the compliment herself in a neat speech beginning, "Hold your tongue, Joshua, I am old enough to speak for myself, I hope," and ending with, "to our next merry meeting."

"What is your opinion on the pipe-clay question, Captain Clayton?" tremulously said young Mr. Worksof, whose voice had never been heard until the close of supper. He was a shy retiring person, who was getting himself up in politics.

"The pipe-clay question, sir? I never allow myself to have an opinion on professional topics. Our opinions are laid down for us; and what a soldier who knows his duty has to do is, to take them up and wear them as a part of his livery in the king's service."

Mr. Worksof subsided, and was heard no more, except in whispers to his sisters. Somebody—probably Miss Mavis—then started the more popular quarry of light literature, which all the elders conspired to run down; even Sidney Wilfred had his fling at it, as drawing modern taste into a false direction altogether.

"Where," said he forcibly,—"where are the readers to be found to relish the honey-dew of Parnassus, when these tasteless streams of fiction have vitiated,—have vitiated—" He paused for lack of a strong conclusion; and Mr. Foxcroft took the words out of his mouth.

"Have vitiated the public mind. Where indeed, sir? I agree with you. Our old standards are being run aground and neglected for a gush of spasmodic twaddle! What do you think of our Chaucer, our glorious Will, our unsurpassable Milton? Are not they—"

"I confess, sir, that I do not think much of *them*; *we* moderns can support their rivalry," returned Mr. Sidney Wilfred, fixing his glass eyes on the doctor firmly, and planting his hands on the edge of the supper-table over which he leaned.

"Tennyson won't veil his bonnet to any of them, I dare say; but excuse an old-fashioned reader for leaning to the ancients."

"I do not propose the laureate as the representative of our age's genius,—far from it, Mr. Foxcroft. There are other men whose power the century has not yet acknowledged; but—"

"Whose 'Sighs' shall echo to the far-remote of time," added uncle Ambrose, quoting Miss Mavers almost in spite of himself, and then blushing as deeply as the flattered poet himself.

Some of the company looked surprised; but all thought him in earnest, and of course nobody could venture on a contradiction in the author's presence: so the huge compliment passed unchallenged.

"How good of you—how *very* good," whispered Miss Mavis with enthusiasm. "What a treasure in an unenvious soul you have!" but in Charley Wilde's estimation he sank at least a fathom.

Some young people there are who never appear to find their tongues until supper is over. Of this peculiar class were the two Miss Worksofs, who, when they left the table, became quite giggling and expansive

The younger linked her arm into Anna Brooke's in the most confidential manner; and began to ask what was her opinion of things in general.

"Never mind me, you know; nobody ever does mind me. But what do you think of it all, now really?" said she, looking eagerly in Anna's puzzled face.

"It is all very pleasant," replied Anna at hazard.

"No! Really now, do you think so? Look at Mrs. Westford, isn't she altogether charming? Listen, and I'll tell you something. Our Willy is in love with her, *really*; but it is quite a secret yet, so don't tell." Anna promised not to misuse her confidence.

"I don't think he would care much if it *did* come to her ears; for he is so shy he will never get her told himself. I say he will have to propose to her by proxy; but he can't marry her by proxy—it is only royal people and kings and queens that do that, you know."

Mrs. Westford was a comely widow of six-and-forty, and Mr. Workop was a youth hovering on twenty, with immense ambition and a very small patrimony; the connection, therefore, looked very eligible to him, as she had a good dower and a nice house of her own. Often and often had the aspiring politician in his day-dreams exiled the poor old captain to remote marine lodgings, and installed himself as master at Ashburn Lodge, with the gentle widow as his wife. Futile dreams of youth and inexperience, never to be realized!

Charley Wilde was the first to take her departure, after exacting from Nora a promise to be at home to her on the morrow, when she proposed to call at the rectory. "For," said she, "now that I have made your acquaintance, I long to teach you to ride. There is to be a stag-hunt next week with Lord de Plessy's hounds, and I mean to go out; I wish you could too."

Mr. Sidney Wilfred, who overheard this, turned away with a profound sigh.

"What ails you Sidney, man?" asked his cousin. "Do you think I shall spoil my new friend? He compliments me with the name of 'Horse-godmother,' which is very rude," she added, turning to Nora. "And I see by his face: he is going to honor you with a 'Sigh' of admiration in several stanzas. But don't be beguiled into vanity, for he has rhymed even on poor Moppet there, and almost broken her heart with his inconstancy. He says he cannot endure masculine women; but you will see that after he has paid his court to every point of the compass, he will end by marrying me. Now I am going; good-by. Miss Mavis,—my carriage is waiting,—shall I have the pleasure of taking you to your door? She does not hear; well,

never mind. Good night, Miss Popsy; good night, Mr. Joshua. One of the rectory gentlemen will perhaps give Miss Mavis an arm home;" and Charley Wilde disappeared, talking fluently all the way down-stairs, and into her carriage, when she found nobody was there to listen.

When she was gone, the other people began to go too; and uncle Ambrose was compelled to offer Miss Mavis his escort to her cottage-door; for she said she was afraid there might be some men about, and she did not consider it safe for a female to go home unprotected.

"I must compliment you on your triumphant conquest, uncle Ambrose," cried the mischievous Nora, as he entered the rectory-parlor, after conducting Miss Mavis home. "I am sure she sets the charming person in Scotland at naught now, and thinks to supplant her."

"And your poetical figure of speech at supper,—you did indeed come out surprisingly," added Mr. Brooke. "The young genius will certainly affix your name to the dedication-page of his next poem as an enlightened appreciator of talent."

Uncle Ambrose lighted his candle and stalked off to bed, without condescending to answer their gibes.

XIII.

THE day after Miss Popsy Parker's entertainment, as Nora was stretching up her pretty arms to reach a certain spray of China roses for the replenishment of her favorite vase, and standing on tiptoe to attain her object, upon which she was very intent, the rectory garden was entered by Lady de Plessy, Lady Frances Egerton, and the Honorable Arthur. Nora did not perceive them, and went on striving for the roses, till having caught the branch, and brought it down nearly low enough for her fingers to break it off, it suddenly jerked back to the wall, leaving a thorn in her rosy palm. With an impatient little exclamation, she turned round and confronted the visitors, at sight of whom she blushed deeply.

"What a lovely creature!" said Lady Frances in a whisper to her brother. "Get those roses for her, Arthur." Arthur instantly obeyed, and presented them with a gallant bow.

"Will you come in," said Nora shyly; and she led the way to the drawing-room, where Anna and uncle Ambrose were sitting. Mr. Brooke was out somewhere in the village, and Cyril was fishing in the beck.

The introduction was very unceremonious, but for all that the more pleasant. Lady de Plessy talked about the parish topics to Anna; uncle Ambrose and Arthur got on

the theme of Indian affairs; and Lady Frances talked to Nora about flowers, pet birds, and other innocent little subjects that she thought the young girl would understand. Nora was not a little confused by the long and earnest gaze that Lady Frances fixed on her face; and yet she could not be annoyed at it, for so much frank good-nature mingled in her *brusquerie*. Something led them to speak of London and Mr. Brooke's curacy there, and the tears of joyful emotion came into Nora's eyes as she expressed how happy they had been made by Lord de Plessy's benevolence.

"You sweet little enthusiast!" exclaimed Lady Frances, "my father did not count on such romantic gratitude. If you thank him in that way yourself, you will charm him into being your humble adorer for life." Nora thought Lady Frances was laughing at her; this strain was quite new to her, and she grew rather shyer and more reserved.

"It is beautiful to witness a genuine feeling of happiness. My dear, you are refreshing to me, and I must know you better. I am an old woman, so you must not be offended at what I say. Arthur, come here one moment." The young man approached. "Look at this child, and tell me whom she is like. I seem to know her face." Arthur de Plessy changed countenance.

"She reminds you of Dr. Lee's daughter Frances." He could not bring his lips to say carelessly "Grace Lee."

"Good Heaven! so she does," replied Lady Frances in an undertone, and with a glance at her brother, who returned to his discussion with uncle Ambrose. An appearance of preoccupation seemed to take her all at once, and she continued silent for several minutes. "Strange coincidence!" she said half to herself, and then asked Nora if she happened to have any relatives of the name of Lee.

"No, I am not aware of any;" and the subject passed.

"My dear, do you like birds and flowers; we have plenty of both at Plessy-Regis. You must come to luncheon, and I will show you them; the aviary is my especial care."

Lady de Plessy overheard the invitation, and looked round. Something in Nora's attitude and expression of countenance struck her forcibly; and lifting her eyes to observe Arthur, she saw that he also was watching with absorbed interest the bright young beauty.

"Mr. Brooke will perhaps spare her to us for a few days, Frances," added she courteously. "My dear, would you like to come to Plessy-Regis? We are quite homely people, like yourselves, and will take care of you."

Nora looked delighted, but hesitated.

"You shall come when Charley Wilde is with us next week," said Lady Frances, attributing the girl's shyness to ignorance of themselves and their ways. Mr. Brooke came in before they left, and gave his consent. It seemed natural that everybody should at once attach themselves to Nora, she was so sweetly attractive and innocent.

She went to Plessy-Regis at the time fixed, and enjoyed her visit exceedingly. Lady de Plessy was as kind to her as a mother could have been, and Lady Frances made quite a pet of her; but she liked most of all the short half-hour before dressing for dinner which was spent in the schoolroom in the twilight. Arthur commonly came in then; and though he never talked to her much at any time, his manner towards her was full of such a courteous deference, that she almost regretted having to go back home at the end of four days, and thought more of his grave dark face than was at all good for her afterwards. After this visit, Arthur de Plessy often strolled down by the beck, with his rod and line, on pretence of fishing; but after a short talk with Cyril or uncle Ambrose, he generally ended by going into the rectory-garden, and talking through the open window to the two girls at their work. Sometimes he came alone, and sometimes Lady Frances was with him, or his mother; but any way he contrived to talk most to Nora. She was one time lively and quaint, and another shy and proud; but she was always beautiful and always attractive. The natural results followed: Arthur de Plessy fell in love most indiscreetly, and it is possible that, without a word being exchanged on either side, she knew it and returned it.

Not seldom did his thoughts at first revert to the grave in Riverscourt churchyard; but the heart of man is not constituted to grieve for ever, a discovery which Arthur presently made to his great comfort. I cannot say what led to the confidence, but one morning in the garden he told Nora about Grace Lee,—how they had loved each other as children almost, how they had been separated, and she had died in his absence. Nora's pitiful eyes looked lovelier through their tears than ever, and I believe it was on this occasion that each got a silent glimpse into the other's heart. Arthur was rather shocked at what, in him, so plainly bore the guise of inconstancy; but he did not stay away from the rectory in consequence. Lady de Plessy began to see in Nora the magnet that retained her son so quietly at Plessy-Regis; and made up her mind, if need were gracefully to sacrifice her prejudices and pride of class, and keep Arthur at home by

permitting him to contract an unambitious marriage. As for other people, they never could have conceived so wild a speculation as that the simple daughter of a country rector should fascinate the heir to an earldom, and nobody troubled themselves with an anxiety or a jealousy on the subject. Besides, there was a certain Lady Carry Stafford, with an immense fortune and an unimpeachable pedigree, to whom it was pretty generally known that Lord de Plessy desired to see his son united. But Lady Carry was little, crooked, and shallow, besides being foolish and ill-tempered; and as, in most cases, a man marries a wife for himself, and not for his family, Arthur doubtless preferred the blithe and blooming Nora to the other lady, whom Miss Popsy Parker designated, in her choice and familiar phraseology, "the crookedest stick in all the wood."

I incline to think myself that if Arthur de Plessy had not met opportunely with Nora Brooke racing down Larkhill, he would have gone back to India, leaving his heart buried in Riverscourt churchyard; have left his family in dudgeon; and have himself become in process of time a distinguished officer, or perhaps another unit in the long list of War's glorious army of martyrs.

XIV.

ANOTHER Sunday passed, a fine Sunday, and John Hartwell did not come, neither did Anna receive any news from him; and a letter that she had written to Louy remained unanswered. The poor girl grew every day more white and anxious as each post renewed her disappointment; and one morning, she and her father being down in the breakfast-parlor earlier than the rest, she asked him when he intended driving into town. Not before the end of next week, he told her; but catching the expression of patient pain on her countenance, he inquired if she had any particular reason for desiring to go earlier, because, if so, he had nothing to prevent him going that day.

"Well, if you will, papa," replied she, without assigning any cause for her vehement desire to go; but Mr. Brooke was at no less to interpret it. Nora laughed at her sister's anxiety to get back into smoky London; and averred that if Anna could have had her own way, she would never have left it, even for this charming Ashburn.

After breakfast Josy and the chaise-cart came to the door, and Mr. Brooke and Anna started immediately. It was a very silent drive; for the poor girl was oppressed with a crowd of dark presentiments of which she could not divest herself. Arrived in town, Anna got into a Hampstead omnibus; while her father, after appointing to meet her at a

certain hour at their old friend Mr. Parkes', went about on his own business. Anna reached the Hartwell's house at noon; and on ringing at the door was admitted by the butler, who wore a face of lugubrious woe. Instead of showing her to the drawing-room at once, he asked her to wait in the study, which was empty, until he inquired if his mistress could see her. Anna passed a wretched five minutes until he returned, and said she was to follow him. Louy rushed forward to meet her at the door, crying passionately, and drew her into the room, where Mr. and Mrs. Hartwell, her sister, and Mrs. Arthur, were all assembled. Mr. Hartwell looked aged by ten years since she saw him last; and his wife sat literally stupid and overwhelmed with grief, the great tears rolling down her face, and her blue lips quivering incessantly. Mrs. Arthur even showed unaffected signs of trouble; and Sophia was moving about in an aimless way, with swollen eyes and colorless cheeks, which testified to the bitterness of her sorrow.

"What does it all mean?" asked Anna, glancing from one to the other, while every trace of life left her face.

"My dear," said the old father, keeping her hand in his, and stroking it unconsciously while he spoke, "John has left us this morning."

"He has disgraced us all!" broke in Louy impetuously. "He was what we cared for most in the world, and he has covered us with shame. I wish he had never been born!" And she flung herself down on the couch, and hid her face in the pillows, while her whole frame shook with her violent sobbing. Anna stood speechless.

"John is gone abroad," said Mrs. Arthur; "and we are all in very great trouble; he has behaved so ill."

"Now don't you blame him, aunt," exclaimed Louy, sitting up, and throwing back her hair from her burning face; "there will be plenty of people to do that without us. I mean to go to him; yes, mother, I do."

"Not with my leave, Louy," said her father; "and don't speak in that way to your mother,—don't you see how ill she is?"

Louy rocked herself to and fro, moaning painfully. Mrs. Arthur tried to speak of John again, but she would not let her.

"I'll tell you all there is to know, Anna, by and by; it is amongst ourselves, remember."

"Yes, my dear, quite amongst ourselves; there will be no horrid trial to get into the papers, because the matter has been arranged," persisted her aunt. The old father rose up with a groan; and resting his arm against the mantel-shelf hid his face upon it, crying like a child. Anna could do nothing in all this misery; she sat down by the win-

dow, and nobody took any notice of her for some time. Mrs. Arthur was busy with her sister-in-law, who had lost all self-restraint at the sound of her husband's groans, and was become hysterical. At length Louy came up to her, and whispered, "Come into the study with me, Anna; I can't bear this;" and they left the drawing-room together.

When they were alone, Louy said with some bitterness, "You have had a lucky escape, Anna; there's no frightful disgrace such as the world never forgets attached to *your* name. I need not put what John has done into so many words; I dare say you can guess?"

"Yes—"

"And what aunt Arthur said is true—there will be no exposure; but *we* know about it. O, Anna, sometimes I fancy it must be all a dream."

"He went away this morning?"

"You must have crossed on the road; I am glad you were too late to see him—are you?"

Anna said, "Yes."

"He was miserably dejected. O the fool he has been! I don't think my father will ever get over it."

Anna looked as if she would like to hear more details; and Louy, with hesitation, gave a little further explanation.

"You know, he was in a position of trust," said she. "Well, he appropriated some money that passed through his hands, intending to replace it. He never could do so; and at last he confessed to the head of the firm, who was always a friend of ours; he had been a schoolfellow of papa's. So he sent for papa, and they arranged that the money should be paid back as a loan, and that John should leave. That is a week since,—such a week!—and now he is gone."

"Where to?" asked Anna in a choking voice.

"To France. My mother would not have him get further out of the way. O, Anna, isn't it wretched?" And she began to weep again as uncontrolledly as ever. Anna was so stunned that she seemed quite apathetic. Only in the pallid hue of her lips and the restless glitter of her eyes could it be seen how keenly the blow to her love struck home.

She was glad when the hour came for her to rejoin her father; but no explanation was needed by him; he had already heard of John's misconduct from Mr. Parkes. Ill news travels fast and travels far, and that of young Hartwell's journey abroad and the causes that led to it were strongly surmised, if not certainly known, in the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance.

On the morrow Anna and her father returned to Ashburn.

As the days wore slowly away, she also wore through the phases of her great trouble, and came forth from it but little changed externally, though her spirit was oldened by many a year. Neither Cyril nor Nora ever knew the cause of separation between their sister and John Hartwell; though Nora perhaps guessed that it was something sad and disgraceful, because some months later, when speaking casually of the Hartwells, her father told her briefly that the whole family had emigrated to Australia.

XV.

LORD DE PLESSY was a man not unpopular in his county, except with poachers, whom he prosecuted venomously; he was an easy landlord, a liberal master, and a munificent friend, from motives which cannot be impugned. His position, he was in the habit of saying, demanded it of him; and he worshipped his position as the outward sign of his inward dignity. But what gave him a more extensive popularity than anything else was a ball at Christmas, to which were invited all the small gentry and professional people for miles round in shoals. It must be admitted that his personal hauteur and assumption were never more conspicuous than on these occasions; but people gladly took him at his own valuation, and rather liked being loftily patronized than otherwise.

The Brookes received an invitation from Lady de Plessy in person; and to Nora's great delight, it was accepted by all but Anna, who gave some valid reason for preferring to remain at home. This ball was a very critical event, more critical than even Nora imagined perhaps, though her restless fancy never ceased to dwell upon its possibilities. Plessy-Regis was always filled with staying company, principally gentlemen, on this occasion; and one morning the conversation turning on the beauty of the maids of Kent, which somebody asserted was proverbial, Lady Frances Egerton spoke and said, "We can show no beauty comparable to the rector of Ashburn's daughter—Nora Brooke; she would grace a coronet, would she not, Arthur?" Arthur was reading, and did not reply; but his brow contracted impatiently at what seemed to him a profane discussion of a name that he held sacred. Sidney Wilfred began to lisp her praises in very high-flown language, which irritated him to such an extent that he would have liked to lift the poet by the nape of the neck and put him out of the window. Instead, however, of indulging this laudable sensation, he shut his book, and went into the park to take counsel with himself concerning Nora. Lady Carry Stafford, who was sentimental when she thought it becoming, contrived to meet

him near Larkhill plantations; but he was not in a gracious humor, and would not turn to walk back with her, as she half-invited him to do; so she went home and cried for spite.

Arthur de Plessy had undergone and recovered from the wounds received in one sharp tussle with fortune, and his present attachment seemed very likely to invite another. That his father would approve such a marriage as he contemplated was improbable; but having debated all the pros and cons, Arthur came round to the idea from which he started, namely, that his right was to consult his happiness and Nora's before any other person's in this matter; so he came to the resolution to put his fate to the test at the first opportunity; and if she—which he did not doubt—would accept him, to follow his own man's will and make her his wife, in spite of every consideration of personal aggrandisement.

Not only at the rectory was the Christmas ball looked forward to with palpitations of hope and anxiety; *des séances* were held every day in Miss Mavis's parlor between that lady and Miss Scruple as to what they should wear on the great occasion; and the former having extracted from her young friend Nora Brooke that uncle Ambrose's favorite colors were yellow and red, revived an amber poplin dress with scarlet poppies, and came out perfectly dazzling. She was the most strikingly-conspicuous figure at the ball, not even excepting Nora, who looked a very queen of youth and beauty in her white muslin dress and simple braided hair, on which she had good taste enough to put no ornament whatever. But she carried a bouquet of magnificent camellias; and as they had no camellias at the rectory, the supposition is, that they were sent from the Plessy-Regis conservatories. The child was so eager to go that she hurried everybody to get dressed quickly and early, yet kept them waiting full half an hour, though she was quite ready, while she told Anna something that made her spend a very thoughtful hour over the fire by herself after her father, uncle Ambrose, Cyril, and her sister were gone. Still, however, they arrived in good time; only Miss Popsy Parker and her brother were before them; and Miss Popsy was availing herself of the eligible opportunity to unbosom herself touching the game-laws to Lord de Plessy, who listened with superlative amiability and consideration to what he regarded as a slight but very deplorable mental aberration. Miss Popsy had on a red velvet gown, all her gold chains, and a new bird-of-paradise turban; Charley Wilde was in black lace; and Lady Carry Stafford in primrose, which made her sallower than ever. When

the hall was filled, it looked like a gay conservatory, with flowers of every season in full bloom together.

The musicians were stationed in a temporary orchestra at one end of the hall, where the dancing was to be; and at a given signal they commenced. Nora was standing quietly near Lady de Plessy, when Arthur came up and claimed her for the first set. She blushed beautifully: such a distinction was the envy of half the room; and nobody could gainsay her claim as the belle, which was supposed to have drawn it upon her. Lady Carry Stafford fanned herself vehemently, and Lord de Plessy looked extremely fidgeted. He had always been a connoisseur in feminine loveliness, and he now mentally acknowledged that Nora Brooke would bear a comparison with the most famous toasts of his youth. Then he glanced at Lady Carry, and made a wry mouth, as if he were tasting something bitter.

"Come, and let me present you to my father, Nora," said Arthur de Plessy when the dance was finished. There had been a few whispered words of explanation between them in the course of it by one of the pillars of the gallery. Nora's heart palpitated fast; and she gave a little fearful glance at the old lord, who was watching them keenly. Arthur understood her, and added, "Well, then, to my mother first;" though he himself felt bold to dare any amount of paternal wrath. Perhaps he had a politic view in desiring to get the announcement over while his father was in a genial mood, and also so surrounded by observers that he would be compelled to receive it with seemingly quietness at least.

Lady de Plessy was seated by one of the fireplaces in a tall carved chair, watching the dancers and conversing at intervals with Charley Wilde, who was lounged on an ottoman near her. As Arthur approached with Nora on his arm, Charley opened her eyes wide, gasped in the middle of a witty observation, and seemed suddenly bewildered with a flood of enlightenment. She fell a little further back, and concentrated her attention on Miss Mavis's florid gown; while Lady de Plessy, conscious that the crisis was come, turned pale and flushed by turns.

"Mother, will you welcome a new daughter?" said Arthur, taking her hand and laying it upon Nora's. Lady de Plessy smiled tremulously; and as the young girl leant down towards her, she kissed her on the forehead and clasped her slight fingers very close, but could scarcely speak. At length she said with constraint, "You will stay at home now, my son? You must keep him in England, my love."

Arthur, with a proud pleased air, lifted up

his head and glanced across to his father, who was talking nervously to Lady Carry Stafford, and taking serious note of the little pantomime that was enacting by the fireplace. He was not the only person who understood it. Sidney Wilfred chose to fancy himself the sport of evil fate, and went distracted in a recess behind the evergreens; he hit his forehead twice against the palm of his hand, and then was immediately fired with poetical inspiration, which vented itself in a most agonising "Sigh," that appeared in a second edition of his poems as an "Address to my Soul's sweet Pains." From his retreat amongst the holly, he saw Arthur de Plessy draw Nora's hand through his arm, cover it for a moment with his own, and then lead her blushing towards his father, who, seeing his purpose, abandoned Lady Carry, and came to meet him.

"What, in the name of all that is wonderful, am I to understand by this, sir?" said the old man in a hissing whisper, and with a glance that intimated his desire to defer explanation for the present.

Nora heard the ominous tone, but she did not see the basilisk eyes upon her face, for she was steadily contemplating the point of her shoe. Arthur, was, however, strung up with resolution and excitement, and did not choose to intimate that he understood his father's wishes. He said quietly, "Sir, my mother has accepted Nora as another child; you must accord me the like grace."

Lord de Plessy was for a moment so aghast at Arthur's audacity that he did not answer a word; but when Nora lifted her beautiful eyes to his with a sweet pleading expression that was irresistible he said, "Well, if Arthur will make a fool of himself he has a very fair excuse;" then instantly becoming sensible of the ludicrous discourtesy of this speech, he took her hand, and tried to mend it confusedly by saying, "We will make the best of it; but I thought Arthur had more—" whether *sense* or *pride* he did not communicate, for he was seized with a most opportune fit of coughing, which prevented him from uttering for several minutes; and when he wiped his eyes after it and looked round, neither his son nor Nora was visible. The great picture-gallery opened from the hall; and this being lighted and thrown open as a promenade between the dances, they had strolled in there to talk a little by themselves. Uncle Ambrose and Mr. Brooke meeting them, spoilt this intention, but enabled Arthur to propose a question to the father, which received a conditional affirmative. Soon after, as Lord de Plessy was seen arm-in-arm with the rector in amicable conversation, the lovers rightly imagined that they had no great obstacles to expect.

Presently Charley Wilde came in and swept them a mock curtesy. "I have been seeking you for ten minutes, Arthur," said she; I hope I am the first to proffer my congratulations? Don't look contradictory, but give Nora to me, and go and dance with somebody else, or you will lose your election when it comes on. You are not to rebel; Lady de Plessy sent me."

Arthur chose to take Nora to a seat by his mother himself; and then he went and did his duty like a man, dancing alternately with Moppet, Miss Mavis, Miss Popsy Parker (she was a very important person on account of her powers of speech), and any other lady who seemed less in request as a partner than the generality.

Nora was very happy. Lady de Plessy and Lady Frances Egerton talked to her so kindly and encouragingly, and seemed really thankful to her for having arrested so signally the erratic fancies of Arthur; and even the old lord, when he reflected on the age and temper of his son, was disposed to contemplate her with favor.

At this Christmas ball awkward and troublesome ceremonies of precedence were waived, and each person took in whom he preferred to the supper in the great dining-room, which was hung round with generations of De Plessys in their habits as they had lived. Lord de Plessy oddly enough, and to his son's discomfiture, took Nora, and left him with Miss Mavis on his hands. This lady had had many opportunities of ingratiating herself with Uncle Ambrose; though she displayed so little tact in the use of them, that he took Miss Popsy Parker to supper instead, and thought seriously of proposing to that lady, as a shield of defence against the other; but her remarkable appetite for cold turkey, tarts, custards, trifle, sherry, and champagne, determined him to give the matter a little more serious reflection, which finally resulted in his *not* proposing, but only becoming more Scotch than ever in his tastes and conversation.

Encouraged by a little gentle raillery from Charley Wilde, Mr Joshua Parker proposed to that lady before supper, and was rejected; after supper, flushed with wine and game-pie, he proposed to Moppet, and was accepted. It is said that Miss Popsy beat him with her fan for his folly all the way as they drove home; but he married Moppet in spring, and his sister now has the private asylum to herself.

That Christmas ball materially changed the aspect of Ashburn society. Nobody patronised the Brookes any more; but everybody courted them. Poor Miss Mavis made one very unlucky speech; she said to Nora,—having observed how much she was made of

by the Plessy-Regis family,—“You pretty thing, play your cards well, and I should not be surprised at *whatever* happened;” and she cried with mortification when she found out that she was addressing the affianced wife of Arthur de Plessy.

The marriage took place in March; and the next Christmas ball was even more glorious than the last, for it celebrated the birth of a son and heir to Arthur and his wife. The old lord considers his daughter-in-law the cleverest and best of women; and all the family acknowledge that it is better, after all, than if Arthur had married Lady Carry and been miserable, as he certainly would have been.

There has recently been a talk in Ashburn about Anna Brooke and the new rector of Riverscourt, but it is not verified sufficiently

to be regarded as a fact. I incline to think myself that she will stay at Ashburn with her father and uncle Ambrose, especially since Cyril is away to the military college; but neither would I assume *that* as a certainty, for the rector of Riverscourt is a very agreeable and persevering man, and Anna is quite cheerful and happy again. Louy Hartwell wrote to her once that she and John were settled on a sheep-farm in New Zealand; and that they were likely to do well now they were out of the reach of temptation. And since that letter she has seen in a paper sent her by some other member of the family,—possibly Mrs. Arthur,—that John is married. Altogether it is probable, though not *certain*, that Ashburn church-bells may ring in another marriage-morning ere long.

WALLED LAKE IN IOWA.—A correspondent of *The Cincinnati Gazette* gives an account of a walled lake in Wright County, Iowa. He says:

“To me it was one of the greatest curiosities I had ever seen—enveloped as its history is with a mantle that will probably never be withdrawn. This lake lies in the midst of a vast plain—the rich, gently undulating prairie extending for many miles in every direction. The lake covers an area of about 1,900 acres. The water is clear and cold, with a hard, sandy bottom, from two to twenty-five feet deep. There is a strip of timber about half way round it, probably ten rods wide, being the only timber in many miles. *There is a wall of heavy stone all round it.*

“It is no accidental matter. It has been built with human hands. In some places the land is higher than the lake, in which case the wall only amounts to something like a *rip-rap* protection. This, I believe, is what engineers call it. But in other places the water is higher in the lake than the prairie outside of the wall. The wall in some places is ten feet high; it is thirteen feet wide at the base, sloping up both sides to five feet wide on the top. The wall is built entirely of Boulders, from three tons in size down to fifty pounds. They are all what are called *lost rock*. I am no geologist, and consequently can give no learned description of them. They are not, however, natives, ‘to the manor born.’ Nor has the wall been made by the washing away of the earth, and leaving the rocks. There is no native rock in this region. Besides, this is a continuous wall, two miles of which, at least, is higher than the land. The top of the wall is level, while the land is undulating—so the wall is in some places two feet, and in others ten feet high. These rocks, many

of them at least, must have been brought a long distance—probably five or ten miles. In Wright County the best rocks are scattered pretty freely, but as you approach this lake they disappear, showing that they have been gathered by some agency—when or by whom history will never unfold. Some of the largest oaks in the grove are growing up through the wall, pushing the rocks in, in some cases, outside in others, accommodating their shape to the rocks. The lake abounds with excellent fish. The land in that township yet belongs to the Government.

“When I was there in the Spring of 1856, the wind had blown a large piece of ice against the south-west part of the wall, and had knocked it down, so that the water was running out, and flooding the farms of some of the settlers, and they were about to repair the wall to protect their crops. It is beautiful farm land nearly all round this lovely lake.

“The readers of *The Gazette* should not imagine that the wall around this lake is as regular and as nice as the wall around the fountain in front of the City Hall in New York, nor need any entertain the theory that it is a natural wall; but it has been built hundreds, and probably thousands of years. The antiquary may speculate by whom this mighty, as well as ornamental, work was done, but it will only be speculation.

“Notwithstanding the water in the lake is pure and cool, there is no visible feeder or outlet. This lake is about twelve miles north of the located line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad, and about one hundred and fifty miles west of the former place. The time is coming when the lake will be a great place of public resort.”

From The Dublin University Magazine.
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR OUR BIBLES.

WE have often thought that a work of no ordinary interest might be written upon the historical and biographical associations which are connected with the world's few great books. Take Aristotle and Plato, for instance. What a multitude of recollections are entwined with their writings, if we confine ourselves only to the revival of European literature consequent upon the taking of Constantinople, and the few antecedent and subsequent centuries. The deep and dense ignorance of the Latin Church—the literary splendor of Mahommedanism—the philosophy of Aristotle, filtered to Christendom through two layers of Arabic and Latin—the Platonic ardor of Marsilio Ficino, founding, under Cosmo de Medici, a university of Platonic idealism in Florence—the lordly philosophic romance of John Pico, of Mirandola, projecting a tournament and festival of philosophers at Rome, in which he was to defend nine hundred Platonic theses against all comers, whose expenses he would pay from any distance—the great antagonist of Peripateticism, Peter Ramus, assassinated, disemboweled, and dragged through the streets of Paris on the night of St. Bartholomew, not so much because he was suspected of being a Huguenot, as because he was known to be a Platonist—the pale and visionary brow of Giordano Bruno (the poet of that Pantheistic system of absolute unity of which Spinoza is the geometriician)* looking upon us from the fire in the Champs de Flore, before the theatre of Pompey—the tall and erect figure of the elder Scaliger, his royal and august face, bronzed with the suns and storms of many campaigns, now bent over the words, “sweeter than nectar, clearer than the sun,” of Aristotle; these, and a thousand other thoughts and shadows, arise before him who contemplates the “torso-like” volumes of Aristotle, or the immortal pages of Plato. We commend our idea to some one who is both a philosopher and historian, and yet not utterly deficient in imagination.

Still, placing at the highest the influences and associations connected with the writings of these intellectual monarchs, under whose banners it has been said that every mind may be ranged, how few and feeble are they compared with the influences which cluster

round every portion of the Inspired Volume! Let us imagine, that in the process of science a book should be executed of such marvellous materials, that on blank leaves inserted for the purpose, the sunbeam should etch every face that hung over the page until it became a self-illustrated work, a magic gallery of pictured shadows. Something like this is the Bible read in the light of history and biography. In their radiance, it becomes a book from whose every page, and almost every text, the eyes of the great and sainted dead are looking into ours. Here, then, we find Photographs for our Bibles; and we purpose to give illustrations of Scripture by history and biography—to adduce texts, or passages of the Bible, intertwined by the law of association, with historical names, and events in the annals of the Christian Church.

The due development of this subject would require volumes. It would demand a knowledge of ecclesiastical history, for which the acquirements of Mr. Stanley, or our own elegant and learned Dr. Lee, would not be more than sufficient. Our readers will be content, however, if we group, almost at random, a few of those pictured shapes to which we have alluded—if we point out, and sketch, even with rough and hasty hand, a few of the faces which history has etched on the margin of Sacred Writ.

To begin, then, at once, open the Bible, at the Fifty-first Psalm.

We may transport ourselves to the fourth of February, 1555. Newgate Prison stands out dark and sullen in the wintry morning. The streets that now barricade it—the thoroughfare through which the cabs and omnibuses, and all the roaring waves of city life pass on to Temple-bar—were then like the straggling lines of houses in an overgrown village. The barred and staunched windows were there even then, and a few stragglers were gazing up at them curiously. Grim old windows, they have shut in many a wild and guilty heart. Many an eye has looked at them almost all the long night, until the cold, grey morning paled between the bars. A few hours more, and the sea of heads surging underneath, and the fierce uplifted faces of men and women, come to see the execution, and the feet upon the iron platform, and the drop, and the quivering rope, and the excited whisper among the throng—and the soul gone out to meet its

* We borrow M. Cousin's happy expression.

God. But on the morning of which we speak we do not pass into the desperado's room, where the rogue, the highwayman, and murderer are congregated. There were then no gaol committees, no kind chaplains and lactometers, no prison discipline, no Mr. Halls and Captain Maconochies, no graduated dietary, no ventilation. Through the long passages, strewed with filthy rushes; through stench, that of bad fish predominating—stenches that feed fat the pestilence that walketh in darkness, we pass into a little cell. Pause at the iron cage with reverence. There is calmly sleeping the first champion of the Reformed Church, the first martyr of English Protestantism, John Rogers. A step glides into the room. It is the keeper's wife. The prisoner sleeps soundly, for he is at peace with God, and the angels are watching over his head. "Awake, haste, prepare yourself for the fire." "Then," says the martyr with a quiet smile, "if it be so, I need not tie my points." He is taken from Newgate, first to Bonner for degradation. He meekly beseeches a few words with his wife before the burning, but is answered with a scowl. Meanwhile, the procession is formed for Smithfield. The sheriffs walk along with their wands of office; the gruff halberdiers are there, trampling round the pinioned prisoner; priests from the Abbey, apprentices from the Fleet, yeomen from the Tower, merchants from the Change, watermen from the Strand, mingle with the crowd. But there is a sound of sobbing among them. A mother appears with a babe at her breast, and ten little ones going, and weeping by her side. It is the prisoner's wife. "Come, good John, a free pardon, and go home with thy honest wife and little ones; only renounce thy heresy." Patience, stout and godly heart. A few minutes more, and the pangs of death will be over; and the eyes will have opened on the land where there are no more tears, and the ransomed spirit have received the crown of life. Meanwhile, he can leave her nothing but that heart-touching paper found in a dark corner of his cell. "O God! be good to this poor and most honest wife, being a poor stranger; and all my little souls, her's and my children; whom, with all the whole faithful and true Catholic congregation of Christ, the Lord of life and death, save, keep, and defend in all the troubles and assaults of this vain world, and

bring, at the last to everlasting salvation, the true and sure inheritance of all crossed Christians. Amen. Amen." But listen. A voice is hushing the noisy throng. It is a psalm which John Rogers sings as he goes. "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Or, opening the Psalms again, almost at hazard, the Thirty-first attracts observation. To those who are intimately acquainted with the reign of Henry the Eighth, that Psalm may recall the fourth of May, 1535. On that day John Haughton, Prior of the Charter-house, was brought out to Tyburn to suffer for refusing to acknowledge the royal supremacy, as then defined. That noble face, of almost feminine beauty, was pale, but not with terror. The ropes that fastened him to the dreadful hurdle could not disguise the symmetry of his slight and graceful figure. That fair frame was animated by a gentle spirit. Haughton was not a Protestant; but to him, as to More and Fisher, every Protestant may afford a sigh. In an age when the vices of the Romish priesthood cried to heaven for vengeance; when their most flagitious offences were expiated by a fine of a few shillings, or by carrying a taper in a procession; when the monasteries were full of men who had exchanged the hair shirt for fine linen, and a diet of bread or vegetables, with small beer or water, for fat capons, and big-bellied tuns of sherry and sack—Haughton set an example of severe virtue in his own person, and insisted upon regularity in the house over which he presided. The most Protestant of our historians is the one who has done the fullest justice to this Carthusian. His execution is historically remarkable, because it was the first occasion on which the dress of a Romish ecclesiastic was ever brought to the stake. This, one cannot regret; for it was a sign to the world that the domination of a foreign priesthood was over in England forever, and that the minister of religion must exhibit the regularity, or pay the penalty of a citizen. But we may regret that, when the storm came, it swept away one of the few flowers of holiness that yet lingered on the mouldering walls of the English monasteries. As he knelt down on the

scaffold his closing words were taken from the Thirty-first Psalm, verses one to five; with these words he made the last sign to the executioners.

Another recollection occurs to us in connexion with this Psalm. It is nearly forty years before the last—the 22nd of May, 1498. This time the scene is not where the bloody arm of Haughton hung over the old archway of the Charterhouse; not in London, but in Florence. This May is not over the yellow Thames, but by the sunny Arno, under the blue sky of Italy. And the victim is Savonarola. Nine years before he had been preaching near this spot, in the garden of the cloister at San Marco, under a shrubbery of Damascus roses; and his subject had been the Revelation of St. John. Upon the assembled multitude, used to hear scraps of Aristotle and Plato, and the school logic, that pure spiritual exposition had fallen like spray-drops from the river of God; and as the preacher spoke of the love of Christ, the tears rolled along his cheeks, and the hardest hearts melted like snow. Not many years after, Luther himself published 'Savonarola's "Exposition of several Psalms," with a preface, in which he recognized the Monk of Florence as one like-minded with himself. Now the great orator has come forth, not to preach, but to die. He had endured long imprisonment; his delicate nerves had felt the tortures of the Inquisition; he had been bound to a pillar by a cord, and suddenly let fall; hot coals had been burned under his feet; and now, with the iron round his neck, and fastened to a faggot, that he might experience at once a double pang, he is quite calm. On what hidden bread has he been feeding his spirit? His last written words were a meditation on the Thirty-first Psalm. Doubt and joy alternate until the third verse—"Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore, for thy name's sake, lead me and guide me." On this verse he expresses his perfect peace. But he stops; for at that point his writing materials were rudely taken from him.

We have, perhaps, tarried too long beside the stake and gibbet. Take another scene—other Psalms. The place is Versailles; the time, the reign of Louis Quatorze, about the year 1705. All is splendor, for a magnificent ball is to be given. In the morning the hunters have gone out, train after train

of splendidly mounted cavaliers, and the horn has wakened the echoes of the chase. In the sunny afternoon, the lords and ladies have lounged along the walks, and by the terraces, through long arcades of poplars and cypress, by jars of exquisite flowers. On they pass, laughing, by the marble fountain, in those rich and stately dresses, which the chinas and fans of the time have made familiar to us. The young Duchess of Burgundy is gayest and brightest there. But where is her lord, the heir-apparent to the throne, and grandson to the king? He sits away in his private apartment, far from scenes in which he finds nothing congenial. Our readers will easily find the sketch of his character, as given by St. Simon, or may read it in that exquisite book, Vinet's "History of French Literature." Originally subject to transports of passion, which made him an object of terror—ungovernable in the pursuit of pleasure, sarcastic and over-bearing—between the age of eighteen and twenty he had heard that mysterious voice, which speaks in courts as well as elsewhere—which may be muffled, but is not lost in the folds of a corrupt church and a ceremonial religion. The young prince was withdrawing himself from the din of pleasures, whose unsatisfying nature he had discovered. He could say, with one of old—

"The heart is restless ever,
Until it finds rest in Thee."

Could we see the little book in his hand, which Fenelon has given him, we should find that he has been reading and weeping over the Seven Psalms which have been called Penitential.

Over the entire three first chapters of the Song of Solomon, to every true student of church-history, there hangs one golden gleam of Gospel radiance amidst the shadows of the dark age. There is a monastery in Champagne called Clairvaux. It is situated among folds of wood, near Bar-sur-Aube. We do not know how it escaped through the French Revolution; but Gibbon speaks of its pomp in his time, and of a certain tun of wine in its cellar, containing 914 hogsheads. Sail back up the stream of time about 700 years; the splendid monastery folds back into a rough house—

"As if a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

The poor monks are out in the field. It

is a hot day. The landscape flickers in the heat. The purple grapes are adust. The monks are hot and tired. A bell sounds. They go into their simple chapel. Their abbot stands up to speak. He has a book in his hand. His name is Bernard of Clairvaux. He had taken a part in preaching the second crusade, which modern enlightenment must deplore: which, perhaps, he regretted himself. But against this, may be set his noble sympathy with the persecuted Jews. Thus he had written to the clergy of Eastern France—"The Jews are not to be persecuted, slaughtered, or even banished. Search the Scriptures. They are living pillars, pictured with the passion of the Lord. They are witnesses of our redemption, while they pay the penalty of their guilt. Yet in the evening they shall be brought home; and when the multitude of the nations has entered in, then shall all Israel be saved." To Rudolf, the priest who excited the persecution, he sternly said—"Art thou greater than he to whom the word was spoken, 'Put up thy sword into the sheath?' Wouldst thou empty the treasures of the mercy of Christ?" The Jewish annals record his praise—"God sent after this Belial Bernard from Clairvaux, a city which is in Tzarphath (France)—he took no ransom of Israel, for he spake good of Israel in his heart. If it had not been that the Lord had sent this priest, there would none have remained." There, then, he stands preaching in the year 1153. Day after day, when the labor was over, he poured forth these simple sermons for the refreshment of the brethren. That year, ere death had called him away, he had delivered eighty-six, taking verse after verse, in the Canticles.* We have read nearly all; and while we would not be guilty of the absurdity of claiming Bernard for a full-blown Protestant, it is certainly surprising to see how little distinctively Romish occurs in them, while very much is to be found that might have come from Leighton or Baxter. One falls back upon Butler's distinction between the *religion* and the *superstition*, in the Romish system. Certainly these sermons might be read with advantage by the judicious student who sought to inhale an aroma, not to copy with lifeless

* Upon consulting Mabillon's edition of Bernard, we think that this statement is probably inaccurate. Some of these sermons must have been delivered long before the last year of his life.

exactitude. In these days of preaching, we may do some of our readers a service by quoting a few sentences. Here is a beautiful prayer for a preacher:—"Break thy bread to these hungry souls, by my hands, if Thou deignest, but by Thine own strength." How sound and sensible is this account of the working of grace with the human faculties:—"A wondrous and inseparable commixture of supernatural light, and the illuminated mind." The following is strikingly profound:—

"In the soul I have an intuition of three things—reason, will, memory. When the reason receives the light that cannot be extinguished, when the will obtains the peace that cannot be taken away, when the memory inheres for ever in the fountain that cannot fail, the first is to be referred to the Son, the second to the Holy Spirit, the last to the Father. O blessed Trinity, my trinity of misery sigheth unto Thee!"

Here are some striking illustrations of man's incapacity to speak well or rightly of himself:—

"Who would believe the blank wall were it to assert that it produced that golden ray which stole in upon it through the shutter? The glorious picture, or immortal writing, is no praise to the pen or the pencil; and good words are not the glory of our tongue and lips."

The philosophy of the history of true religion in the middle ages is compressed into these remarkable and little known sentences:—

"There is a kind of carnal love in the heart rather directed to Christ after the flesh. In such a case there stands before the man, as he prays, the sacred image of the God-man, either born, or at his mother's breast, or teaching, or the like. I suppose that this was one chief cause why the invisible God willed to be manifest in the flesh, to draw the carnal affections of carnal man in the first instance, to the salutary love of his flesh, and so gradually to lead them on to a spiritual love."

Yet a few more thoughts, gathered from this old and rare garland, to entwine with the Song of Solomon, and we have done. "A tranquil God tranquillizes all things, and to see His quietness is to be quiet." "God is without passion, not without compassion." Of his beloved brother, Gerard, dying happily: "It grew day to thee, my brother, in thy midnight; thy night became as clear as

the day." "As stars shine at night, but are unseen by day; so true grace, sometimes not apparent in prosperity, shines out in adversity." From the thirty-sixth sermon, at the close of which "*sonnolentos auditores perstringit*," it seems that the brethren sometimes slept under Bernard after a vigil; it would be curious enough to compare his sad and gentle words with Swift's fierce and defiant satire in his sermon upon sleeping in church. Here is a pointed passage:—

"There are those who wish to know only that they may know, and it is curiosity; that they may be known, and it is vanity; that they may sell their knowledge for money or honors, and it is greed; that they may edify, and it is charity; that they may be edified, and it is prudence."

Here again, are two profound thoughts:

"It is ignorance of God which produces despair. I assert that all who are unwilling to turn to God are ignorant of Him. They refuse because they imagine Him austere, who is gentle; terrible, who is altogether lovely. Thus iniquity lies to itself, framing to itself an idol. What fear ye? that he will not forgive your sins? But he hath nailed them to the cross with his own hands. That ye are tied with the chain of evil habit? But he looseth them that are bound. What more would ye have? What hinders ye from salvation? *This*, that ye are ignorant of God."

And to conclude:

"Unholy is the youth in which the younger son demands for *himself* the portion of goods that falls to him, and begins to wish to divide the portion that were better possessed in common. Whilst we wish to satisfy our lusts in selfish isolation, we deprive ourselves of the singular sweetness of social and common good."

In reading this last most suggestive passage, we are reminded of three great modern writers. Julius Müller, in his view of sin as selfishness, adopts the same profound interpretation of the parable of the prodigal, his fall, beginning with the significant trait that he first wishes to have his own portion severed from his father's property. Burns says of sensual sin:

"It hardens all within,
And petrifies the feeling."

And it will be sufficient just to allude to Butler's sentences about "the *abandoned*, in what is called the way of pleasure."

On referring to Isaiah, the fifty-third chap-

ter is especially dear to every Christian heart. "From that chapter," says Bengal, "not only many Jews, but Atheists, have been converted. History records some; God knows all." Two memorable instances there are. One we all remember—the conversion of Candace's treasurer, by Philip. He was a proselyte returning from Jerusalem to Meroe, in Upper Egypt, the capital of the Ethiopian Candaces. Meroe is mentioned by Herodotus, the father of history. After a land journey of many days up the Nile, all jagged and bristling with isles, like the jaws of one of its own crocodiles, and ugly rocks just rising over the seething waters like hogs' backs, the traveller once more gets into his boat upon the smoother flood, until he arrives at the great city of Meroe. There the oracle of Jove sleeps amid its palms upon the quiet Nile; and all this way had the treasurer travelled to the oracle of the Living God. Now he was returning in his chariot going down towards Gaza, the old historic city given by Joshua to Judah, whose gates Samson had carried away—the key of Syria towards Egypt. Its situation had exposed it to many invaders, and it was at this time desert. But nature had richly adorned its vicinity. The hoary olives, and the great red pomegranate blossoms profusely covered the long rich plain. The purple dates slept like evening clouds upon the far off eminence which was the highest point of the fallen town. And still, beyond the blue Mediterranean broke in rainbow whirls of dazzling surf, with a boom of thunder upon the broken beach of Gaza. But the attention of him who sat in the chariot was riveted to the page which he read. There is something about Scripture to the inquiring mind, which makes it precious, even when not fully understood. Sweetness is wafted from its dark sayings like the rich oriental scents that give us a dim notice of their existence through the silk wrapping, or ivory cabinet, in which they are confined. In his devout abstraction he reads aloud, so that the humble foot traveller, who comes up to the chariot, hears what he is repeating. And the place of the Scripture where he read was this—"He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and, like a lamb dumb before the shearers, so opened He not His mouth."

This beautiful passage of Scripture recalls

to us also another triumph of divine grace, in the person of a different man, in a different scene, in another age. A poet of the day has, with much happiness, compared the thought or line, which the writer sends abroad and forgets, and after many days finds stored in a friend's heart, to the arrow which the archer shoots at random, and discovers in the cleft of a tree. And the Scriptures are the arrows of God, which "are sharp in the heart of his enemies, whereby the people fall under Him;" yet the wound is not unto death, but is barbed with love. And the force of the arrow is not spent upon the first object which it strikes: its range is from its first sending forth to the end of time: it may have a myriad marks. The same shaft which cleft the Ethiopian's heart, cleft another and a harder. The date is not now the year after Pentecost, but June, 1680. The scene is not by the olives and palms of Gaza, in sight of the long sweep of the Mediterranean; it is in Oxfordshire near Woodstock. The sunset writes its long lines of gold upon the great oaks and beeches of Woodstock Park; the deer are sweeping through the fern; the magnificent pile had not yet been reared which the English nation stamped with the name of Bleinheim; the ducal house of Marlborough was but the country family of Churchill. There, in the place of the palace which Vanborough reared, stood a long low range of buildings, with the tall brick chimneys, and triangular gable-ends, of Elizabethan date. This is the lodge of the then comptroller of Woodstock Park, John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. But there is a stillness about the house: the French valet slips with noiseless tread over the polished oak stairs; the countess passes like a ghost, pale and silent, down the corridor; the Earl is dying. In the war with the Dutch he had proved himself the bravest officer of the fleet; he had become one of the most fashionable poets, one of the most profligate peers in that court, of which the historian has said, that "it was a school of vice." No more gallant shape walked in the mall; no wilder wit spoke against grace and virtue in the circle of Sidley, and Etheridge, and Buckingham; no more reckless hand flung down the gold in that gallery where Charles the Second played with the Duchess of Portsmouth. But now, in his thirty-fourth year, he is dying. It appears that for many

months he has been a changed man. This change was mainly owing to the ministry of Dr. Gilbert Burnet, who has left an account of it in a book, of which Dr. Johnson says, "The critic ought to read it for its eloquence, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety."

Let us give to the Tenth of St. Matthew an illustration similar to those already attempted. The place is not far from that in which the penitent Rochester went to his rest—it is the University of Oxford. The time is about a hundred and fifty years earlier, the end of 1527 or 1528. The hero of the story is one Anthony Dalabar, an undergraduate of St. Alban's Hall, whose narrative is given to us in Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," in the lad's own words. Its vivid pictures of the treatment of the Christian Brethren, as the Protestants were termed—its life-like and unaffected pathos—its minute touches of University life—make it one of the most precious records of the time; one learns more of the age from that narrative than from many an eloquent chapter in a regular historian. Shortly before this time, Cardinal Wolsey had founded the great seminary now called Christ Church, at first Cardinal College. The great minister was anxious to attract to his newly established college the rising talent among the young men of England. From Cambridge he invited those students who were the greatest proficient in the elegant literature of the day: John Clarke, Sumner, and Taverner. All three had imbibed Protestant principles, through the tracts and Testaments of the Christian Brothers and London Protestants. Clarke was in the habit of reading St. Paul's Epistles in his chambers, and drew round him a knot of young men whose hearts had been touched by grace. At this time, one Garret, a Fellow of Magdalen College, came back from London with a supply of books. The Cardinal, though somewhat tardily, was beginning to set the bull dogs upon the track of heresy. The proctors accordingly were on the look out for Garret, and a meeting was held by the brethren, among whom was our young friend, Anthony Dalabar. Anthony's brother was a priest; and, as Garret was in orders, it was arranged that he should go under a feigned name, and take this priest's curacy, in Dorsetshire. Upon his departure, poor Anthony, who had got a bad

name, began to think of number one, and resolved to leave his Hall, and enter himself at Worcester College. But as he is spending his last night at St. Alban's Hall, and reading a precious commentary on St. Luke's Gospel, a thundering knock comes to his door, and who should walk in but Garret, foot-sore, splashed, half dead with fright and hunger. Garret utters an imprudent exclamation, and a person, who in the year 1858 would be called a scout, slips out, evidently to inform.

"Then," says Dalabar, "kneeled we down together upon our knees, and lifting up our hands to God, our Heavenly Father, desired him with plenty of tears, so to conduct and prosper him, that he might well escape the danger of all his enemies, if His good pleasure were so. And then we embraced and kissed the one the other, the tears so abundantly flowing, that we all bewet both our faces, and scarcely, for sorrow, could we speak one to another. When he was gone down the stairs from my chamber, I straightway did shut my chamber door, and went into my study; and taking the New Testament in my hands, kneeled down upon my knees, and with many a deep sigh, and salt tear, I did with much deliberation read over St. Matthew x., praying that God would endue His tender and lately-born little flower, in Oxford, with Heavenly strength, by His Holy Spirit."

Had we time, we might go on to St. Frideswide's Church that evening. We might see the deans and canons in their grey amices at even song, and the chapel blazing with lights. The music of the *Magnificat* swells under Taverner's fingers. Then the Commissary comes in, and old Dr. London puffs and blusters up the aisle, and the brethren are sorely tried. Here we must bid Dalabar adieu; only remember some of the words that he read and prayed over: "Beware of men, . . . when they deliver you up; take no thought how or what ye shall speak. . . . Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake. . . . He that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

We cannot do more than briefly remind our readers of several remarkable associations with many other passages of Scripture, which we have noted, but have not space to set even in so contracted a framing. The "Hore Biblicæ Sabbaticæ," of that great and good man, Dr. Chalmers, entwine some recollections of him with nearly every chap-

ter in the Old Testament to the end of the books of Kings, and with every chapter in the New Testament. We see his earnest features kindling over the book. His spirit wearied with the Sunday's toil, refreshes itself with an evening plunge into the Bible fountain. His strong sense, his fervent piety, his rugged honesty, his manly tenderness, find vent in pithy expressions that come home to us, because so true and unaffected. In his writings theoretically we find the point of conciliation between religious predestinarianism and the religious theory of free-will; and practically this work has none of the nebular style, and young ladyish morbidity of feeling, which so generally characterize the detail of personal experience. The religious diary too often deplores deficiency in transcendental feelings, while it ignores selfishness, idleness, lust, and vanity, as words too ugly for its unctuous style. There is nothing of this in the "Hore Sabbaticæ." Hence the charm it possesses for men of cultivated intellect and shrewd judgment.

But we must pass on from Chalmers. The fifth of Genesis gives the genealogy from Adam to Noah. We all own the importance of this record, historically; but in a religious point of view, one might be inclined to overlook its significance. We believe it to be a fact, that this particular chapter, read in a church, without note or comment, led to a train of thought, which, in one instance, tended to produce a complete change of life. "All the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and *he died*. All the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years; and *he died*. . . . And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred, sixty, and nine years; and *he died*." These lives, of enormous length, crowded into the epitaph of awful brevity—this passing bell of death, hanging silent in the air, whose solemn tongue tolls out its message only about once in a thousand years, and hardly seems to make a vibration in the atmosphere of eternity—led the thoughts of the man we speak of to the things which are unseen. Glance at the twenty-third verse. When Leighton's sister spoke laughingly of his deadness to the world, and remarked, that if he had a family it must be otherwise, the Archbishop's reply was, "I wot not how it *would* be, but I know how it *should* be. 'Enoch begat sons and daughters, and he walked with God.'"

The *enanations* of Augustine leave shadows of that great writer on each of the Psalms. How happily does he observe of their poetical form—

"When the Holy Spirit saw the mind of man struggling against the way of truth, and rather inclined to the sinful pleasures of this life, he mingled the might of his doctrine with delightful modulations of poesy, after the fashion of skilful physicians, who are sometimes compelled to offer most unpleasant medicines to their patients; and lest the sick man should decline the utility of the drug for its disagreeable taste, smear with honey the lip of the cup in which they offer the remedy. . . . The Psalms are the one voice of the whole church; they beautify solemnities; they soften the sorrow which is for God; they bring tears even from the heart of stone. . . . What we receive with pleasure seems somehow to sink deeper in the mind, and adhere more firmly to the memory."

The 101st Psalm is a strong declaration of David's purpose as a head of a family. "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." There is a fact connected with it which adds to it an especial interest. When Nicholas Ridley was Bishop of London, he used to assemble his household at Fulham, 'being marvellously careful over his family,' and this was a psalm which he constantly chose. He often used it in the presence of "his mother Bonner," as he affectionately called her, whom he used to place at the head of his table, in presence of the highest of the land—the aged mother of the notorious persecutor.

The 103rd Psalm will be even more deeply felt by those who recollect what Isaac Walton says in his noble and beautiful life of Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln. "Now his thoughts seemed to be wholly of death. He continued the remaining night and day very patient, and thankful for any of the little offices that were performed for his ease and refreshment: and during that time did often say to himself the 103rd Psalm, a psalm that is composed of praise and consolations, fitted for a dying soul."

Take that verse of the Sixty-eighth Psalm: "Unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." We may transport ourselves, in thought, to the month of February, 1630. Let us enter the chapel, full of quaint recollections of Holbein and bluff King Hal, so lately the scene of the nuptials of a daughter of England. The Chapel Royal is

crowded to excess; for the first preacher in England, Dr. John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's, has been summoned in his turn; "When he appeared in the pulpit," says his biographer, "many thought he presented himself, not to preach mortification by a living voice, but mortality by a decayed body and dying face." He gave out the text which we have quoted, and the discourse was a meditation upon death. The pale, sad face of the King, so familiar to us from the pictures of Vandyke, grew sadder and paler. The highborn ladies of the court, the youth and beauty of England, had, it may be with some few exceptions, been too much habituated to that particular sort of political sermon, which had grown fashionable in the previous reign of the pedant, who had spent so many months in solving the question, "why the divel doth most deal with auncient weemen?" But now some of these noble and gentle faces began, for the first time to grow thoughtful; life, it seemed, had other ends than a court masque, or a cavalier's serenade. The preacher's streaming tears and hollow voice were never forgotten by many then present. Dr. Donne had delivered his own funeral sermon. He went straight home from the pulpit to his house to die. Or notice one verse in the Canticles, in passing, "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away." This was exquisitely chosen by the parents of a young lady, who died at Rome of consumption, to place upon her tombstone; but the cardinal censor is said to have refused his permission.

Pass to the New Testament. Who forgets that Juxon read the Twenty-seventh of St. Matthew, the second lesson for that day's service, to Charles, just before he passed to the scaffold at Whitehall? Let us imagine a very different scene and date—the orange groves and minarets of Shiraz, the city of the Rose. Henry Martyn, the English missionary, is there, with three Persians. It is the one spot of fairyland in that hard and self-denying life. Where the brook goes babbling over pebbles; where the grapes hang from the vines; where the passing breeze scatters a drift of snowy orange blossoms upon the rivulet; where the nightingale sings in the dewy coolness of the thicket; the little group is sitting in the Khan's garden. There one of them, Agababa, read this Twenty-seventh of St. Mat-

thew. "The bed of roses beneath which we sat, and the notes of the nightingales warbling around us, were not so sweet to me," writes Martyn, "as this discourse of the Persian." The portion of the previous chapter, which describes the agony in the garden, nerved John Huss for his death; from the experience of his own struggle, he learned to understand that divine sorrow:—

"Truly it is much to rejoice always, and to count it all joy in diverse temptations. Much to fulfil, little to speak. Since that most brave and patient soldier, knowing that on the third day He should rise again, and by His death overcome His enemies, after His last supper was troubled in spirit, and said, 'My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.'"

Or do we read that verse, which Luther has affectionately called the *Bibel in kleinen*, "God so loved the world:" it embraces the two opposite extremes of the human intellect. It has been stated that, in his last illness, Bishop Butler expressed some doubt how he should know that our Lord was a Saviour for him; and that on his chaplain quoting this verse, the bishop said, "True; though I have read that Scripture a thousand times over, I never felt its virtue till this moment; and now I die happy."* Now from the majestic intellect and massive brow of the author of the "Analogy," and of those "deep and dark sermons preached in the Rolls Chapel," irradiated with thought and aspiration like a marble dome with the dying sunset, let us turn to the untutored minds, and the foreheads "villainous low," as they have been called, of the Negroes of South Africa. They come to ask for the Bible; they do not recollect, or have never known its name; but they say, "give us the book with the beautiful words, '*God so loved the world.*'" In the life of Perthes, the German bookseller, he observes, on the chapters of St. John's Gospel, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth, that they are enough to live by, and enough to die by. Few, however prejudiced against the politics and ecclesiastical views of Laud, can have read his most affecting speech upon the scaffold without sympathy and ad-

* We perceive upon reference to the Bishop of Cork's "Life of Butler," that the verse, as given in a collection of anecdotes, illustrative of the Assembly's Catechism, and in the "Life of Mr. Venan," is not this, but "Him that cometh to Thee I will in no wise cast out." We are unable to record our authority.

miration. His quaint applications of one verse in the eleventh chapter of St. John, may be worth recording:

"Yea, but here is a great clamor that I would have brought in Popery. You know what the Pharisees said: 'If we let him alone, all men will believe in him, *et venient Romani*, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and nation.' Here was a causeless cry against Christ, that the Romans would come; and see how just the judgment was. They crucified Christ, for fear lest the Romans should come; and his death was it which brought in the Romans upon them—God punishing them with what they most feared. And I pray God this clamor of *venient Romani* (of which I have given no cause) help not to bring them in."

There are not many who can have escaped feeling how gracious and tender, how divine, yet how English, is that word, Comforter, as the equivalent of the Paraclete in the latter part of St. John's Gospel. Yet most of us, perhaps, are not aware who it was to whom our language owed that glorious translation. Five hundred years has this word been passing from lip to lip, wherever English is spoken. It has been ascending in hymns and prayers, alike in the music of cathedrals and in the simplicity of family worship, by the giant flood of the Mississippi, in the plains of Australia, and beneath the palms of India. Who first employed the word that has sunk into so many hearts, and risen from so many lips? A poor priest, with bare feet and russet mantle—but that priest was John Wickliffe! As a pendent to this, we must express what has occurred to us long since in connexion with the Collect for the Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity. That collect has been traced up to the sacramentary of the Anglo-Saxon Church, by means of a MS. of the ninth or tenth century in the Bodleian library. What tender and homely beauty, breathing of the same land which knows the blessed Spirit as the Comforter! "*Familiam tuam, domino, custodi*;" "Keep thy household the church." Surely it must have owed its origin to England. It could not have been written in the passionate South, in an awful temple, among curling clouds of incense, with the crucifix looming through it, like a shattered tree through a mountain mist. It must have been suggested to some kindly, honest Anglo-Saxon. It breathes of the little old church, of the burly Franklin

and his honest wife, and the little village boys and girls. It is steeped in the light that falls upon the place, where

"The kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God."

The church in it is not an awful majestic queen, with purgatorial processions and heartless pageants. The honest Anglo-Saxon's nature thinks of her as the good, pious, kindly housewife.

"This is life eternal." When, at the age of eighty, Fisher tottered forth to his execution upon Tower Hill, he held in his hand a closed volume of the New Testament. He prayed that, as it had been his best comfort, so God would enable him to open it where some text might speak to his soul the consolations which it needed: and this was the text. Or, do we want a memory to go with us all through the epistles; the steps of a martyr to sound in our ears, as we walk through that spacious ground; a fragrance from the living flowers in his garland to blow about our spirits? Let us stand for a moment among the colleges at Cambridge. Let us go to that walk in the garden of Pembroke College, and inquire its name from one of the gowmsmen—"Ridley's Walk." And now let us listen to a few sentences from the martyr's exquisite farewell:—

"Farewell, Pembroke Hall, of late mine own college. Thou wast ever named to be a great setter forth of God's Word. In thy orchards, the walls, butts, and trees, if they could speak, would bear me witness I learned, without books, almost all Paul's Epistles; yea, and I ween all the canonical epistles, save only the Apocalypse; of which study, although in time a great part did depart from me, yet the sweet smell thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me into heaven."

The associations with particular texts in the Epistles are countless. We write down a few. In Henry VIII's reign there was a custom that the bishops, on New Year's Day, should bring his Highness a gift. On one occasion the right reverend fathers all came. It rained gold, silver, purses of money, rarities of all kinds. What dainty dish has honest Master Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Lincoln, brought to set before his sovereign? A New Testament, superbly bound—a brave gift for a king. But the book is wrapped up in a napkin, and round the napkin there is a legend in large letters. More honest than

courtly is the scroll. It is the fourth verse of the thirteenth of Hebrews. The thirteenth of Romans recalls one of the most celebrated conversions by Scripture—that of the great Augustine. His youth, up to thirty-two, passed in strange oscillations between Manicheism and truth, between grace and sin. Open his Confessions, and their sad penitential sorrow and ethereal sanctity give the lie to Byron's brutal taunt—

"Those strange Confessions,
That make one almost envy his transgressions."

One day deep thought brought out all his misery before the gaze of his soul. "A great storm arose, and broke in a shower of tears." He went out alone to weep under a fig-tree, and a voice said, "Tolle, lege; tolle, lege"—a voice for which he could not account by any casual occurrence. He took up his copy of the Apostle, and read—"Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness; not in chambering and wantonness; not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." "No need or wish," he adds, "to read further. Immediately at the close of the sentence, a light of security was poured into my heart, and all shadows of doubt fled away." Now Augustine was the chief evangelical element in mediæval theology, so that some have almost reckoned him for one of the two sackcloth witnesses. He gave an impulse to Luther. Calvin's whole mind was colored by his. The ripples which spread from his writings agitated the stream of thought round Pascal, Quesnel, and Fenelon. Even yet there is a Jansenist, or Augustinian, Archbishop of Utrecht and Bishop of Ypres, who modifies Romanism by much Augustinian evangelicalism. That verse in the fourteenth Romans—"The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost"—brings Whitfield into view. It was his text in the churchyard of the High Church of Glasgow, in 1741, when he closed his sermon to those vast throngs by the memorable words—"Now, when the Sabbath is over, and the evening is drawing near, methinks the very sight is awful. I could almost weep over ye, as our Lord did over Jerusalem, to think in how short a time every soul of you must die." Pass on to the text in the fourth chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians—"He

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hath made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin." Joseph Justus Scaliger was dying at Leyden. There he sat in his chamber, cowering over the fire; his illustrious friends and intimates were away, De Thou, Dousa, Casaubon; only Daniel Heinsius was with him to the last gasp. Tier upon tier rose his books, not so remarkable for their number as for their almost priceless value, partly collected by himself, partly the gifts of all the scholars in Europe to the "Phebus of the learned," "the all-accomplished," "the dictator of letters." His was a genius, grand indeed, and capacious, and diffused over the whole circle of the arts. It has been said by one well qualified to judge, that those who estimated him only by his writings, his "Eusebius," or his immortal work, the "Novum Organum" of chronology, did not know the twentieth part of his learning. He was familiar with so many languages, ancient and oriental, and so exactly, that had this been the sole employment of his life, it had alone been a prodigy.

Besides the history of all ages, places, times, and nations, he had a memory of wonderful promptitude; what he read once he had placed in such exquisite order in the gigantic catalogue of his knowledge, that he could find it at once, and answer any question arising from it, not only in his lecture-room, but among statesmen and ambassadors. A great politician observed of Scaliger, that he had been deceived in him, for that he had expected a learned man, but that he had found a man who was ignorant of nothing, without a whit of pedantry or academic dustiness about him. Let us draw near in reverential silence, and hear what the dying scholar has to say in those awful moments, when earthly learning fades away, like a mist, in the severe light of eternity. "I have a hope, greater even than my countless sins, reposed upon Him who knew no sin, whom God hath made to be sin for us."

In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Colossians there is a passage—"Who now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church"—a text which, perhaps, only occurs to us in connexion with the controversy on works of supererogation. It is a flower which withers in the hot hand of controversy. Would we see it fresh and fra-

grant in the chamber of a dying saint, let us read the adieus to his friends and to the Church, of Adolphe Monod. There is a print in the little volume. A white pillow, and on it a head reposed with jet black hair, a fine brow, worn and pinched features, and a wasted hand. But we see not all. In that chamber are assembled thirty or forty, to whom, week by week, he addresses a few words. On the 4th of November, 1855, his subject is "the Pastor suffering for the good of the Church;" his text the passage we have named. Do we not read its meaning in the light of that sick room?

"Is it not true that my affliction has helped to call your thoughts to death, to eternity, to Gospel verities? Is it not true that in the fraternal love which I bear you, you have been pushed, as it were, to prayer? I feel that the people of God lift me on their prayers; and I am penetrated with joy and gratitude. Is it not good for you? Has not a spirit of peace and serenity been spread over those who are with me? You see, then, how I find sweetness in the thought that my sufferings are for you; so that I may say, in the spirit of St. Paul: 'I rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for His body's sake, which is the Church.'"

Or, again, does it give liveliness to our feelings, in regard to those glorious descriptions in the closing chapter of the Revelation, when we think of M'Cheyne preaching on "the great white throne," one fine night by moonlight, to a vast throng near an old church; or of that most affecting anecdote told of the late venerable Bishop Mant. When he was sitting in his room, weak and dying, his son read to him those chapters: "bring me my hat and stick," said the old man, feebly, "I want to go, I must go to that country;" or let us transport ourselves to the death-bed of Robert Hall, and hear him breathe out with his dying lips, "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

The associations, historical and biographical connected with Scripture, would not be fairly handled, unless we confessed that there were others of a different and painful character connected with some of its texts. Scripture, like its divine subject, is appointed for the trial of the human spirit. "It is set for a sign, that the secrets of many hearts may be revealed." When we read that desolate passage in Job, where he exclaims, "Let

the day perish wherein I was born—let that night be solitary," we may recollect how a great but bitter spirit turned to it. When Swift was in the height of his glory, courted by ministers, and fawned upon by peers; when he used to meet Lord Treasurer and Mr. Secretary at Lord Masham's; when he made a more conspicuous figure at the Thatched House than Escourt himself with the golden gridiron suspended from his neck; it is painful to see him retreating to his lodgings, and "lamenting his birth-day," as he termed it, by reading over the third chapter of Job. When the traveller reads at St. Peter's, at Rome, the inscription traced in colossal characters round the cupola, which overhangs the apostle's grave—"Tu es Petrus," he cannot but think of the fabric which the craft of many bad men, and the superstition of many men who were not bad, have reared upon the one foundation. The word to Jeremiah, "See I have this day set thee over the kingdoms to root out, and to pull down, and to destroy," appears as the text of the famous bull by which Pope Paul III. put Henry VIII. under interdict and deposition,—that "most impudent brief," as Francis of France termed it.

Texts misunderstood, have been the plea of the mendicant orders, and introduced "counsels of perfection." The passages which contain the institution of the Holy Communion, almost admit of being treated as a text from which to consider the history of Christianity. Full as they are in themselves of "exceeding great love," they may remind the historian of blazing piles and bloody wars, of fierce controversy and party hatred, from the thirteenth session of Trent, and the Lutherans and Sacramentaries, down to Denison and Ditcher. On reading the glorious song of the Seraphim, in the text of Isaiah, "Holy, Holy, Holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory," one is immediately apt to think of the *Te Deum*, which is, as it were, encrusted upon that verse. Often has the *Te Deum* been chanted on occasions that might make the angels weep. The massacre of St. Bartholomew is almost too obvious. Let us attempt another scene. At three in the afternoon of July the 15th, 1099, Godfrey stood on the walls of Jerusalem. A few hours after, and the sunset fell upon the minarets of the mosque of Omar. Then, bareheaded and

barefooted, the Christian soldiers ascended the hill of Calvary. A voice of priests chanting, rose upon the air; it vibrated through the few olives which yet remained in Gethsemane, where the Saviour had knelt; it fell softly upon the purple mount of Olivet—"Holy, Holy, Holy. Lord God of Sabaoth!" And yet superstition had never offered a bloodier hecatomb to Moloch or Baal, upon the Mount of Offence, or in the valley of Hinnom, than these men, in the insulted name of Christ, had just presented, on the very spot where he had moistened the ground with drops of agony, and poured out His blood for His enemies. They chanted over seventy-thousand slaughtered Moslems, and a multitude of Jews, who had been burnt alive in their synagogue.

These sadder recollections teach most instructive lessons—lessons of modesty, charity, and mutual tolerance—lessons of human imbecility, guided through centuries of storm and error, to a haven of tranquillity and truth. We must confine ourselves, however, to the lessons which may be derived from the other and happier side of the subject.

In the first place, then, we suggest that to trace and collate historical and biographical associations with passages of Scripture may be useful in exciting a fresher interest both in one and the other. It is a great point gained when we read *anything* with a purpose in view; it stimulates the flagging attention, and gives the eye an unwonted quickness. It is yet a better thing when we can give unity to scattered pieces of knowledge—when we can bind them into one bundle, and find a "colligation for our conceptions." Accessions to information do not then burden the mind. On the contrary, they are more deeply rooted into its soil because their relations are multiplied; each is a root that throws out a thousand tendrils, and both helps, and is helped by every other—

"And still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

No wonder at all, for the more we know the more we can know. Knowledge thus compacted is as different from loose pieces of information, as a well-packed carpet bag from a plethoric and badly tied brown paper parcel. Let our readers try this string of association with the multifarious bits of ecclesiastical and biographical *ana*, which every

educated man daily reads, and they will thank us for our hint.

Such a mode of looking at the Bible has a tendency to give us a blessed confidence in it. The word which converted Augustine and Rochester is still mighty as ever. The word which comforted martyrs in their agony; which has been healing, strength, and peace to the loftiest intellects and profoundest spirits of our race, remains, unexhausted, to us. They have leaned their giant weight upon it, and it has carried them bravely over the awful chasm between time and eternity, and their experience of its power to sustain increases our faith.

Thus, too, we learn the expansive power of Scripture. It is a striking thought that the very arrangement of the Gospels may be a *prophecy*. Thus, St. Matthew represents that stage of the church when the Jewish element was the largest, and the great point was to show the fulfilment of prophecy in our Lord. St. Mark, who dwells so much upon the outward demeanor, upon the richly symbolical actions of the Redeemer, expresses that phase through which the mind of Christendom passed in the Middle Age. St. Luke, with his Pauline training, his parables of abounding grace, and his dwelling upon the Sacrificial work, stands for the outburst of evangelical truth at the Reformation. And, finally, all three, and all the truths wrapped up in the untruth and mysticism of heresy and philosophic theosophy, melt into St. John, the apostle of love, and the representative of the church's last stage. Is there a parallel lesson in the order of the Epistles? These were comparatively little studied until the Reformation. In those of St. Paul (including the Hebrews) we have the doctrine of justification by faith, and the overthrow of that exaggerated system of sacerdotalism which prevailed in the Roman polity. Then, St. James might express a short oscillation towards the opposite side of the truth, as, for instance, in a large section of the English Church. St. Peter restores the balance, and, finally, in St. John, the two streams of thought once more coincide, leading us to the same result as the Gospels. However this may be, without the free use of Scripture the church freezes into a stiffened shape. There is a certain convent of Belem on the coast of Spain. It is a monument of the time when Spain was the Spain of Co-

lumbus. That convent has a strange chapel. It is a marble ship about to weigh anchor. Masts of marble serve for columns; ropes and cables of marble are quaintly wound about them. Not far off, the Atlantic breaks upon the coast, and the free winds shout for ever across the waters. As well might one expect that marble ship to launch forth upon the great deep, as a church without the Scriptures to float upon the stream of time to the far off island to which it is bound. Our able countryman, Lord Dufferin, describes Van Jayen, in Spitzbergen. It is like a river larger than the Thames, plunging down hundreds upon hundreds of feet; every wreath of spray, and tumbling wave frozen in a moment stone-stiff, rigid as iron, awful, everlasting death-in-life, staring up at the sun and the stars in their courses, and never meeting the Norland winds, and the washing waves, with the thunder-music of its waters. Such is the great stream of Christian life in the Eastern and Western churches; so stiff, so rigid, so immovable, because their history and biography is not breathed upon by the living breath of the Bible.

How much have we omitted: for, first, the fairest pictures on the page are those of the Captain of our salvation. The Saviour's gentle face hangs over many a text, is painted on many a psalm. The first verse of the Twenty-second is shadowed with His cross. Could any hand draw that portrait? And all these sketches that we have attempted, all that any man can collect, are but as a grain of sand to the countless grains upon the shore. There are histories that no man has written or can write; there are biographies beautiful in the book of life which no human eye can read; there are calendars of home whose rubrics are colored by our hearts; there are texts in every grave-yard which have faltered from many a dying lip, and been spoken from many a pulpit that we might well thus illustrate; there are Bibles coming home from India, from Delhi, with well-marked texts; from Cawnpore, from the ramparts of Lucknow, where the Highlanders of Havelock stood like tigers at bay; from many a station, where English and Irish ladies passed in the gentle glory of believing womanhood to the land where there are no more tears. What Christian home has not some such, with favorite passages italicised by the pencil of a departed saint? Thus are painted, and will be painted to the end of time, those countless figures that we have spoken of, on the margin of the illustrated book of God.

From the Athenæum.

PENN AND MACAULAY AGAIN.

BARON MACAULAY yields his position as to Penn having gone over to Holland to seduce William into supporting the Declaration of Indulgence; but defends his former charge against Penn of trying to seduce the Fellows of Magdalen College. The inaccuracy of the first charge Mr. Dixon had shown by dates. Penn, coming home from Germany, had passed through the Hague in the Autumn of 1686, when he found everybody talking of Toleration and the Test Act, and on this subject he had long conversations with Burnet. The Declaration of Indulgence had not then been thought of,—nor was it issued until six months after Penn's return to London. It was clear that Penn had *not* gone to the Hague "in the hope that his eloquence would prove irresistible" in favour of the Indulgence. Lord Macaulay has rewritten the original passage,—correcting his mistake.

Baron Macaulay defends, as we have said his statements as to the authorship of the Letter to Bailey, and the meaning of Penn's conversation with the Fellows. This paragraph, from the 'History,' opens the question:—

"The agency of Penn was employed. He had too much good feeling to approve of the violent and unjust proceedings of the Government, and even ventured to express part of what he thought. James was, as usual, obstinate in the wrong. The courtly Quaker therefore, did his best to seduce the college from the path of right. He first tried intimidation. Ruin, he said, impended over the society. The King was highly incensed. The case might be a hard one. Most people thought it so. But every child knew that His Majesty loved to have his own way and could not bear to be thwarted. Penn, therefore, exhorted the Fellows not to rely on the goodness of their cause, but to submit, or at least to temporise."

The authority for Penn doing all this is thus given:—

"See Penn's Letter to Bailey, one of the Fellows of the College, in the Impartial Relation printed at Oxford in 1688."

Mr. Dixon showed by evidence that the Letter here ascribed to Penn was *not* written by Penn. To his statement, Baron Macaulay says:—

"It has lately been asserted that Penn most certainly did not write this letter. Now,

the evidence which proves the letter to be his is irresistible. Bailey, to whom the letter was addressed, ascribed it to Penn, and sent an answer to Penn. In a very short time both the letter and the answer appeared in print. Many thousands of copies were circulated. Penn was pointed out to the whole world as the author of the letter; and it is not pretended that he met this public accusation with a public contradiction. Everybody therefore believed, and was perfectly warranted in believing, that he was the author. The letter was repeatedly quoted as his, during his own lifetime, not merely in fugitive pamphlets, such as 'The History of the Ecclesiastical Commission,' published in 1711, but in grave and elaborate books which were meant to descend to posterity. Boyer, in his 'History of William the Third,' printed immediately after that King's death, and reprinted in 1703, pronounced the letter to be Penn's, and added some severe reflections on the writer. Kennet, in the bulky 'History of England' published in 1706, a history which had a large sale and produced a great sensation, adopted the very words of Boyer. When these works appeared, Penn was not only alive, but in the full enjoyment of his faculties. He cannot have been ignorant of the charge brought against him by writers of so much note; and it was not his practice to hold his peace when unjust charges were brought against him even by obscure scribblers. In 1695, a pamphlet on the Exclusion Bill was falsely imputed to him in an anonymous libel. Contemptible as was the quarter from which the calumny proceeded, he hastened to vindicate himself. His denial, distinct, solemn, and indignant, speedily came forth in print. Is it possible to doubt that he would if he could, have confounded Boyer and Kennet by a similar denial? He however silently suffered them to tell the whole nation, during many years, that this letter was written by 'William Penn, the head of the Quakers, or, as some then thought, an ambitious, crafty Jesuit, who under a phantastical outside, promoted King James's designs.' He died without attempting to clear himself. In the year of his death appeared Eachard's huge volume, containing the History of England from the Restoration to the Revolution; and Eachard, though often differing with Boyer and Kennet, agreed with them in unhesitatingly ascribing the letter to Penn. Such is the evidence on one side. I am not aware that any evidence deserving a serious answer has been produced on the other. (1857.)"

Against this reasoning—which is wholly based on an oversight—every reader with "The Life" in his hand can oppose these four

authentic and conclusive facts. The letter was not in Penn's writing. It was not signed by Penn. It was never acknowledged by Penn. *It was denied and disowned by Penn.* Lord Macaulay—who has taken the needless trouble to rake up the many repetitions of the scandal—seems to be still unaware that Penn disowned the letter. Yet he disowned it simply, swiftly, in the proper place, and to the proper persons—the Fellows themselves. Earnest and religious men, like the Magdalen Fellows, suffering persecution for their religion, might be very curious to hear the advice given under such circumstances by an earnest and religious man, who had himself endured Newgate and the Tower for conscience sake. *They* ascertained from Penn that he did not write the Letter to Dr. Bailey,—and an endorsement on the letter states this fact in the handwriting of Hunt—one of their body,—“*This letter Mr. Penn disowned.*” Surely this denial, made to the parties interested, was enough. Why should Penn trouble himself to contradict those who repeated the scandal? Public men rarely contradict current anecdotes and stories. We give an instance—one of a thousand. A paragraph is at this very time racing through country papers, in which a noble Lord is made to say a very brutal thing of a lady at her own table,—which paragraph he has not contradicted, yet which no one ought to receive. The thing is offensive; therefore, it was never spoken. The noble Lord is not bound to deny such rubbish under penalty of having it used against him by serious writers. Enough—more than enough—that the Quaker denied the letter, as the letter itself, preserved at Magdalen College, still shows. No fact in the history of those times has been ascertained with greater certainty than that *Penn did not write the Letter to Bailey.*

On the second point of this defence, Baron Macaulay seems, at first sight, to have a better case—though it breaks down on examination. His text stands:—

“Penn tried a gentler tone. He had an interview with Hough and with some of the Fellows, and, after many professions of sympathy and friendship, began to hint at a compromise. The King could not bear to be crossed. The college must give way. Parker must be admitted. But he was in very bad health. All his preferments would be

soon vacant. ‘Doctor Hough,’ said Penn, ‘may then be Bishop of Oxford. How should you like that, gentlemen?’”

To which passage we have this note:—

“Here again I have been accused of calumniating Penn; and some show of a case has been made out by suppression amounting to falsification. It is asserted that Penn did not ‘begin to hint at a compromise’; and in proof of this assertion, a few words, quoted from the letter in which Hough gives an account of the interview, are printed in italics. These words are, ‘I thank God, he did not offer any proposal by way of accommodation.’ These words, taken by themselves, undoubtedly seem to prove that Penn did not begin to hint at a compromise. But their effect is very different indeed when they are read in connexion with words which immediately follow, without the intervention of a full stop, but which have been carefully suppressed. The whole sentence runs thus:—‘I thank God, he did not offer any proposal by way of accommodation; only once, upon the mention of the Bishop of Oxford’s indisposition he said, smiling, “If the Bishop of Oxford die, Dr. Hough may be made Bishop. What think you of that, gentlemen?” Can anything be clearer than that the latter part of the sentence limits the general assertion contained in the former part? Everybody knows that *only* is perpetually used as synonymous with *except that*. Instances will readily occur to all who are well acquainted with the English Bible, a book from the authority of which there is no appeal when the question is about the force of an English word. We read in the Book of Genesis, to go no further, that *every* living thing was destroyed; and Noah *only* remained, and they that were with him in the ark; and that Joseph bought *all* the land of Egypt for Pharaoh; *only* the land of the priests bought he not. The defenders of Penn reason exactly like a commentator who should construe these passages to mean that Noah was drowned in the flood, and that Joseph bought the land of the priests for Pharaoh. (1857.)”

Cleverly turned,—yet few readers will be convinced. The occurrence—badly reported, as it is,—allows of some small mystification. Yet is it also one through which a man of good sense may easily find his way. Such a man will see that Penn is trying to make peace. In a very long conversation—a conversation begun at Oxford and renewed at Windsor—a conversation of which only a few sentences are reported, and of which sentences Penn has never admitted the cor-

rectness—the “pleader for mercy” is seen putting the case in many lights, so as to find a way out of present troubles. In doing this he uses or Hough may think he uses—a few words on which Lord Macaulay can put a bad construction. This is all. Lord Macaulay sees in Penn’s words something like “simony.” Other people will read them a thousand times and find in them no such thing. The question of interpretation is a question of character; and those who think Penn a good man will see that he meant well, and those who think him a bad man will suspect that he may have meant ill.

Our historian is fond of arguing by illustrations. We offer him one. A few years ago a London publisher produced a volume of ‘Mr. Macaulay’s Speeches.’ They were taken from Parliamentary reports. They were advertised as printed by permission. Yet Mr. Macaulay found in this reprint cause for very loud and angry protest. He vindicated his fame as a man of letters from all responsibility as to their contents. His reporter or his publisher made him talk of “the Pandects of Benares” instead of the Pundits of Benares—an error which, in his opinion, affected his fame. We sympathized with him under this wrong, and to the full extent of our power endeavored to

rescue for him his literary right. He very properly disclaimed being held in any degree answerable for what other people made him say. He would answer only for what he knew that he had said—for what he admitted and permitted. And, therefore, he brought out a new version of his speeches, correcting his Pandects into Pundits. Surely moral character should be guarded by laws as strong as those which protect literary credit! Suppose Mr. Publisher had waited fifty or sixty years, and then printed Pandects instead of Pundits—would any fair critic have held Lord Macaulay’s *scholarship* responsible for such blunder? We think not. The fact of the blunder being found in *Hansard*—a work reported with great care and clothed in a sort of official authority—would have made it look ugly. Yet Lord Macaulay’s reputation as a man of letters would have satisfied every one that the reporter had mis-heard or misunderstood his words. So, we think, all reasonable men will judge the words attributed to Penn. No fair critic can hold Penn’s *character* responsible for a forced meaning put on words reported by chance, and never seen or acknowledged by the speaker to be his own. The law which would have protected Macaulay’s memory from the charge of ignorance, protects Penn’s memory from the charge of simony.

THE GERMANS.—After a long acquaintance with the Germans, one feels convinced that it would be very much to the advantage of both countries for us to exchange some of our ideas on the subject of refinement; for we certainly have a number of sad “tricks,” which excite the animadversions of these persons as much as theirs are jested upon by us—bigotry and prejudice being striking points of character in the English, who swagger about on the continent with a sort of manner which seems to say, “We only know how things should be, and the best way of doing them;” and this makes us very ridiculous in the sight of the Germans, and in most cases very unpopular—for it is a great mistake to fancy that the English are favorites in the country. The French and Americans stand far higher in their estimation than we do; but the Germans are so courteous, silent, and guarded, that one seldom learns from their lips what they really think, besides which, they are so kind and friendly to the stranger visiting among them. Germany is generally considered by us as an infidel and irreligious country; and, if the neglect of outward forms and observances be the cause of censure, and be taken as a rule for judging its people, they may certainly be considered as not very devout. But another and surer test has been given us for judging of

religious principle, devotion, or love to God, and that by our blessed Saviour himself, and which is to be recognised in our *love* to our brother “whom we have seen;” and certainly, as far as my own experience has gone, if we take this for our criterion, I must give the preference to the state of mind and religious feeling of the Germans. I have so often been a witness of the tender carefulness they evince not to wound the feelings of another, and neither by unkind looks, nor words, nor manner, to draw off any of that joy from the heart with which God would bless us all—a joy which springs up as naturally within us, to soften life, as the rippling streamlet from the mountain’s barren side, which flows to fertilize it. This carefulness to avoid giving pain, and the unceasing exchange of trifling kindnesses to produce pleasure, was very delightful to observe; and memory reverted to that miserable, that pitiable state of feeling, which is often to be seen betwixt friends and neighbors in some of our country towns. Some one has said that one seldom meets a Pharisee in Germany, although one may encounter many a Sadducee; and to those persons disposed to find fault with our friends over the water, I would say, “Friend, first remove the beam that is in thine own eye.”—*Sibella Jones.*

EMIGRANT'S ADIEU TO BALLYSHANNON.

BY W. ALLINGHAM.

ADIEU to Ballyshannon! where I was bred
and born.
Go where I may, I'll think of you, as sure as
night and morn.
The kindly spot, the friendly town, where every
one is known,
And not a face in all the place but partly seems
my own;
There's not a house or window, there's not a
field or hill,
But, east or west, in foreign lands, I'll recollect
them still.
I leave my warm heart with you, though my
back I'm forced to turn,—
So adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding
banks of Erne!

No more on pleasant evenings we'll saunter
down the Mall,
When the trout is rising to the fly, the salmon
to the fall.
The boat comes straining on her net, and heavily
she creeps,
Cast off! cast off!—she feels the oars, and to
her berth she sweeps;
Now, stem and stern keep hauling, and gather-
ing up the clue,
'Till a silver wave of salmon rolls in among
the crew.
Then they may sit, and have their joke, and set
their pipes to burn;—
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks
of Erne!

The music of the waterfall, the mirror of the
tide,
When all the green-hill'd harbor is full from
side to side—
From Portnasun to Bulliebawns, and round the
Abbey Bay,
From the little rocky Island to Coolnargit sand-
hills grey;
While far upon the southern line, to guard it
like a wall,
The Leitrim mountains, clothed in blue, gaze
calmly over all,
And watch the ship sail up and down, the red
flag at her stern;—
Adieu to these, adieu to all the winding banks
of Erne!

Farewell to you, Kildoney lads, and them that
pull an oar,
A lugsail set, or haul a net, from the Point to
Mullaghmore;
From Killybegs to Carrigan, with its ocean-
mountain steep,
Six hundred yards in air aloft, six hundred in
the deep;
From Dooran to the Fairy Bridge, and round
by Tullen strand,
Level and long, and white with waves, where
gull and curlew stand;—
Head out to sea when on your lee the breakers
you discern;—
Adieu to all the billowy coast, and winding
banks of Erne!

Farewell to you, Bundoran! and your summer
crowds that run
From inland homes to see with joy th' Atlantic-
setting sun;
To breathe the buoyant salted air, and sport
among the waves;
To gather shells on sandy beach, and tempt the
gloomy caves;
To watch the flowing, ebbing tide, the boats,
the crabs, the fish;
Young men and maids to meet and smile, and
form a tender wish;
The sick and old in search of health, for all
things have their turn—
And I must quit my native shore, and the wind-
ing banks of Erne!

Farewell to every white cascade from the Har-
bor to Belleek,
And every pool where fins may rest, and ivy-
shaded creek;
The sloping fields, the lofty rocks, where ash
and holly grow,
The one split yew tree gazing on the curving
flood below;
The Lough, that winds through islands under
Shean mountain green;
And Castle Caldwell's stretching woods, with
tranquil bays between;
And Breesie Hill, and many a pond among the
heath and fern;—
For I must say adieu—adieu to the winding
banks of Erne!

The thrush will call through Camlin groves the
livelong summer day;
The waters run by mossy cliff, and bank with
wild flowers gay;
The girls will bring their work and sing beneath
a twisted thorn,
Or stray with sweethearts down the path among
the growing corn;
Along the river-side they go, where I have often
been,—
O, never shall I see again the days I once have
seen!
A thousand chances are to one I never may re-
turn;—
Adieu to Ballyshannon, and the winding banks
of Erne!

Adieu to evening dances, when merry neighbors
meet,
And the fiddle says to boys and girls "get up
and shake your feet!"
To *shanachus* and wise old talk of Erin's days
gone by—
Who trench'd the rath on such a hill, and where
the bones may lie
Of saint, or king, or warrior chief; with tales
of fairy power,
And tender ditties sweetly sung to past the
twilight hour.
The mournful song of exile is now for me to
learn;—
Adieu, my dear companions on the winding
banks of Erne!

Now measure from the Commons down to each
end of the Purt,
From the Red Barn to the Abbey, I wish no
one any hurt;

Search through the streets, and down the Mall,
and out to Portnasun,
If any foes of mine are there, I pardon every
one.

I hope that man and womankind will do the
same by me;

For my heart is sore and heavy at voyaging the
sea.

My loving friends I'll bear in mind, and often
fondly turn

To think of Ballyshannon and the winding
banks of Erne.

If ever I'm a money'd man, I mean, please
God, to cast

My golden anchor in the place where youthful
years were pass'd.

Though heads that now are black and brown
must meanwhile gather grey,

New faces rise by every hearth, and old ones
drop away—

Yet dearer still that Irish hill than all the world
beside :

It's home, sweet home, where'er I roam, through
lands and waters wide.

And if the Lord allows me, I surely will return
To my native Ballyshannon, and the winding
banks of Erne!

—*Dublin University Magazine.*

From The Examiner.

THE END CROWNS ALL.

CHOSEN voice of England's joy and sorrow,
Freely lend the words we freely borrow :—
God be praised that in our island story
The path of duty is the way to glory.*

Yes—by all the plumes from danger torn,
Yes—by all the stars by valor worn,
True it is, and shall be, in our story,
Duty's path is still the way to glory.

Dear enough though England's soldier prize
Gifts that mark him worthy in her eyes,
Thanks to God that in his inmost thought
Duty is as all, and glory nought.

Thanks to God for such as him she claims,
Havelock, first of Lucknow's foremost names,
Him we sadly claim and proudly mourn,
Fallen after battle, overworn.

Month by month, for him we yearned and
prayed,
Hoping, doubting, trusting, yet afraid :
Lest perchance in horror, pain, and gore,
Lucknow's shambles might revive Cawnpore.

Step by step he fought his fearless way,
Burst the toils, and kept the wolves at bay :
Held his own till set once more at large,
Then gave up together life and charge.

Died he sadly, ere the viewless flame
Breathed along the wires our glad acclaim ?
Ere he felt us hail his crowned endeavor,
Knew himself a household word forever ?

* Tennyson's Ode on the Funeral of the Duke
of Wellington.

Some have perished, murdered at their post ;
Some in tortures yielded up the ghost :
Wives and maidens, spoils of fiendish hate,
Suffered one inexorable fate :

Strong and weak, they rest, a martyred crowd,
Wrapt in death's impenetrable shroud :
All, before they mingled with the dust,
Turned to God and England, calm in trust.

He that lived to stem the tide of woe,
Helped to strike the great avenging blow,
Died he sadly, sinking to repose ?
Nobler toil had never happier close.

Sadly ? no. He met the rescuing bands :—
Other tasks are left for other hands :
Though for every task a hero fall,
God and England shall find men for all.

Soldier, sleep in Him that lent thee might !
He shall guide the issue of the fight :
Stamp the motto for thy comrade's story,
"Do your duty, and be his the glory."

F. L.

THE OLD YEAR'S RECORD.

BY T. HOOD.

OLD friend—you go a journey long,
You leave us with a sorrowing heart,
Reach forth thy right hand, staunch and strong,
One grasp before we part.

Close up thy volume—shut its clasps,
Our friendship is recorded there ;
When backward yawn the sullen hasps,
May it be written fair !

For ah ! old friend, a time will come
When I shall meet thee, face to face,
And in that volume's witness dumb,
My history shall trace :

Shall read of hopes, that never came
To their fulfilment on the earth,
But died, as dies the yule log's flame
Upon the darkening hearth :

Of high intents—that failed and fell ;
Of good resolves—that came to nought ;
Of lessons—learned too bitter well,
And very dearly bought.

Ay, and of blessings unforeseen,
That did from sorrows take their rise ;
Of heaven-sent trials—that have been
But blessings in disguise.

Yet, though from good it oft has swerved,
I know this life of mine will prove
With gentleness by thee observed,
And chronicled in love.

I know, within a distant land,
To human vision ne'er revealed,
Thy brethren—gone before thee—stand,
Each with a volume sealed.

They wait thee ! Time must intervene
Ere, when my heart has ceased its strife,
From those dread pages I shall glean
The record of my life !

—*London Journal.*